THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

AUGUST 5, 1922

5c. THE COPY
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Princess Cantacuzène—Earl Derr Biggers—Courtney Ryley Cooper
Kennett Harris—Emma Calvé—Edward Mott Woolley—Will Irwin

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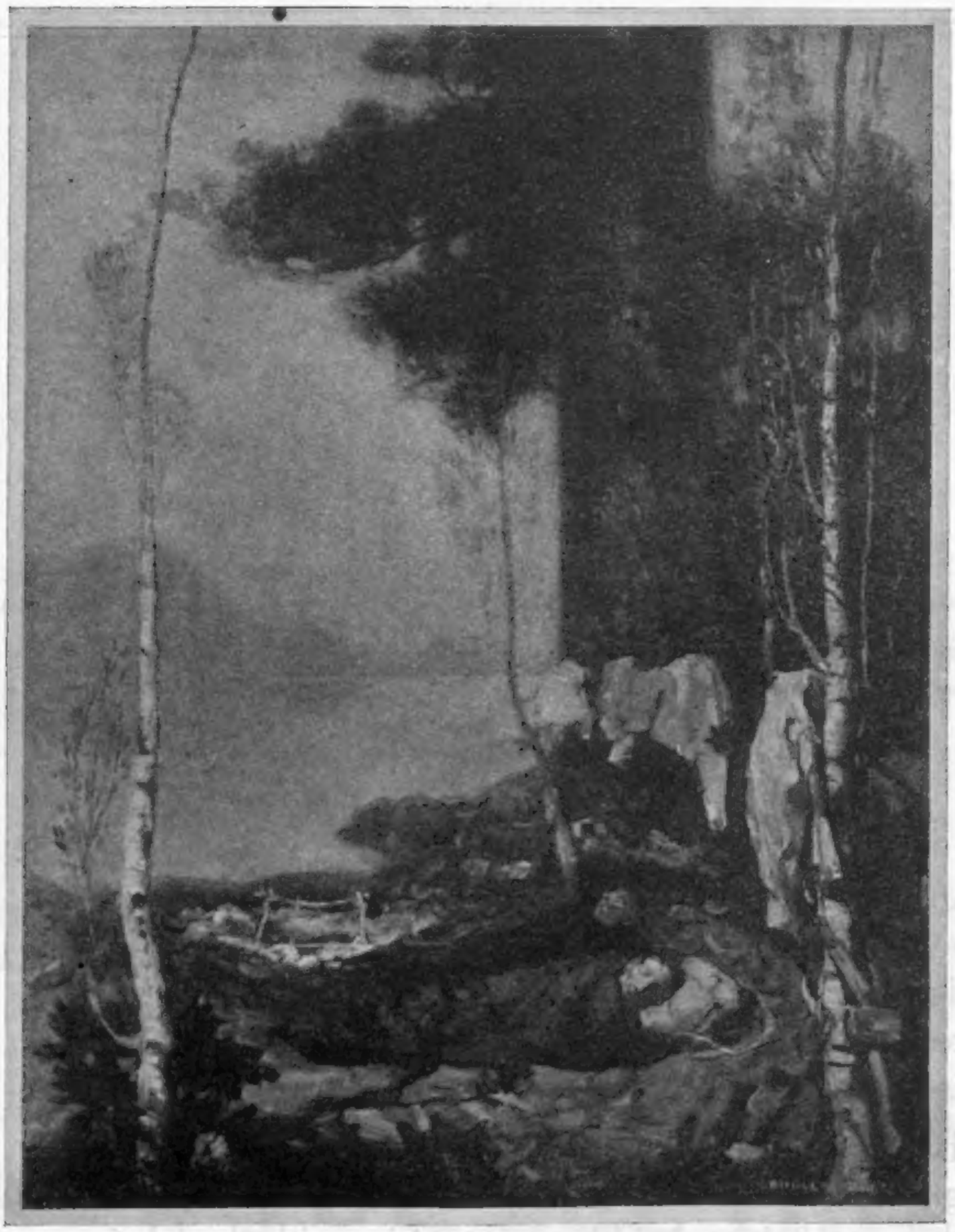

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On birch branches and maple twigs the day's "wash" hangs—white under the moon.

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Ivory Soap has bathed away their aches.

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SOCIETY AND STATESMEN

By Princess Cantacuzène

IN OCTOBER, 1921, we settled down in Washington to what was the gayest winter in many years, and the most interesting probably the American capital had ever seen. By the variety of its foreign visitors and the importance of the home people gathered within its walls it certainly was unique.

We had a débutante daughter to present, a slip of seventeen summers, with curious Byzantine eyes, long slim neck and hands, with the olive skin of the East and the shadowy moods of a Slav. She is an amusing mixture of old traditions and young head, of old-fashioned manners and modern modes of dress. For this picturesque little person, curiosity and surprise mingled in her mind, it promised to be an interesting experience to go into the world of society at a republican capital, instead of making her curtsy at a Czar's highly colored court. I fancied from my own experiences that the child had gained by the revolution in this at least—that she would have more fun and liberty in Washington, even though the frame of her début was to be less gorgeous, and even if her previous fortune and the background of our large estates were hers no longer. Anyhow, it seemed in people's minds that the winsome creature was to be considered out of the ordinary if only because in her blood ran so many national strains, of which Byzantine emperor's, American soldier-president's and a peasant-born imperial chancellor's of Russia, who had also been a revolutionary, were but a few variations.

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Just One of Mrs. Harding's Countless Handclasps

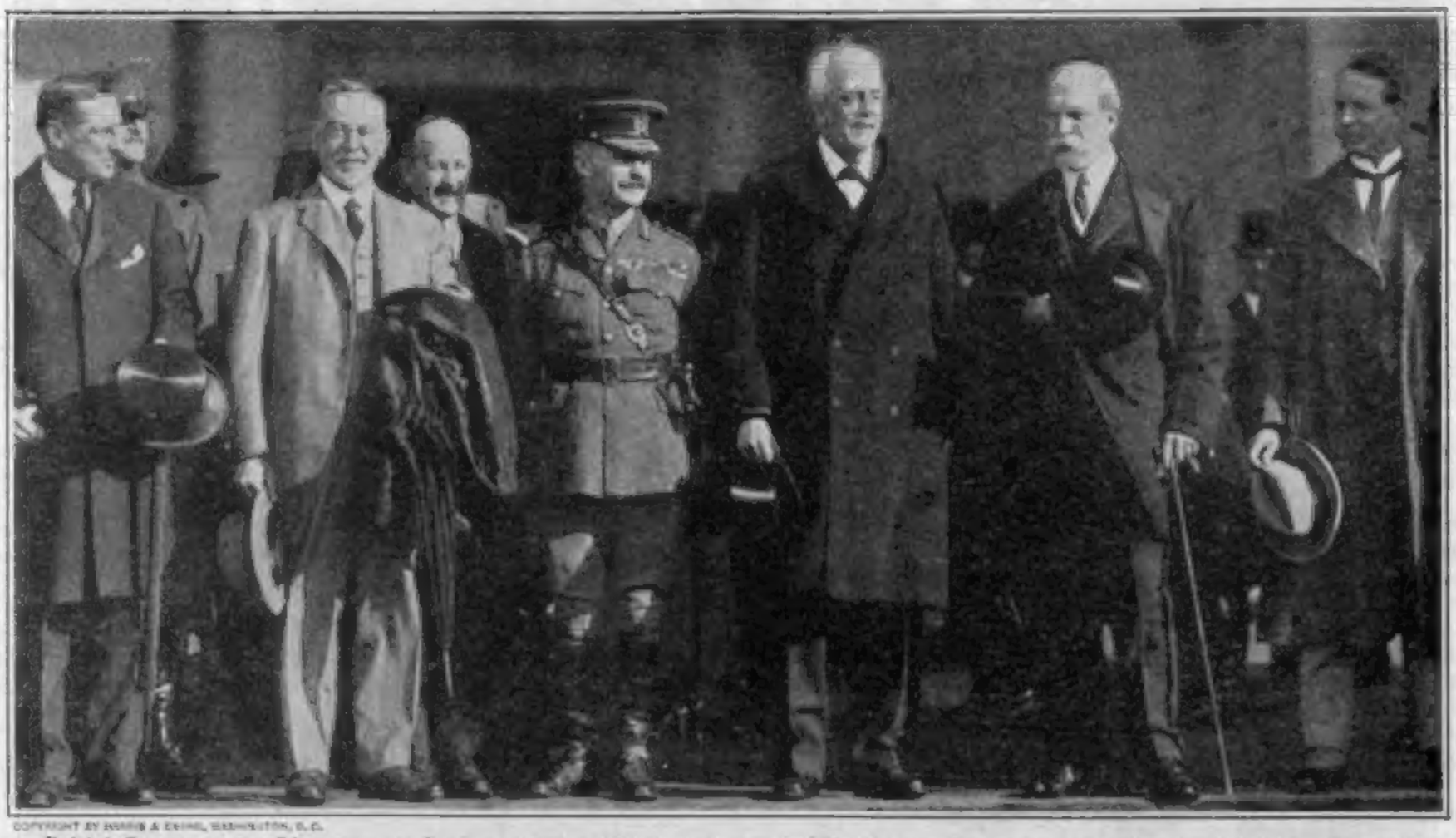
I asked the etiquette; found it was, as I had supposed, proper to present a débutante to Mrs. Harding; wrote asking the favor of a fixed date; and received a kindly response from Miss Harlan, who is the model of cultivated and agreeable lady secretaries to a President's wife.

At the appointed hour we drove up to the beautiful portal of the old house where I was born, and which seems to me more satisfactory in its dignity and beauty each time I return to it from European palaces. There is just enough convention about such a reception to make one feel it isn't an ordinary call, just enough ease and simplicity to make one feel that though Mrs. Harding is consort to the most powerful ruler in the world, both the latter and herself are very much attached to the democratic ideals of their country. They evidently stepped into the White House without pretensions and will step out, when the hour strikes, without having had their heads in the least turned by their important position. Two colored men in dark quiet livery opened our motor door, helped us out and up the dozen broad marble steps under the high portico.

I always want to stop there to admire its proportions and the quite lovely views of the garden which show between the huge columns; but at the door one of the President's aides was waiting. He was that day a handsome young naval officer, in all the elegance of gold lace and full-dress uniform, and there stood by him a secretary in civilian clothes. The latter took our cards for filing, the colored menservants relieved us of our wraps, the aide offered an arm to me, asking my husband to follow, escorting the débutante. I inquired during our little walk through the gallery how I should know when to take leave; and would Mrs. Harding indicate the visit's end or must I make the move to depart?

The aide said, "Oh, that is quite easy. Mrs. Harding receives today on a schedule. There was a reception of six hundred women before you came, there are several more people in a group after you, but she wished to receive your family alone. Your visit will last about fifteen minutes, and I am to leave you with her after making the introductions. When the time is up I will reappear in the doorway, and then you can make a move to go, as the other visitors will be waiting by then in the next parlor. As you leave, Mrs. Harding will pass in there, and you will come out to join me in the hall."

He ushered us into the square formal reception room off the East Room. Mrs. Harding was sitting by a table in this rather ceremonious frame and was very prettily dressed in something soft and mauve. She has a



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British Envoys to the Disarmament Conference Were the Guests of Many Washington Hostesses. This Group Includes Lord Lee of Fareham, Sir John William Salmond of New Zealand, General The Earl of Cavan, Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, Secretary of State Hughes and Senator The Hon. George Foster Pearce of Australia

fine intelligent face, good lines in her straight and graceful figure, and she moves well. She shows cordiality and thoughtfulness to all those who meet her; the acme of good manners. She is most perfectly groomed, and dresses with elegance. I have noticed that she has a good many pretty gowns, but never is she the least bit overdressed and never does she wear anything loud in color or under her age. Her hair is thick, soft looking, gray, and always done to perfection, and in spite of ill health for many years her skin is fair and unwrinkled, with a fresh color that comes and goes, making her look very young and attractive indeed. She isn't at all made up. A short straight nose and well-balanced chin and mouth show character, temperament and intelligence, and when sometimes she takes off her glasses at an evening party one sees that her eyes are blue and bright, with a cheery wit and great amiability, kind with helpful understanding. One has the sensation that she enjoys whatever is the moment's occupation, always meeting one halfway in anything one says or does, and I've found at different times she has many resources, with excellent taste as well as real culture.

She has ridden a great deal, she said; and though she was an invalid for some years, she evidently wasted no time, but read an immense number of books; and she has done journalism and politics at her husband's side and she likes people and sees the funny side of many things that happen to her. Some of these small adventures she tells of laughingly, and she is always ready to be sympathetic with another's trouble. It seemed to me at her various White House parties she had an eye to everyone's comfort and pleasure. No one was neglected; and her household second her efforts admirably, evidently instructed in advance. A very exceptional woman by nature and by training, this first lady of the land; and one feels it at the first meeting. Stepping from Marion, Ohio, to the head of things in Washington was apparently quite easy for her, and she talks to everyone with a calm dignity that is the happiest note possible.

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Madame Curie Photographed Shortly After Being Presented With the Gram of Radium by the President at the White House. From Left to Right—Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Chairman of the Radium Fund Committee, Mrs. Harding, Madame Curie, President Harding and Madame Curie's Eldest Daughter, Irene

"We Mean to Do Our Best"

DURING that call of ours after a few generalities Mrs. Harding went below the surface and said several things I remembered with pleasure afterwards. She spoke to Cantacuzène of Russia and the change it must be to find himself in American surroundings. She mentioned the Chicago convention, where we had been; she talked of the campaign for the presidential election, and I noticed she expressed faith in her husband as a man of destiny, who she had always felt could and would accomplish great things.

She said in reply to some little compliment as to her popularity and the President's: "Well I'm glad if we are liked. We are very human and simple," and I think she added, "We are well intentioned" or "We mean to do our best." She said she wasn't at all tired after shaking hands with six hundred women; it was nothing compared to the receptions during the campaign. "Sometimes then we shook hands with as many as a thousand or even two or three hundred over a thousand men during an hour," she said. "I timed them by my wrist watch."

I asked had she ever timed women going by, and she laughed good-naturedly and answered, "Oh, yes, but they can't be moved by so quickly as the men. You know how we are; we have some little thing we have been saving to say at such a meeting, and it gets said before any current carries us women along."

We spoke of the women's new rôle and new power in the world and she was keen about that; had done considerable work in the women's movements. She asked about my work for the Russian refugees too. Mrs. Harding spoke to the little débutante of her pleasures to come, said she hoped to see her at the White House. When the aide appeared Mrs. Harding was talking, and her sentence finished in a question.

As I saw him I arose.

"Never mind. I am on schedule this afternoon, but there is time; I have been very prompt so far."

So I answered her query rather at length. Then she said several more pleasant things before she let us go. Our visit was a mere incident in her busy afternoon, but she made it important to us; and it left a charming impression on us of sincere hospitality and friendliness. I found that nearly everyone who had these little visits with Mrs. Harding praised her, and many stories flew about Washington of her kindness. At some bazaar for poor soldier's widows, where she received, the contents of one table were flowers from the White House conservatories, to be sold for the benefit of their cause. Anyone who offers her a little gift gets a very pretty note back full of feeling.

White House Etiquette

THE state entertainments as well as the informal parties at the White House are delightful; never overcrowded, always well managed, with a busy group of aides and their wives, Colonel Sherrill and Miss Harlan in charge, looking after everyone's comfort in an unobtrusive way. There is generally good music, too, for Mrs. Harding has a great fondness for music, and her discriminating taste chooses her programs wisely for the very varied audiences, who listen to these small concerts with evident enjoyment. I was impressed always with the pretty smile with which Mrs. Harding turned to her husband when it was time to terminate a function, and with his deferential chivalry of manner towards her as he bent to offer her his arm before they left the room. They struck a happy medium between excess of ceremony and too much freedom, and they made the etiquette of their dinners and receptions seem exactly right for the presidential residence of the world's most important republic.

At the New Year's levee they received from eleven in the morning till very late in the afternoon. My mother was in that receiving party, and there was but a short interval for luncheon. It was said that seven thousand people passed before the President and Mrs. Harding, who were on their feet, of course, all through those hours. My mother asked Mr. Harding if he was not weary, and he answered, not at all; that he hoped he was a strong enough man to stand up and shake hands with those who wished him well. First came the functionaries, foreign and American; then the simple citizens came pouring in from the street—men, women and children who had been waiting patiently in line in the wintry weather to shake their chief magistrate and his fair lady by the hand, and wish them well for the coming year. Mrs. Harding had decorated the rooms admirably with lovely flowers and had taken much pains to make the old residence look its best for this their first public party.

Two pretty anecdotes were told afterwards about the function—one, of her doctor's protest over Mrs. Harding's standing so many hours to receive, when her health was so fragile. At his suggestion of

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PHOTO, BY KADEL & HERBERT, NEW YORK CITY

The Handshaking Crowds That Call to Pay Respects to President and Mrs. Harding at the White House

THE HEART OF THE LOAF

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE night had been warm in Lower Ten, and Bob Dana's mouth was dry and his head noticeably overweight as he fastened his suitcase preparatory to leaving the train. He set his bag in the aisle and dropped down again on the green plush seat. Outside the window old familiar scenes were flashing by, fields where he had played, a brook where he had gone swimming, and his heart was suddenly touched, for it often happens that the traveler is never so homesick as on coming home at last.

The train stopped and Bob followed the porter to the door and down into the bright June sunshine. Five exciting years had gone by since he last stood on this narrow platform, stared at the unwashed windows and the rotting roof of the ancient C. P. & D. station. Mayfield again, sleepy old Mayfield. The New York-Chicago express paused but briefly; already it was slipping past him as he walked along, carrying his heavy bag. When he reached the platform's end the train was no more, and he had an unobstructed view up Main Street to the green of the courthouse park beyond.

"Well, stranger, where you want to go?" said a familiar voice at his elbow.

Bob turned. There stood Clay Harkins, town hackman for thirty years and more.

"Stranger, Clay?" the young man smiled. "Where do you get that stuff?"

Clay stared for a long moment into the lean tanned face that was nearly two feet above him. "Well, I be darned," he said at last. "If it isn't little Bobby Dana."

"Little Bobby, sure enough," answered the young man. "But, Clay—I don't see the band."

"What band?"

"The band to play Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes as I ride up Main Street in an open barouche with the mayor. And say, look here—I don't see the mayor either."

"You must be joking, Bobby," responded Clay tolerantly. "Well, boy, you sure have changed. What you doin' back in Mayfield?"

"I came here to do a job of work."

"A job? Why, I heard you was a painter. Messed round with little pictures."

"Well, Clay, that's the truth."

The old man pondered. "Somebody in Mayfield want his house painted?" he asked.

"No, not his house. His father."

"His father! Well, I be darned." Clay stepped closer and seized one of the lapels of the young man's coat. "Where'd ye git the suit, Bobby?"

Bob laughed. "It was made for me by Jimmy Breen, an English tailor on the Promenade des Anglais, at Nice. Does it intrigue you, Clay?"

"Pretty good stuff," Clay admitted. "Not so good as this one I got on, though." He stepped back to permit a more comprehensive survey. "Bought her twelve years ago at the Racket Store, an' she's just as good as she ever was."

"Twelve years," repeated Bob solemnly. "Almost time to have her cleaned and pressed. Don't you think so, Clay?"

"Not much," Clay answered. "You know what they charge for that now? Seventy-five cents. Yes, sir! Well, Bobby, is they any place you'd like to go?"

The young man leaned against a telegraph post and lighted a cigarette.

"Dozens of places," he announced. "The Orient, for example. China. Want to sit on the Great Wall and paint the remnants of an ancient civilization. And after that ——"

Clay cut in on this nonsense. "Take you anywhere in Mayfield for fifty cents."

"It used to be a quarter."

"I Was Just Wondering—How Do We Get From Him to You? No Connection That I Can See"

"Sure it did. But they's been a war. Maybe you heard about it?"

"Heard about it? Clay, old scout, I was nearer than that. I heard it." He blew a cloud of smoke toward the blazing sky. "But you don't want the story of my adventures, do you? Nobody ever does. Coming down to cases, I suppose the Mayfield House is still doing business at the old stand?"

A frail white-haired little man with gold-rimmed eyeglasses came hopping along the platform—Will Varney, the Mayfield Tribune's publisher, editor and star reporter, all in one. He stopped.

"Why, it's Bobby Dana! Hello, Bob. You back again?"

"Hello, Mr. Varney. I seem to be back, that's a fact. Mayfield's worst penny."

"Wouldn't say that," smiled the editor. "Going up street?"

"Yes, I guess so." The young man turned and saw disappointment clouding Clay's battered face. "Think I'll walk, Clay. Do me good. But here's the half dollar, just the same." He nodded toward his bag. "You take that young trunk up to the Mayfield House and leave it there. And here's a check for his older brother. You might deliver that too."

"Sure, Bobby; sure."

The returning traveler fell into step beside the editor.

"Well, boy, you're quite a stranger," Varney remarked.

"Five years. I believe you were at the station when I went away."

Varney nodded. "Yes, I guess so. That's been my rôle in the drama, Bob. At the station, watching others go. Watching them—with envy."

"Like to travel yourself, eh?" said Bob. "Well, why not? Can't you get away?"

"No, I can't," answered Varney. "But it's not because I'm too busy. It's because I'm too poor. Journalism's a genteel profession, my boy. That's about all you can say for it." They walked on up Main Street in silence for a moment. "Eugene Benedict was telling me yesterday he'd sent for you," the editor continued. "Wants you to do a portrait of the old man, I understand?"

"Yes. It's kind of hack work, but I need the money. Painting is also a genteel profession."

Will Varney's eyes twinkled. "Well, I don't suppose you know it, but you're going to stir up a hornet's nest with your picture. You're certainly going to start something in this town."

"Great Scott. You don't think it will be as bad as all that."

"That's not what I meant."

"Then what did you mean?"

"Reckon I'll let 'Gene explain it to you. Where do you aim to put up?"

"Mayfield House, I suppose."

"Heaven help you! You must come up to our place for supper—often. Mother'll be happy to have you."

"That's kind of you," Bob Dana said. "I take it the Mayfield House hasn't changed."

"Nothing has changed," answered Will Varney, with just a trace of bitterness in his gentle voice. "Same old Mayfield. Eight thousand population when you went away, eight thousand or even less today. Sound asleep, this town is. All up and down the valley—I guess you saw 'em when you came along—steel mills, blast furnaces ——"

"Smoke and grime."

"Prosperity, Bob. Life. Every town around here has grown and thrived, touched by the magic fingers of the steel industry. But slow old Mayfield ——"

"You're writing an editorial," Bob laughed.

"I've written it," Varney said. "Time and again. Yes, I've blown the horn, but not a sleeper waked. A lot of old mossbacks—that's what has ailed poor Mayfield. I tell you, what this town's needed has been a few big funerals. And we're getting 'em at last. Quite a group of our leading citizens have gone this past winter—old Henry Benedict, Judge Samuel Ward. They're dropping off. You needn't look at me," he added amilingly. "I'm feeling fine."

"Hope so, I'm sure," Bob answered. "Don't feel so well myself."

"What's the trouble?"

"No breakfast yet. Silly little habit of mine."

They were now in the very heart of the town's oldest business section, and on the signs about him Bob Dana read many a name familiar to his youth. He glanced across the brick-paved street to a shabby one-story building built of wood. Gilt letters against a black background announced this as the establishment of Herman Schall, the Baker, and on the window in white letters were the words: "Schall's Bread—Fresh Every Hour." In the doorway stood a portly bespectacled old German with a white apron draped across his ponderous middle.

"Well, well," Bob cried. "There's old Herman Schall! Used to buy cookies from him—years and years ago."

"Yes, Herman's still on the job," Varney said. "Tiptoeing round the kitchen turning down the gas, just as he

used to count the lumps of coal in the days before gas ranges. A penny saved is a penny earned. Leave it to Herman!"

Suddenly Bob Dana felt a glow of friendliness for the old man across the street. "I think I'll go over and ask him for some coffee and rolls," he announced. "Good place as any for breakfast, I guess. See you later." He stopped. "Say, what in the world did you mean—about this portrait I'm going to do stirring up trouble?"

Varney laughed. "Don't you worry, boy. The row won't concern you. Come in when you get a chance and tell me about your travels."

"I sure will."

"That's a promise," the little editor reminded him.

Bob crossed the street and stood before Herman Schall, impassive as a statue in his doorway. "Hello, Herman," he said.

The old man peered at him through thick lenses. "Excuse, please. The eyes ain't so good."

"Herman, you old rascal. Don't you know me? Dana. Bob Dana."

"Little Bobby Dana!" cried the old man. "Sure I know you. Sure!"

"I should hope so. How about a bite of breakfast, Herman? Just coffee and rolls."

"Coffee and rolls, hey? Come in, Bobby, and take a chair."

Bob followed him inside. The place had a run-down air, prosperity had passed, an old man was left to putter round the scene of his life's activities. Two small tables stood against the wall, their covers faded and patched, but clean.

The young man hung his hat on a rack and sat down. He watched the baker enter the kitchen at the rear, heard his instant cry: "Louie, Louie—turn down dot gas!" Heavy footsteps resounded—Herman saving the pennies. After a time the old man reappeared, carrying two rolls on a plate, and a steaming cup, muttering and protesting to himself: "Oh, dot Louie! In the poorhouse he will have me yet." He set the dishes down before his customer.

"And butter," Bob suggested. "Any butter on the program?"

"Sure. Butter—sure."

The old baker ambled off. Bob broke open one of the rolls. The crust was brown and crisp, but the inside was soggy. However, he was young and reckless—and hungry—and when Herman returned with a thin slice of butter he set to.

While he ate, Herman hovered aimlessly near by. "They tell me you was in the old country," he said presently. "Maybe you was in Germany—maybe."

"Off and on," Bob told him. "Mostly in Paris and Rome—Florence too. Studying, you know. Trying to be a painter."

"A painter? Artist, hey? Is dot so?" He pondered this for a time, standing and blinking down on Bob's brown head. "My nephew in Stuttgart—he would be an artist, too, now, maybe. Only the war ——" The old face clouded. He wandered uncertainly away.

His brief meal finished, Bob stood with Herman in the solemn presence of the cash register. "You had enough, hey?" the old man inquired. "Twenty cents, then."

"How's business?" Bob asked as he paid.

"Business ain't so good," sighed Herman. "Us old merchants, we get crowded out. Strangers they come and take our trade. Too much competition."

"I'm sorry," the young man answered. "But you can't complain. For years you were the only baker in Mayfield. I guess I've seen your wagon standing in front of every house in town—all the big bugs on Maple Avenue. You had things all your own way then."

"Sure, sure; but not no more." Herman shuffled from behind the counter, gathered the dishes from the table, turned toward the kitchen. "Good-by, Bobby." As Bob reached for his hat he heard the querulous old voice: "Louie—*ach*, would you have me in the poorhouse yet?"

The clock in the courthouse tower was striking nine; Main Street was astir with life. Bob Dana cut across under the elms of the park. Suddenly before him loomed the

"He Said You'd Done a Speaking Likeness of Grandfather, and That Several People Had Heard It Say Distinctly: 'Pay Up Tomorrow or I'll Put You on the Street'"

dingy outlines of the Mayfield House, a three-story building of brick with a pretentious cupola on one corner. Back in the '80's when it was built Will Varney's father had spoken of it in the Tribune as "the finest hotel building in any town of comparable size between New York and Chicago. A modern hostelry in every sense of the word."

But in thirty years the most modern of hostelries may alter sadly. The marble lobby was soiled and battered, Bob noted, as he crossed it and engaged a room from the somewhat seedy stranger at the desk. His bag lay on the floor. A bell boy seized it and led the way through swinging doors at the rear into a dark and smelly cave. Bob stumbled after him up the stairs and finally out into the light of a big room on the second floor front.

"There's a bath here, isn't there?" he inquired.

"Sure, there's a bath," the boy answered proudly. He flung open a door. "Right in here. Only room in the house that's got one. Used to belong to Mr. Cornell."

Bob remembered; old man Cornell, who sat for years before the hotel, his hands crossed on his cane, his watery eyes staring off into space. "Where's Mr. Cornell now?"

"Dead," said the boy. "Last winter."

"Who runs the hotel since he's gone?"

"Oh, I don't know. It just seems to run itself. Your trunk's downstairs; I'll send it up."

Left alone, Bob tossed his clothes onto old man Cornell's bed and filled old man Cornell's tin tub with cold water, half of which he obtained from a faucet plainly marked "Hot." After his bath he arrayed himself in his best, and lighting a pipe sat down to read a Cleveland paper he had bought on the train. He had drawn an easy-chair into the big bay window, and after a few moments the paper fell from his hand and he sat staring out at his town.

Here he had been born and spent his youth; across the park that dozed under the elms he had gone a thousand times to and from high school; under that very tree he had stood one afternoon in 1906 and watched the old courthouse burn. Suppose God had not given him his inexplicable talent with the brush, the never-satisfied ambition that went with it. He would still be a part of Mayfield, perhaps this young mechanic driving a flivver down Market Street; or that brisk young business man hurrying to the bank for his day's cash; or even that hopeless figure out of work and lolling on a bench in the park.

But he was none of these, he was Bob Dana who wanted to be an artist and was on his way. That way had led him far from Mayfield, perhaps in the future it would lead him farther still. But this remained his town, these were his people. There was nothing but kindness in his eyes as he sat staring out through old man Cornell's window. Let others belittle the environment that had molded them. Bob Dana was one of those faithful souls who, having once given their affection, cannot take it back.

A narrow, mean little town? Some people might call it that. Certainly there were narrow, mean folks in it, as in all towns; big cities too. And certainly it was, as Will Varney had said, a town that slept. All the way from Pittsburgh that morning Bob had ridden under the pall of the steel mills' smoke, up and down the valley Mayfield's neighbors prospered, but here the old order remained, the conservatives had made good their slogan, "Keep the strangers out." They had triumphed, the mossbacks. And was it such a pity, after all?

The courthouse clock was striking ten when Bob rose from his chair, brushed scattered ashes from his coat, and sought the street.

The First National Bank stood, as in former days, on the corner of Market and Park, its home a worn old business block with the figures "1888" cut in the stone at the front. On the opposite corner, Bob Dana noticed, an ambitious project was under way, a six-story office building not quite completed.

He went into the First National and asked for the president. As he entered that official's private office Eugene Benedict jumped up to greet him. A ruddy, prosperous little man, Eugene, with a flower in his buttonhole and the unlined face of a baby. He had never had a worry in his life save the presumption of the working classes and, these later years, Bolshevism.

"Hello, Bob!" he cried. "Thought it was about time for you to breeze in. How are you, anyhow?"

"Great," said Bob. He banished his smile temporarily. "Seems strange not to see your father here."

Eugene sought to be solemn too. "Yes, poor father. Passed away in April, as I wrote you. A sick man for months, but insisted on coming down here up to the day he died. Just wouldn't give up, you know."

"Ah, yes—he had that reputation." Bob Dana was sorely tempted, but he refrained from saying it.

"A great pity," Eugene went on. "If only he could have lived until we moved into our new building across the street. Maybe you saw it."

"Oh—is that yours?"

"You bet. Six stories. Finest office building for a town this size anywhere between New York and Chicago."

"Pretty daring for Mayfield, isn't it?" Bob inquired.

"Oh, I don't think so. Mayfield is going to pick up. Forge ahead. 'Twenty thousand by the next census'—that's our slogan now. Got a chamber of commerce and a rotary club and everything. Bound to boom."

"Seems about time," said Bob. "But about our little job of work. When do I hang up my hat and begin?"

"Sooner the better. You know, it was a great surprise to me to find you could paint a portrait of father now. Really, the whole idea came from Della ——"

"Oh, yes—Della. How is she?"

"Fine. Just came home from college last week. Graduated."

"That so? The last time I saw Dell was at the senior dance after high-school commencement. I stepped on her skirt and tore it. I believe we parted more in anger than in sorrow."

"No? Well, they're wearing 'em shorter now. But as I was saying, I was surprised to know you could paint a portrait of a man who had—er—passed on."

"Oh, sure. Of course they're not quite so satisfactory as those painted from life. But they serve. Resurrection portraits, we call them."

"Resurrection portraits! Well, that's expressive. Now, we'll help you all we can."

"You've a lot of old photographs, you wrote me."

"Well, we've several. And one crayon enlargement. And about the color of the eyes and hair and all that—I'll watch you as you go along and keep you straight. We all will."

"That will be lovely," shuddered Bob Dana. "Did Dell recommend me for this job?"

"Come to think of it, I guess she did. Now about the financial end of it. A thousand dollars, I think you said. Need any of it in advance?"

"Well, I'm just back from Europe. To be frank with you ——"

"Sure, Bob—that's all right. I'll write a check. How about three hundred? Or"—he was, after all, Henry Benedict's son—"perhaps two hundred would be enough?"

"Oh, plenty," Bob told him. He took Eugene's check. "Mighty kind of you."

"Not at all. Now, Bob, I haven't told you anything of what's behind all this. In the first place I want a cracking good portrait of father—a speaking likeness. And I want it finished inside of four weeks, which is about the stretch before we open our new banking quarters across the street. You see, I intend to hang it in a prominent place in the main banking room, and I want it there the day the doors are thrown open to the public."

"That's all right. You'll have it."

"Good! I'm going to hang it there, and underneath I'm going to put an inscription. Just a few innocent words, but they'll stir up something in this town, or I'm a liar."

"Why—what words?" asked Bob Dana, startled.

"Simply this: 'Henry Benedict; born 1858, died 1922. Banker and leading citizen, who more than any of his contemporaries influenced the life of his times and left his impress on the town.'"

"And then what?" Bob wanted to know.

"Nothing more. Just that."

"But I don't see anything explosive about that."

"No? You haven't kept up with things round here of course. Well, I want you to understand just what we're working towards. Can you spare me a few minutes?"

"Sure. All I've got."

Eugene Benedict rose and put on his hat. "Better if I let you see for yourself," he announced. He led the way outside to his car, which was parked across from the bank.

"Jump in," he ordered. "I'm taking you out to the cemetery."

"That's nice," said Bob Dana. "You've got sort of mysterious since I saw you last, Mr. Benedict."

"Oh, no," protested Benedict. "It's simple enough—or will be when I show you." The car sped along Market Street and in a few moments turned in at the cemetery gates. "Maybe you heard," said the banker—"Judge Samuel Ward passed away last winter too."

"Somebody mentioned it. Sort of unhealthy climate you've got round here, it seems to me."

"Not at all. Three score and ten—man's usual span." Eugene stopped the car before an imposing marble obelisk. "Get out here. This is the judge's grave. I want you to read the inscription on that monument."

Bob Dana alighted and followed the banker. He stood in front of the monument and read:

SAMUEL CLARK WARD

1851–1922

JURIST—PUBLICIST—STATESMAN

WHO MORE THAN ANY OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES INFLUENCED THE LIFE OF HIS TIMES AND LEFT HIS IMPRESS ON THE TOWN

"Oh," said Bob Dana. "I get you now."

"I thought you would," Eugene replied. "Jump in. We'll go back." He stepped on the gas. "I want to tell you this thing has made me mad—hopping mad. It's a direct slap at father. Sam Ward was a good man in his way, but an obstructionist—an old grouch. He sat on every progressive movement that's been attempted round here in the past fifty years. His decisions from the bench were sour and prejudiced. Of course father was a conservative too, but his conservatism was based on a sound business instinct."

"Of course," smiled Bob.

"You've been away from Mayfield a long time, but if you think back you'll realize that inscription is a lie. 'More than any of his contemporaries.' Ha! Who says so? Clarence Ward; and not another soul in town. Everybody will tell you that my father was Mayfield's leading citizen, that he financed every project that came up, that he led the way for years. Yes, sir, if anybody influenced the life of his times father was the man. And if Clarence Ward thinks he can put an inscription like that on his father's tombstone and not hear from me by return mail—well, he's got another think coming, that's all."

"I guess your come-back will give him pause," said Bob Dana.

"It ought to. Right in our main banking room. No one ever visits a cemetery if he can help it. But father's memorial will be where hundreds will see it every day—hundreds, mind you—everybody in Mayfield who counts."

"Ought to start a nice little row."

"I hope not. Unless it starts a good big row I'll be disappointed. I want this thing thrashed out now for all time. I know who will win." He brought the car to a stop before the bank. "You can see now that I've got to have the portrait on time, and that it must be good enough to be taken seriously. Where were you thinking of doing the work?"

"Why—at the hotel, I suppose."

"Nonsense! We won't hear of it. I've talked it over with Mrs. Benedict; we'll find you a place to work up at the house. Good thing to paint right there in the atmosphere where father lived. Catch his spirit better."

"All right." Bob accompanied the banker inside.

"Tell you what you do—go up to the house this afternoon. Della and her mother will help you pick out a room. Want the right light and all that, I suppose. We'll clear it out and you can start slinging paint in the morning."

"That's a go," Bob Dana agreed. "I'll be up about three."

Eugene disappeared into his office and Bob stopped at the paying teller's window, where an old acquaintance cashed his check.

As he stepped again onto the hot sidewalk he was saying to himself: "And they're all going to help. Won't that

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"I Don't Know Either," She Admitted. "Sometimes I Think It Looks Like Father—and Sometimes I Don't"

HIGH PITCH—LOW PITCH

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

NATURALLY, we all know, it is the feminine half of the universe which pursues the bargain to its lair, throttles it, then in triumph drags it home to be exhibited before a sarcastic male who, being above such temptations, can see nothing in it save an exhibition of weakness and a lack of self-control. Yet there is a vague possibility that there is something wrong with the theory; in fact, there are a number of witnesses who form a little world of their own, and who will swear that a woman's aptitude for a bargain is not only shared but eclipsed by the very persons who jeer at her for her failing. They even hint that men are worse wasters of money than women when it comes to getting something cheap, and that—but to the evidence.

A few years ago I came trailing home with a patent can opener, a potato peeler, a fountain pen, a beautifully wrapped piece of chemical cleaner and a preserve-jar-top opener, all of which I had bought for fifty cents.

Being a man I had expected my purchases to be received with happiness. They weren't; this in spite of the fact that it was a fairly good can opener, a perfect potato peeler, a pen that would write after a sort, and a cleaner that would take off the spots if you worked hard enough, to say nothing of the fruit-jar opener, which opened very well. More, I had bought the entire collection for fifty cents, in addition to having been amused by a couple of card tricks, a few funny jokes and a sleight-of-hand performance. The only trouble was that we already had everything in the house.

The Bargain-Hunting Male

AFTER the lecture—that is, after the other half of the household had relieved herself of a few remarks concerning the gullibility of mankind in general—I wandered back to the pitchman, or street faker, who had sold me the articles, and asked a question. He answered.

"Well, bo," came in frank fashion, "if it wasn't for you umpchas, us knights of the tripes and keisters would be skidding along the toboggan. You're the babies that buy us our bread. Give the women the bargain counters, and give the men to the pitchmen. It's a fifty-fifty break."

All of which may be a variegated statement. But it is the language of the persons who make their living by appealing to the bargain instinct of the masculine mind and selling him a lot of things he doesn't want. It is the language also of a world of master psychology of which little is known—even among showmen in general—a cliquelike universe which has its own language, its own methods, its own division in showman magazines, the idioms of which are understood only by themselves; even circus men and carnival men of twenty and thirty years' experience can tell you little about them save that they exist, goodness only knows how.

And, lest you still be in the dark, a pitchman is a person such as you perhaps have seen on the street corners, with a little grip fastened on the top of a tripod, and with a small knot of men about him, to whom he talks confidentially and in a voice suggestive of adenoids; a street faker, in other words, whose living must be gained not only by selling but by creating a desire to buy where a moment before that desire had not existed. More, his wares are usually something which the ordinary person doesn't want or need; the purchase, nine times out of ten, means a duplication of something already in the possession of the customer. How it all is accomplished is something of a mystery even to a pitchman, and affords a wonderful opportunity for anyone desiring an intensive study in practical psychology.

He Learned That Knives Specked With Rust Remained in the Showcase, Unwanted. It Gave the Boy an Idea

As has been mentioned, little is known of the pitchman by the general public. Yet his tribe runs high into the thousands and the annual turnover of his business means a hundred millions or so a year, taking the entire output of factories which produce nothing but pitchmen's supplies, most of which are purchased by men who believe they are getting a bargain. More than that, the annals of pitchdom show that it was the men who formed the original bargain hunters and that had it not been for this masculine instinct there might have been no department stores today to lure the women! Which brings about history and the story of the beginning of pitchdom.

Don't ask for the genesis of the name. It seems that the majority of the pitchmen themselves do not know where it came from; in fact, there is a haziness about the whole business, a sort of concealment which amounts almost to the mysteries of a secret organization. The members are taught their trade through a personal apprenticeship; when one pitchman needs an assistant he educates a younger man into the work. He in turn brings someone else into the fold, to guard as jealously its secrets as though it were some nefarious trade—which, strangely enough, it isn't. It's merely a game in which shrewd men outguess other men, who, perhaps in their chosen lines, are the shrewdest of the shrewd. But few are there who can resist the pitchman, once he has got a half chance at his umpcha—which, with variations of sap, fink, mark, push and other choice appellations, applies to the chump, or purchaser of the wares. But to that history:

It was in 1869 or thereabouts, according to the meager traditions of the pitchman tribe, that George Stivers, a newsboy, hesitated for a moment in a hardware store at Wall and Nassau Streets, New York, where he had gone as usual that day to deliver a paper to Joseph Prince, the owner of the store, a regular customer. The original thing which caused the pause was a large showcase full of knives—and the failing in the heart of a boy to window-wish in front of every display of cutlery. But as Stivers looked, a new element entered—the fact that a great many of the knives were rusty. Following which he learned that while knives with bright shining blades could be retailed for a dollar or more apiece, those which were specked with rust merely remained in the showcase, unwanted. It gave the boy an idea. He asked for a price on rusty knives in wholesale lots, and received it—a dollar a dozen. Then he purchased twelve, hurried to the nearest cigar stand, begged a cigar box, marked "Twenty-five cents apiece" on the lid and started out.

A Corner on Rusty Knives

IN ALL this George Stivers didn't know that he was dealing with a fundamental selling principle as regards men. Whether the principle stands good with stores in general I do not know. But as regards the pitchman, the theory has held water and procured dollars for more than a half century now—the fact that the boy spirit never dies in a man, that the things he likes in boyhood he will like in manhood, and that if dangled before him, like the proverbial worm before the proverbial fish, he is sure to take the bait. One of the most important of these things is a knife; and upon various forms of cutlery have thousands of pitchmen made a living ever since the days of the Reconstruction.

However, all that George Stivers knew was the fact that he, a boy, liked knives, and that other persons should like them also, especially if they could be purchased at a bargain price which incidentally would give him a profit of 200 per cent. He was right. Before he had gone a block the entire stock was gone, and Stivers was bulbous-eyed with a big idea. If he could sell one dozen rusty knives in a block, how many could he sell in an all-day session?

The matter had progressed to one of high finance now, with a necessity for more dollars than the newsboy possessed. So he hurried to a friend, known as Dutchy Lehman, for the necessary financial backing, and told him of his newfound pocket-knife gold mine. Lehman listened, and Lehman gave his assistance. The result was that within a few hours Stivers had purchased the entire stock of rusty pocket knives which the hardware store possessed, and then cornered every other discolored whittler that he could find in that section of New York. After which he took his stand at the corner

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There Was a Yelp, Weird and Racking. An Eminent Manufacturer of Satos Leaped Wildly

Concerning Joe and Jemima

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

RECORDED examples of perfect connubial felicity are not very numerous, when you come to think it over, are they? Let's see, there were—well, there was—eh? Of course one recalls the mythical Philemon and Bauces, Darby and Joan, John Anderson, my jo — Why, there you are! Joe! Joe and Jemima! There's one modern instance, at least, and one really worthy of record.

I wonder if, after the turmoil, distraction and social mutation of the war years, the beautiful institution of the Dunmow Flitch still survives? You remember the Flitch? In the middle of the thirteenth century a tough, cynical old joker of a baron, Robert de Fitzwalter, offered it as a prize, in perpetuity, to any couple who, married a year and a day, were willing to kneel on sharp-pointed stones and swear that in all that time they had never quarreled or wished themselves single again. It may be said that the Essex pork market has never been perceptibly stimulated during the six hundred and seventy-eight years that have elapsed by reason of the rush of claimants; but now and then—ten or twelve times in all—some happily mated pair have sworn the oath and triumphantly returned home with their winter side meat. Joe and Jemima have been talking of one of these five-hundred-and-up tours, including the British Isles, the Passion Play and the Battlefields. Of course they won't go. Joe couldn't get away from his business, and the money could be more wisely spent just now; but if they did decide to invest a part of Uncle Joseph's legacy in that broadening and educational experience it wouldn't take long for them to run down from London to Dunmow and bring back the bacon. Properly cured and dried and mounted on a shield decorated with the Fitzwalter arms in Jemima's art-and-craftiest style, it would make a beautiful ornament for their living room—and absolutely unique.

"You May Come, Too, if You Like," She Called Back Carelessly. "But Mr. Bingham and I are Going to Reminisce a Lot"

The trouble would be that nobody would believe it, even now. I should not have believed it possible myself a week ago, knowing Joe and Jemima as well as I do. You don't know them at all, so I shall have to try to give you a little idea of them, going as far back into ancient history as may be necessary.

Jemima first:

Red-headed, and you know what that means. Whether it includes that creamy, delicately textured skin that lets the red show through its transparency in the most effective places and in exactly the right gradations of color is a question of the particular girl. Some redheads have quite muddy complexions and some have hazel eyes or nondescript grayish, greenish, brownish or yellowish eyes, just as you find them with big mouths, defective teeth or glossy noses that are sadly lacking in symmetry; but one and all, each and every, from sandy to coppery, the redheads are what you might call spunky.

Jemima's eyes were and are blue—b-l-u-e, blue, and nothing else, except bright. She has the redhead complexion at its best; her nose is as symmetrical as it is possible to imagine a nose to be, nicely proportioned to the rest of her features, and nonshining; her mouth and teeth—well, if I tried to describe them you would think that I had a tender feeling for Jemima, and I really never had; not to amount to anything. Considered as a spectacle, Jemima may be tersely described as a little bit of perfectly all right; but as for falling in love with her—and lots of fellows did—excuse me!

Not that I ever blamed Jemima myself. She couldn't help her looks and the cute little ways she had any more than people could help spoiling her on account of them. Her mother began the spoiling process, with the active and efficient coöperation of her father; and everybody else just naturally fell into line. Her father, John Henry Hogan—familiarly known as John H.—was a plain, ordinary bookkeeper for an unimportant firm of coffee brokers on Randolph Street. He had been with the firm for a long time and they thought a good deal of him, but he wasn't a high-salaried man. Just comfortably poor, you might say; owning his little home at Deepdene, paying his bills regularly, and with equal regularity putting a little by for a rainy day. Incidentally it may be remarked that it began to rain on the tenth of April in the year 1900—Jemima's birthday.

No, the Hogans were by no means rich people, but I am informed that you would never have suspected it if you had based your estimate on little Jemima's baby outfit. Her clothes the sheerest muslins and the softest and finest flannels, embellished by the most exquisite needlework and wonderful embroidery: her bassinet might have nested infant royalty and her carriage was the most expensive that had ever been seen in Deepdene up to that time. When Jemima took her airings in that splendid equipage the whole neighborhood seemed to rush out and surround it, filling the circumambient air with ecstatic cries.

"Those darling, blue, blue eyes!"

"Oh, see her smile!"

"Did you ever in all your life see such a tiny rosebud of a mouth!"

"And will you look at her hair! What a quantity she has of it, and isn't it just like spun sunshine!"

"And ve tweet, tweet, tunnin' 'ittle paddies!"

And all the rest of it, *ad infinitum, ad nauseam*—and add—don't forget to add the touching, would-be deprecatory responses of the pride-puffed parents or whichever of them happened to be trundling Miss Jemima at the time. Young as I was then, I can remember tiptoeing to admire the little beauty and not minding when her waving fist struck me in the eye, and I can also remember my father laughing as John Henry Hogan went by the house wheeling the carriage and trying to look careless and matter of fact about it.

A neighbor would heave in sight and old John Henry's eyes would light up, but he would look about him as if he was more interested in lawns and flower beds than anything else. He would take one hand from the handlebar of the carriage, even, and thrust it nonchalantly in his pocket. He would seem quite suddenly aware of the neighbor's approach and to be about to pass on with a nod and a casual greeting; but he would stop just the same.

"How's the kid, John H.?"

"The kid?"—with an air of recalling something. "Oh, she's all right, I guess. Great morning, isn't it? Feeney ought to have sown more blue grass with that clover, don't you think?"

He steps around and adjusts Jemima's silken coverlet in a perfunctory fashion. "Everything all right, Jemima? Any complaints?"

"My gosh! John H., that's a little beauty!"

"Oh, for a redhead," says John H. almost disparagingly, but not quite.

"I'll take red-headed girls for choice," says the neighbor, who is a mighty sensible man and knows what's what. "And pipe those blue eyes! Say, are you trying to make a mush on me, girlie? Lookit, John H.! Lookit the way she's giving me the glad eye! Yessir, by gosh! She's a beauty, all right, all right."

"I s'pose there's worse-looking kids," says old John H., relaxing a little. "Feel what a grip she's got in her fingers, Hank."

"Gosh! She's going to make the boys step around fifteen years from now. I see lots of trouble ahead for you, John H. You wait until she gets to be about sixteen or seventeen. You'll have to get a detail from the station to handle the mob."

"Oh, I guess I'll be able to handle it all right," says John H. with a simper. "She'll probably be as homely as a mud fence when she grows up. They say that's the way it is if you're a looker when you're young. I'm told I was a handsome baby. But her eyes certainly are blue. Just feel of her hair, Hank. Say, ain't her little cheeks just like rose leaf? Hold on a moment until I pull off her shoe; I want to show you her feet."

Well, that was the way it went, and when she got big enough to run around and tell what she wanted—why, she got what she wanted, and nothing that she didn't want, and whatever anybody thought she might want if it were offered to her. Naturally! Because if there's anything more compelling than a beautiful baby it's a beautiful two-year-old—three, five, seven, nine or ten year old girl. And when Jemima reached her teens—nothing to it! Which, of course, means everything in the world to it.

Waited on? Hand and foot, early and late. How that mother of hers slaved, denying herself all leisure and rest that her angel Jemima might find life a gay round of play and pleasure into which no unpleasant tasks should intrude! What special dishes she was everlastingly cooking to tempt the dear child's dainty appetite! What weary feet she dragged from store to store, Friday after Friday, for bargains in material of the best, which she afterwards fashioned into ravishing little frocks, stitching on them long hours after John Henry had gone to bed, and simply ruining her eyesight in the labor of love! What endless fluffles and ruffles, and what work it was, washing and ironing them all in the stuffy little kitchen! How she buttoned and unbuttoned precious sweetheart, bathed and combed and brushed her! The little parties she gave for her to the other children, and her one pair of hands for all of it, for the Hogans kept no girl. Very few of their friends did, for that matter, help being scarce, hard to get, inefficient and more bother than they were worth, to say nothing of being expensive.

"But you must find Jemima quite a help to you now," Mrs. Hogan's friends would say, sweetly nasty, knowing darned well how much help Jemima was.

"Well, I'll tell you now," Mrs. Hogan would reply; "I don't believe in making drudges of young girls. I had plenty of that in our family when I was a girl, and I mean that Jemima shall have a good time while she can. What I say is we are only young once. She would like to help, and she does in lots of ways, but she's got her school work and she'd better be attending to that while I run the house."

Self-sacrificing? I don't know. She pleased herself, and the most selfish of us are generally willing to do that. If people thought that she had a funny idea of taking her pleasure, that was because they did not know how love lightens the burden of toil or properly estimate the keen delight that Mrs. Hogan felt when Jemima came dancing into the house—certainly a lovely sight in her pretty clothes and trinkets, and full of the joy of life. This dainty and vivid creature was hers; flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone, and renewed spirit of the spirit of her youth; Jemima's happiness was her happiness, too, and Jemima's griefs would as surely be her griefs, for which reason, perhaps, she kept grief from the girl by every means within her power.

It was much about the same with John H. He made a few sacrifices too: wore his clothes farther into the last possible stages of seediness; made things do a little longer—his old winter coat into another winter, his rather threadbare spring suit another season, his shoes another month or so, abandoning the remnants of his former spruceness one by one, forgoing, one by one, little social habits that cost money, giving up as hopeless that other ingrained habit of always putting a little something by and never encroaching on the rainy-day fund. Not without grumbling occasionally; not without outbursts of strong common sense, such as: "Why don't you get her something simple and inexpensive?" "What's the use of all these fal-lals?" "We aren't in the millionaire set." "It isn't a month ago since she had a new dress. What's become of that?" "There's no service in shoes like those. Pretty enough, but what she wants is something that will wear."

To which the all-sufficient answer was "Now, father, you don't understand at all!"

There Was No Time for Him to Dodge the Impact, and His Stick Had Fallen From His Hand

And later on, Mrs. Hogan leads Jemima by the hand into the living room where John H. is waiting patiently for his deferred dinner—deferred to allow Mrs. Hogan to assist her daughter with an evening toilet.

"Now put that paper down, father, and look at the belle of the party," she says. "This is the little dress you were making such a fuss about. Stand still, darling. Now turn around and let your father see the back."

Smiling that peculiarly fetching little smile of hers, Jemima stands, pirouettes, minces a pace or two with an exaggerated affectation of fashionable hauteur, giggles, and returns to her station while her mother plucks and twitches the new frock here and there, wondering audibly if this couldn't be advantageously taken up a little here or let out a little there—"Wait a minute, darling. Stand still. Well, I guess it will have to do. Now what do you think of it, father?"

"Huh!" John H. grunts.

"Huh? Is that all you have to say?"

He looks at his child. She is posing again, her slender white arms gleaming through the short blue chiffon sleeves as she extends them, one small foot—in the unserviceable silver slippers—pointed forward, her lithe young body bent gracefully back, a picture far beyond the limitations of brush, paint and human fingers, a picture hard to contemplate with a grim countenance. John H., looking at it, feels that after all it may be pretty cheap at the price. He may not have one of these palatial homes and a red automobile and money to throw at the dickey birds, but he'd like one of these bloated plutes—any of 'em, by George!—to show him anything they'd got that would touch this.

"Huh!" says he again. "Well, Jemmy, you're looking pretty fine. But," he adds, to get in a little of that hard common sense of his, "handsome is as handsome does. Give daddy a kiss."

"She ought to have a little fan," says Mrs. Hogan.

"Then why the dickens don't you get her one?" says John H.

But John H. was not always so complaisant. There were times when he overdid the strong-common-sense business and was altogether absurd and unreasonable. As when, coming home one hot day and finding Mrs. Hogan in the kitchen putting up raspberries. Like the boiler room of a steamer in the tropics; with the bubbling kettles on the stove and the sickly sweet, oppressive smell, and the poor woman scarlet as the berries that she was pouring into the rows of glass jars before her. John Henry was peeved.

"All foolishness!" he declared. "No need of it. Just because berries happen to be cheap."

"Jemmy loves them so," said Mrs. Hogan. "And you know you're fond of them yourself," she hastened to add, seeing that he frowned.

"Where is she?" demanded John H.

He found her in the living room, curled against a heap of sofa pillows, reading a book that she hastily closed as he entered. She looked so confoundedly fresh and cool and daintily immaculate that John H. was peeved worse than ever.

"Why aren't you in the kitchen helping your mother?" he asked, quite sternly for John.

Poor Jemima was utterly astounded. Why wasn't she in the kitchen? In the kitchen! And helping! Had father got a touch o' sun?

"I should think that you'd be ashamed of yourself," John H. went on. "Lazing and lolloping here, reading silly trash. Give me that book! And your poor ma just about all in, putting up preserves for you! I'd think you'd try to lighten her work for her a little instead of letting her kill herself doing for you. You get up from that lounge and go and help her. Right now! You hear me?"

Jemima started up, her cheeks flaming, her eyes darting blue lightnings of righteous resentment and anger.

"I won't, I won't, I won't!" she cried, stamping her foot. "I think you ought to be ashamed to say such things!"

"Are you going to mind me?" asked her father in a quiet voice that had nevertheless something in its tone that Jemima recognized as preliminary to new outrage.

She made no articulate reply, but she went—in a fury, though, and slamming the door behind her. Her father, standing where she had left him, heard her passionately recounting her wrong to her ever-sympathetic mother. He caught such fragments as: "I wasn't doing a single thing!" "I won't stand it!" "I won't!" "I'll run away." Sobs, wails, and Mrs. Hogan's gentle consolatory murmur.

John Henry began to realize that he had been acting pretty meanly to the poor youngster. After all, she was just a kid. Just the same, it wasn't right for Evvy to be forever coddling and babying her, making a nigger of herself.

Whatever doubt he may have had as to the propriety of his conduct, Mrs. Hogan settled for him at once, opening the door with a fling that was hardly less eloquent than her daughter's recent slam, and standing there with the rich color completely banished from her face and her eyes strangely hostile and accusing.

"I must say you're in mighty big business, John Henry Hogan! Mighty big business!"

"Well, mother, I do think ——" John H. began lamely.

"You do think! You think you are justified in jumping on that poor child and abusing her?"

"I didn't abuse her. All I said was ——"

"I know what you said, and I know you had no reason whatever for saying it. The idea! The very idea!"

"Well, perhaps I was a little hard on her," John H. admitted.

"You! Her own father! She's just broken-hearted over it. Why, John!"

Jemima, standing on the stair landing where she could hear perfectly, nodded her head in approval. She nodded once more when John H. again expressed regret for his brutal behavior, and a third time when he promised to make it up to her—which promise, you may be sure, he kept. Jemima looked as broken-hearted as she could, nevertheless, when she came down to set the table for dinner—talk about her not helping; and though she was sweet and forgiving and respectful in her bearing toward her father, you may bet that she made him thoroughly realize how deeply she had been wounded by his cruel words.

But that passed, of course. John H. had had his lesson and all went well and happily once more. Jemima pursued the even tenor of her way, which certainly did not take her into the kitchen. She attended grammar and dancing schools and took piano from Miss Warchop and craft work from the same versatile spinster, so that, with her various social engagements, her time was pretty well occupied without fooling with dishpans and cookstoves. No necessity for it anyway, for the handsome young American millionaire or the foreign nobleman whom she was to marry in due course of time would have a housekeeper to direct

the servants, of course. There was not the least doubt in the Hogan family that Jemima would marry a duke or sumpin, and I think myself that if it hadn't been for Joe and if she had gone on the stage, as she might have, the chances wouldn't have been so poor, at that.

Now we get to Joe: You know these pictures of aggressive-looking gentlemen who so evidently have taken to heart the injunction of one of our captains of industry to "So live your life that you can look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell"? You know them. They stand, resolute, compelling, inflexible, shaking minatory fingers or pounding positive palms with emphatic fists, looking the whole world in the eye from a full page advertisement and telling it that they can make it well, increase its salary 50 per cent, bend the most stubborn to its will, convince the most incredulous of the excellence of its commodities or make its mnemonic faculties a wonder to itself. Well, Joe always reminds me of those indomitable, forceful fellows. He can and does thrust out his jaw like them when the occasion seems to demand it; he can and does wiggle a forefinger as impressively and pound his own palm in a way highly suggestive of his perfect readiness—should circumstances render it necessary—to pound whatever part of your person he can most conveniently and effectually reach.

And nobody ever accused him of bluffing. He has a way of accompanying certain statements with a staccato rapping of his knuckles on a table or a desk that commands instant and respectful attention, and his eyes have the gimlet or steel-jacket quality of penetration. You may fool with Joe if you fool properly, but not otherwise. He is good-natured enough, and his big mouthful of white teeth is oftenest displayed in a grin or a hearty whole-souled laugh; but the fuse to his highly inflammable temper is not overlong, and when it is ignited the resulting pyrotechnical display is not always harmless. People often say that he is a little too much so, and perhaps he is; but he always makes friends and he keeps most of them. He is a friend of mine and has been ever since he licked me at the Felix Boznanski Grammar School.

One tough kid, he was. He would fight anybody without waiting for the drop of the hat or any formality whatsoever. If we displeased him he frankly told us all about it, and unless we promptly satisfied him that we were regretful and anxious to amend, clouts or kicks or both instantly followed his discourse. The younger, weaker and more timid of us stood in holy awe of the little bully, for he had no sympathy for weakness or timidity. But his tongue was just as rough with the big seventh and eighth grade kids, and if they resented his freshness, as they did at first, he would tackle them with a total disregard of any odds of size and strength, and, being a glutton for punishment and utterly reckless with rocks, baseball clubs or whatever was hard and handy, the big slobs eventually let him rave. Nobody really aches to thrash a fellow that one knows will, in the course of the thrashing, do all the damage he can to the last gasp and renew the conflict the moment that he is sufficiently recovered. That was the way Joe did. You could beat him up, but you couldn't make him stay licked.

So Joe became an acknowledged leader, and, secure in that position, his natural good qualities made him fairly popular with his following. But I never liked the way he plagued our teacher, Miss Wagram—a little old maid with a long nose that had a large wart on it, a thin long neck, and thin short hair. She was extremely nervous and acted as if she was scared to death when we got obstreperous. Not a very good teacher, perhaps, as I recall her methods, but conscientious and hard-working; and, as everybody knew, she had a cranky old bed-ridden mother to support, which made her too fearful of losing her job. Well, Joe certainly made life a burden to her.

His very last prank was when he drew a rude caricature of her on the blackboard, devilishly and unnecessarily exaggerating the nose and the wart. But I think he really intended that as a joke that she would have sufficient sense of humor to appreciate. She was so far from relishing it, however, that she mustered courage to send him in to the principal, who, making rather a failure of the corporal punishment that he tried to administer, expelled Joe from the school.

"Suits me," Joe bragged. "I'll get into a school where there's teachers that can learn a fellow something. That old hen ain't no good and never was. I know more'n she does, right now."

"Yes you do," said I sarcastically. "What you know and what you don't know would fill a book. You didn't know enough to wipe that off before she come into the room."

"I thought she could take a joke," said he.

"You hurt her feelings," I told him, unconsciously repeating Tommy Traddles.

"I don't see how," he replied. "She's got a wart on her nose, ain't she? Well!"

And it was this bellicose young ruffian who, seeing pretty little Jemima playing among the girls, fell at once a victim to her charms, and who with his usual contempt for public opinion escorted her to and from school, carried her books, rescued too ambitious kittens from trees—tenderly and at the risk of neck and limb, instead of pelting the squalling things with rocks—who even blacked his shoes at her behest.

Public opinion could hardly refrain from expressing itself concerning this charming episode, but Joe at once made public opinion sorry that it spoke.

Oh, little Jemima had him eating out of her hand. It was certainly funny to see the two together. She was mighty disdainful at first, and she continually said things to him that made hearers hold their breath; but he only laughed at her, and in time she at least tolerated him and accepted his escort and some of his gifts. Still, so far as anybody could guess, she was not consumed with grief at his expulsion, and shed no tears when a few weeks later Joe's parents moved to Aurora and took him along. There were plenty of others to take his place.

I had almost forgotten Joe when I ran into him on State Street just before we got tired of holding Germany to a strict accountability and made up our minds that more could be accomplished by personal interview than correspondence. I quite literally ran into him, and at my first glance after the collision I put myself in an attitude of defense before I had finished my apology. It seemed a wise precaution. But when he suddenly relaxed into a grin I knew him at once, and we shook hands with mutual pleasure. He had grown into a handsome young brute, with the same jet-black hair and piercing jet-black eyes that I remembered. Not tall, but about my own height and build; well set up and muscular. He was also well groomed and fairly well dressed; altogether much improved in his appearance.

We went to lunch together and I learned that he had a good job as assistant manager with a wholesale stationery and job-printing concern and that it was going to be a better one or he was going to know the reason why—if he didn't go to Canada and join up with some bunch that was overseas bound. But he had taken this doddering old concern a year ago, put it on its shaky legs, pumped pep into it, cut out dead timber and put the fear of God into the rest, until now it was fairly firm on its feet and walking ahead as fast as could be expected.

"And they're going to bounce the old saphead that's been playing at manager, and put me in his place at his salary or I'll quit 'em and let 'em slump back," said Joe, with a thump of his fist on the table.

"I'm going to say to them, 'Gentlemen ——'"

He proceeded to tell me what he was going to say, with the staccato knuckle-rapping accompaniment that I have before mentioned. There were two men seated at an adjoining table. The one who faced me—a pleasant-looking young fellow with a blond mustache—smiled gently as though amused by Joe's emphatic manner; but it wasn't an offensive smile; rather friendly.

But Joe finished and then laughed, and we talked of other things and were very jolly together until I found I had to go back to my work. Joe insisted on paying the check—and it was a good-sized one—and all was sweet and lovely and fine and dandy when, as we rose, the young man at the next table spoke to his companion in German.

(Continued on Page 96)

He Looks at His Child. She is Posing Again, Her Slender White Arms Gleaming Through the Short Blue Chiffon Sleeves

MY LIFE

By EMMA CALVÉ

TRANSLATED BY ROSAMOND GILDER

Calvé as Carmen in an Early New York Appearance

Galli-Marié, the Originator of the Rôle of Carmen

"Do not forget what I told you to do in the last act!" he whispered in a threatening undertone. "If you dare make a mistake, you will catch it from me!"

As the evening wore on the little Desdemona became more and more nervous. She blundered several times, and her father's anger rose. By the time they reached the scene in which Othello strangles Desdemona, Garcia was in a fury. He glared at the poor child ferociously, his face contorted with rage. Suddenly she became panic-stricken, and running from him threw herself into the orchestra pit.

"Help! Murder!" she screamed. "He's after me! He's going to kill me in real earnest'"

The first violinist caught her in his arms, and, we suppose, reassured her successfully. At any rate it happened that a few years later she became the wife of this musician, whose name was De Bériot.

La Frezzolini, a dramatic personality of the old days, was another star in my *abbonato's* firmament. At one period of her career she had contracted for a tour in South America. The day of her début in Buenos Aires she was told that her lover, who had remained in Italy, was unfaithful to her. Mad with jealousy, she determined at all costs to reach him. She purloined her maid's cloak and passport and made her escape from the hotel. A ship was lying in the harbor, anchor weighed, ready to sail for Europe. She managed to get on board unnoticed.

Several hours later, when the curtain should have been rising on her first appearance in the Argentine capital, she was well out at sea. This pretty piece of folly cost her three million francs! *C'est beau—la passion!* I can imagine the eloquent despair of her manager; I can see the expression of his face when he discovered the flight of his song bird!

VI

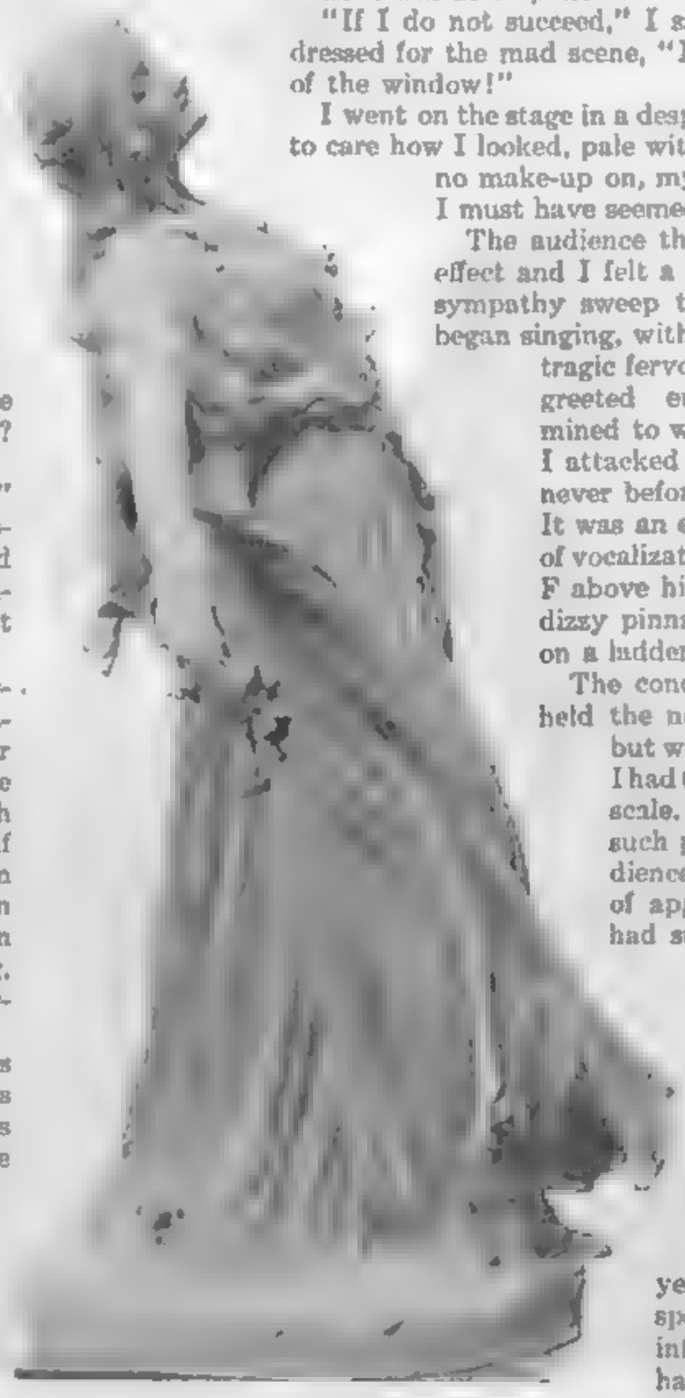
I STUDIED for a year with Madame Laborde, and made such effective progress that I was immediately reëngaged in Italy. I appeared at the San Carlo of Naples, where I sang Ophelia, with Victor Maurel as Hamlet, and where I appeared in Bizet's Pêcheurs de Perles with the tenor Lucia, a gifted singer, with whom I was later to create Mascagni's L'Amico Fritz. I sang for two consecutive years in Naples, before the most amusing public it has ever been my privilege to encounter. A group of *dilettanti*, gentlemen of taste and leisure, assisted regularly at every performance, criticizing the actors and actresses, praising and blaming in loud tones, punctuating the performance with exclamations and ejaculations, to the vast amusement of the rest of the audience. One day, at the house of some friends, my attention was arrested by the appearance of one of the guests.

"Tell me," I said to a Neapolitan acquaintance, "who is that distinguished old man? It seems to me that I have seen him before. What is his profession? What does he do?"

"He is a subscriber to the San Carlo," answered my informer with perfect seriousness, as though this description explained everything. "He is in fact the senior member of the fraternity. Allow me to present him."

The old gentleman proved a most entertaining friend. He described to me the fatiguing duties of an *abbonato*, as a subscriber is called in Italian. An *abbonato* had to be at the theater early in the morning to watch the rehearsal of the ballet dancers. At half past one he returned to give his opinion on the performance of the orchestra. Later in the afternoon he gave his entire attention to the rehearsals of the singers. The evening, of course, was devoted to the regular performance. A full day's work!

My friend must have been ninety years old, but he was still pursuing his arduous profession. He had known all the singers in what he described as the great era. He had even known La Malibran when she was hardly more than a child. Her father, Garcia, was a terror. He taught his daughters to sing with the help of a cudgel, beating them when they did not do exactly as he commanded. One night La Malibran was singing Desdemona to his Othello. As they made their entrance he turned to his daughter.



Calvé as Ophelia, by Dennis Pouch, Who Designed the Statue at Her Request for Her Tomb

In spite of my cordial reception at Naples and elsewhere in Italy, I was not yet satisfied. My heart was set on returning to Milan.

I longed to wipe out the memory of my failure there; but that terrible public! I dreaded to appear again before it! I was finally persuaded to make the attempt, and it was arranged for me to sing Ophelia with the celebrated Italian barytone, Battistini.

The audience received me coldly during the first acts. I was in despair.

"If I do not succeed," I said to my mother as I dressed for the mad scene, "I will throw myself out of the window!"

I went on the stage in a desperate mood, too frantic to care how I looked, pale with grief and rage. I had no make-up on, my dress was in disorder; I must have seemed, indeed, half mad.

The audience thought it was a studied effect and I felt a current of interest and sympathy sweep through the theater. I began singing, with a complete abandon, a tragic fervor. The first phrase was greeted enthusiastically. Determined to win a complete triumph, I attacked a cadenza which I had never before attempted in public. It was an extremely difficult piece of vocalization, going from low A to F above high C. Once upon that dizzy pinnacle, I was like a child on a ladder, afraid to come down.

The conductor was terrified. I held the note as long as I could; but when my breath gave out I had to descend the chromatic scale. I did it with such *brio*, such perfection, that the audience burst into a thunder of applause. Seldom have I had such an ovation. I can truly say that it was the greatest moment in my operatic career. What intense, what triumphant joy filled my young heart that night!

I cannot continue the narrative of my years in Italy without speaking of an artist whose influence upon my career has been incalculable—La Duse! All my life I have loved and admired her deeply. I cannot see her upon the stage without being profoundly moved. Hers was the spark that set my fires alight. Her art, simple, human, passionately sincere, was a revelation to me. It broke down the false and conventional standards of lyric expression to which I had become accustomed. She taught me to appreciate sincerity in art; a sincerity which in her case went to the length of being unwilling to make up for the stage.

She was severely criticized for this when she first appeared in Paris. She returned another year, with the usual type of costume and make-up, proving that she could shine in the school that believed in the embellishment of Nature as well as in her realistic manner. I shall never forget her beauty that year. All Paris flocked to see her, and everyone was forced to bow before her genius.

I followed her on her tours through Italy one summer, going from town to town where she was playing, attending each performance, and sometimes watching for her at the stage door or in the lobby of her hotel. I never wished to approach my divinity. I wanted her to remain exalted, remote, inaccessible.

Years later, however, when we were both touring in America, I learned to know her well, and to appreciate deeply her great qualities of mind and heart.

VII

IN 1891 I was chosen by Mascagni to create the charming rôle of Suzel in his opera L'Amico Fritz. It was given at the Constanzi Theater in Rome, with Lucia and Lhérie in the tenor and barytone parts. Lucia I have already mentioned in connection with my début in Naples. Lhérie, an artist of distinction, had been a tenor in his youth. He had created the rôle of Don José in Carmen. He was very popular in both France and Italy, and I have often sung in Hamlet with him. He excelled in the title rôle of this opera, which he interpreted in a truly Shaksperean spirit. We had, all three, marked successes in Mascagni's delightful production, which is, indeed, a small masterpiece.

During my sojourn in the Holy City I often went to hear the choir of the Sistine Chapel, which was at that time under the direction of the last of the eunuchs, Mustapha, a Turk, like all his companions. He had an exquisite high tenor voice, truly angelic, neither masculine nor yet feminine in type, but reflecting the qualities of both sexes; deep, subtle, poignant in its vibrant intensity. He sang the classic church music admirably, especially Palestrina. He had certain curious notes which he called his fourth voice—strange, sexless tones, superhuman, uncanny!

I was so much impressed by his talent that I decided to take some lessons from him. The first question I asked was how I might learn to sing those heavenly tones.

"It's quite easy," he answered. "You have only to practice with your mouth tight shut for two hours a day. At the end of ten years you may possibly be able to do something with them."

That was hardly encouraging!

"A thousand thanks!" I exclaimed. "At that rate I will never learn! It takes too much patience!"

Nevertheless, with the tenacity which is a fundamental part of my character, I set to work. My first efforts were pitiful. My mother assured me that they sounded like the mewing of a sick cat. At the end of two years, however, I began to make use of my newly acquired skill; but it was not until the third year of study that I obtained a complete mastery of the difficult art.

Queen Victoria at the Age of Five

These special notes, which I have used since then with great success, are rarely found in the ordinary run of voices. I have tried repeatedly to develop them in my pupils; but in spite of hard work and close application I have never found one pupil who has been able to imitate them.

While I was studying in Rome I overheard one of my comrades remark that, after all, this fourth voice was nothing but a trick. Much vexed, I told Mustapha what had been said.

"Let them howl!" he answered. "Our friends call our achievement trickery when they cannot do the same thing themselves. As soon as they have learned the art they call it talent."

I have always been an eager student, anxious to acquire new skill, ready to try any method that might increase the effectiveness of my interpretations. When I was young I would have walked through fire had I been told that I would sing or act better in consequence. Fortunately for me, fire was never thought of, but water was suggested.

I was at the studio of Dennis Peuch, a sculptor from my own country of Aveyron. He explained that in order to obtain graceful lines he soaked his models' clothes in water before arranging their draperies. The idea struck me as admirable.

The next time I sang Ophelia I wrung my dress out in a basin of water before putting it on for the mad scene. The effect was all that could be desired, until the middle of the act. It is then that the pale Ophelia, surrounded by a group of lovely maidens, sinks to the ground beside the lake. As I lay on the mossy bank, playing with my flowers, I noticed that the little ballet dancers were staring at me, round-eyed.

"Look at Calvé!" I heard one of them whisper. "What's the matter with her? She's on fire! See the smoke!"

What an unexpected disaster! My lovely Grecian effect was drying off in a cloud of steam! We were all convulsed with laughter. The farce ended in a bad cold, and I never tried this particular method again.

During one of my later visits to Rome I carried into effect an idea that had long haunted my imagination. I wished to have a monument designed for my tomb, and I asked Dennis Peuch to carry out my idea. This great sculptor was not only my friend and compatriot but a very talented artist as well. I give on page 12 a photograph of the statue he made of me in the rôle of Ophelia, which some day will be used for its destined purpose.

M. Peuch is now director of the Academy of France in Rome, and we of Aveyron are very proud of our distinguished countryman. Our little department can claim many famous men among its citizens, not the least of whom is Henri Fabre, who lived near my own home, and whose marvelous researches in the insect world have brought him world-wide honor.

VIII

CONTINUING my tour through Italy, I went to Venice, where I sang in the Théâtre de Fenice, a charming eighteenth-century hall, decorated with a Louis XV fan, the loges paneled in *vernis Martin*. I gave over twenty performances of Ophelia, with tremendous success.

One afternoon I went to the theater rather earlier than usual. As I entered I saw a group of porters and mechanics hovering around a little sedan chair which stood in the wings and which I had noticed before. It had been built for Patti on her last stay in Venice. She feared the dampness of the canals and insisted on being carried to and from her hotel in this specially constructed *portantina*.

As I made my way toward my dressing room the stage manager, who had been in animated conversation with the group around the sedan chair, approached me.

"Will mademoiselle be so kind as to tell me how much she weighs?" he asked.

"A hundred and twenty-five pounds," I answered, much surprised.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "Just the thing! Mademoiselle, if she wishes, can use Patti's sedan chair. The porters will not carry more than a certain weight, but mademoiselle is exactly right."

I was, of course, delighted. Every evening I made the journey through the narrow alleys of old Venice, and as my *portantina* was unique, I was known all along the route. The street urchins began cheering as soon as they saw it appear at the end of a street.

"*Eccola prima donna!*" they shouted. "Here she comes! *Evviva! Evviva!*"

My farewell performance at the Fenice was a gala night. The stage was inundated with flowers, the audience wildly enthusiastic. Finally it was time to go home, and my mother sent my maid to call the porters. This maid, Valérie, was a Parisian, dark, graceful and not unlike me in build and coloring. She loved to imitate my way of walking, my gestures, sometimes even my clothes. She wore a mantilla, and at a distance might easily be mistaken for her mistress.

My mother and I sat waiting in my dressing room for a long time. Valérie seemed to be unaccountably slow. We were beginning to wonder what had happened to her, when she burst into the room.

"Oh, mademoiselle, forgive me!" she exclaimed, all out of breath. "I didn't do it on purpose! They carried me off in the *portantina!* There were serenaders, gentlemen in evening clothes! It was grand! A regular triumph! They thought it was mademoiselle!"

She stopped for breath, but before we could ask a single question she was off again.

"When we got to the hotel," she continued excitedly, "the manager opened the door with a deep bow. When he saw me, how he jumped! 'It's nothing but the maid!' he shouted in a rage. But really it isn't my fault," Valérie concluded plaintively. "I can't help it if I look like mademoiselle. The porters brought me back, but the celebration is all over. Everyone is gone!"

My mother was very angry and wanted to dismiss the girl on the spot. I could only laugh. It seemed to me so absurd! When we got back to the hotel no one was in sight, but the steps were covered with flowers, strewn at the feet of my chambermaid!

In my own room at last, I could not sleep. I stood on my balcony, looking out over the peaceful lagoon. It was a marvelous night. Venice was still a city of gondolas and midnight serenades. There were no motor boats to spoil the picture, as there are today. My mother was thrilled with joy at my successes.

"Never, never have you had such a triumph!" she exclaimed again and again. She had forgiven Valérie her escapade and only remembered the flowers, the applause, the tributes of appreciation and enthusiasm.

Before we left the hotel the next day we were presented with a bill:

"For carrying off in the *portantina*—200 francs."

My mother, greatly incensed and surprised, called the manager.

"What does this mean?" she demanded.

The unhappy man was overcome with embarrassment.

"Patti's manager used to arrange for a triumphal progress of this sort," he exclaimed. "He hired the hallboys and musicians from the hotel. I thought mademoiselle, too, would like it. I am sorry if you are displeased."

"It's really too much," wailed my mother, "to have to pay such a price for the glorification of a maid!"

In after years I was telling this tale to one of my comrades who had also sung with success in Venice.

"Oh, Calvé, what a blow!" she exclaimed when I had finished my story. "You have shattered one of my most precious illusions! My poor father must have had to foot the bill, while I thought that I had been acclaimed by the flower of Venetian nobility!"

IX

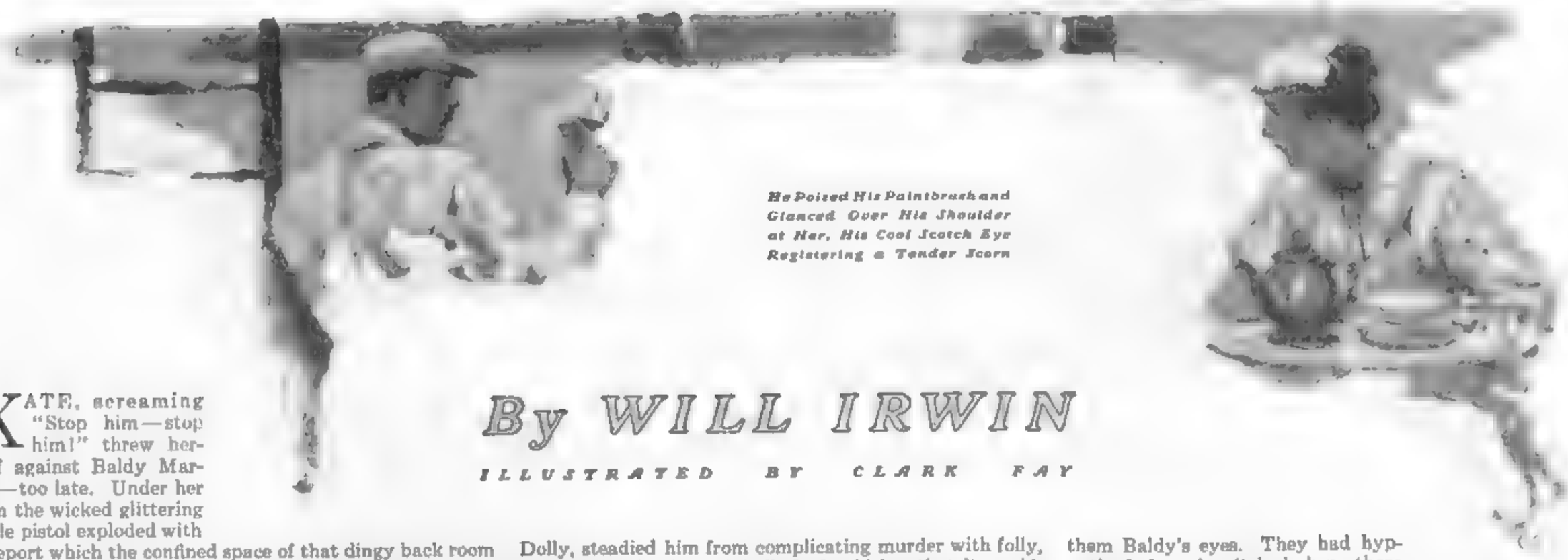
VENICE, that city of delight, the joy of poets and the home of beauty, holds for me other memories than those of the gay days of my triumphs there. For me it is darkened by the shadow of a great sorrow, the memory of a day when my soul touched the black depths of passion and despair, and yet was saved.

I was alone. For a whole week I had been awaiting, in an anguish of pain and suspense, the arrival of a certain letter. It came at last—brutal, crushing, final, announcing an overwhelming catastrophe, the end of happiness, the death of hope.

Continued on Page 33

Calvé in De Lara's Messaline at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, 1909. Above—Eleanora Duse

THE GATE OPENS



He Poised His Paintbrush and Glanced Over His Shoulder at Her, His Cool Scotch Eye Registering a Tender Scorn

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

KATE, screaming "Stop him—stop him!" threw herself against Baldy Martin—too late. Under her arm the wicked glittering little pistol exploded with a report which the confined space of that dingy back room magnified into the roar of a cannon. Into its reverberations broke the clatter of tin, the tinkle of breaking glasses. The waiter, entering with drinks, had seen the flash of the nickeled barrel and, man of experience that he was, had thrown himself on his face. An instant then of silence; then sound on sound broke in. From the bar outside chairs scraped, feet clattered, male voices spoke in quick exclamatives.

Dolly, backed against the wall, gave two quick screams, light and sharp like the wail of a kitten; and then the gang instinct rising over every emotion she cried, "Mike jumped him!"

Although the man who lay there on his face was her escort and personal property, although his dying ears must have heard this treason, still she said it -even repeated it as the first of the crowd without peered warily in at the door.

Kate, as the pistol went off, had disengaged Baldy with a shove, had turned in time to see Mike crumple up on the floor. The scream which had started from her chest seemed to choke, to congeal in her throat. Mike lay with his left arm outstretched. As she watched, it groped along the floor toward his chest, moving more and more slowly until, with a final bounce like a rubber ball, it lay still. Kate knelt down and with both hands tugged at his shoulder. She lifted it only by inches, for he was a heavy man. That was enough; a pool of blood grew suddenly on the floor about him. She straightened up. Two fingers of the white glove on her left hand bore a vivid, spreading red stain. She stared at it with wide, stupid eyes; and the range of her glance caught Baldy, backed up in his own corner. His hand still held the pistol, but it had dropped to his side. The hideous contortions of anger complicated by many drinks were dying out of his face. A curtain of sickly green had started from his throat, run up over his jaw, his cheeks, finally veiled with apprehension the sullen defiance of his eyes. No one, momentarily, looked at Mike. Tacitly they all recognized that Mike was done for, had passed from the drama until his shade should return with vengeance in his hands.

As two heads, tousled, strained, scared, peered in at the door a police whistle shrilled from the bar outside. The waiter began to scramble heavily to his feet. Baldy wheeled, half raised his gun as though to force his way toward escape; then Dolly screamed again, and "Don't touch that bottle! Mike tried to bean 'm with it!" she said. It lay on the floor, where it had fallen during the confusion before the shot. And that spurt of woman's wit, flashing suddenly out of the mass of vicious frivolities which was Dolly, steadied him from complicating murder with folly, as the blind instinct of Dolly had told her that it would. It saved him in the end from the electric chair. Kate still leaned like a piece of furniture against the wall, still held her hand before her, the two stained fingers raised in a posture like a priestly benediction, still watched across them Baldy's eyes. They had hypnotized her, bewitched her, those eyes; they were the lights that had lured her along the road ending in this chasm—they with their mystery, their roving boldness. They were different eyes now. Into their sullen fear had crept a rat-quality. He lowered the pistol, reversed it in his hand, held it out, butt foremost. The waiter, the men at the door, rushed on him.

"I Done It as Much as You," Confessed Kate. He Did Not Respond; He Did Not Help Her

"Easy, will you?" said Baldy. "I'll go quiet. Had to do it. Didn't he try to bean me with that bottle?" Then as though the diplomacies of the situation called at least for regret, he looked down at Mike and said, "Hell of a thing, ain't it?" And as though responding that lump of clay on the floor made its final movement. A shiver ran over Mike; a feeble rattling cough began and ended as suddenly as though someone had stopped his mouth. The waiter, who had disarmed Baldy, turned in time to see this—and something else. With his free hand he clutched tardily at Kate as she collapsed on the floor.

"Six to ten years."

It came out with a touch of elocutionary effect from the perfunctory voice of the judge, droning legal phraseology on sentence day. The judgment brought no surprise, really, either to Baldy, standing between two guards there at the rail; to Dolly, back again, now that the necessity for a modest appearance on the stand was over, in feathers and finery; or to Kate, sitting in the front row, her hands clasped on the rail. Least of all to Kate. After those first three days of torment—the Tombs, the refined brutalities of the third degree as applied to women, the sessions with Baldy's lawyer who was fixer for all the gang—the shadow of the electric chair seemed no longer to hang over this affair. Baldy, though only recently arrived from Syracuse, was a member of the gang; and the gang took care of its own. The waiter, who saw it all, had his memory most astonishingly refreshed before the police reached him. He had seen Mike seize the heavy water bottle and jump at Baldy before he himself went to the floor. Dolly lied in confirmation—steadily, craftily, with the proper appearance of reluctance.

Kate did not have to lie about the water bottle. If no one, either in the torture chambers of Central Police or in the court room, pressed her on this point, it was because she came out with a vital piece of frankness which Baldy's lawyer was able to twist into a most potent instrument of defense. Baldy had been her steady. Of late they two had made, more and more, a party of four with Dolly and Mike. Of late also, Baldy had grown

a little cold. That night they had dined together—too well. And Kate had used the oldest method known to women of lashing up a fading affection. She had flirted with Mike—heavy-handedly, grossly, for they were all a little drunk. Later they were going to the grand ball of the Francis I. Goreham Association; but meantime they had repaired to the back room of Moroni's for another drink. At the door, with an ostentatious show of furtiveness, Kate had slipped an arm about Mike, kissed him. Dolly, at this moment only a pawn in Kate's game, had seen this passage too. Perhaps that was why Mike began suddenly to pay violent court to Dolly. And then it all happened—violent, obscene invective between the two men, both suddenly on their feet, the shot, the red stain on her white glove.

One thing she did not tell, either to the inquisitorial police or to the court. It was that she threw herself, when she saw action approaching, not upon Mike but upon Baldy. With the waiter fixed, there was none to recall that.

"I got to treat you rough, girlie," the lawyer had said at their final rehearsal before the trial. Kate only nodded. She well knew in her heart who was responsible for the death of Mike Naughton. What did a little more public shame matter? The girls at the rooming house where she lived had already stopped speaking to her, and the landlady had given her notice. Even the newspapers, in their brief accounts of this inconsequential little tragedy of the dock region, had made her a back-room siren—"the Beale woman." For a month she had worked on at her job in the waist factory, until ostracism had grown too much to bear. Now she was living on her savings; oddly, Kate had saved. It was the one stable spot in a life that had begun to float away on its own impulses. No; she found herself experiencing a curious joy of abasement when the lawyer held up her character for all the world to see: as one finds perverse pleasure sometimes in pressing a wound.

Then, when all looked like plain sailing for an acquittal, the jury, partly planted though it was, developed one of those whimsical turns of juries. It was locked up for twelve hours. The news filtered through the door that someone was holding out. But the verdict came like a blow—second-degree murder, with recommendation to mercy. The case was not appealed. For while Baldy waited in the Tombs for trial, New York had experienced at the end of a series of gang murders a spasm of virtue. "If they tried him again it would be the chair," said the lawyer bluntly. The judge, gang opinion held, did the best he could in the present state of public opinion—six to ten years, which experts said would mean about seven if Baldy behaved himself.

Kate, going for her last interview before they took him away to Auburn, far up the state, met Dolly coming out of the visitors' room in the Tombs. Some emotion made on Dolly's cheeks a dull background for her rouge, almost ennobled her insignificantly pretty features. As she faced Kate her eyes went wide, her color even more vivid.

"Just tellin' him it was all right with me," Dolly said.

"Nice of you, Dolly," said Kate.

Dread as of a blow, remorse, affection—into this whirl of emotions shot a kind of envy. Dolly and all the rest of the world could face him clean, while she —— He was looking at her sullenly through the bars. For an instant love seemed to conquer all other emotions. Then remorse claimed its own.

"I wisht I could serve it for you," said Kate. "I wisht I could go to the chair if I could get you off."

"Hell you do!" said Baldy.

He was an explosive man, Baldy; his temper had a way of breaking into sudden, violent action as it had on the night of the murder. Once, months ago, he had struck her, and thrilled her even in the midst of her squalls and execrations. His eyes had looked then as they looked now; she dropped hers.

"I done it as much as you," confessed Kate. He did not respond; he did not help her. She faltered on. "I want to make it up to you. I'll work, I'll save every cent I get and"—the whole thing was oddly beyond any maiden modesty which Kate had left, yet she stumbled here—"I'll—I'll marry you now if you say the word." She dared look up again, and saw that his eyes had become kind.

"That can wait till I get out," he said, his voice shaking a little with some emotion. "It's all right, kid."

"I'll come up every visitors' day," added Kate.

She looked up at him; he seemed to be considering that.

"No; what's the use?" he said. "No, you keep away from the stir. When I come out and go straight I don't want them identifying you too."

The guards were coming now. Kate caught the metallic glimpse of the handcuffs. She kissed him through the bars and turned away that she might not witness this final shame. He kissed her ardently enough; even, as she took one final look, she saw that his eyes had become gay.

At the door of the Tombs her tears broke the last feeble barriers of her self-control. All that day she walked the streets, weeping at intervals—not turbulently, as she had always wept before, but as softly and steadily as an autumn rain. Twice, when that vision of a red stain on a white glove brought an inner misery too acute to bear, she turned toward the river, and twice she said, "I'd be a quitter."

And that evening from the little ill-smelling congregation at the Hudson Street Rescue Mission a girl came forward and sank down at the mourners' bench. She had already attracted the attention of the Reverend Mr. Watkins, the young and zealous missionary, by her wide, serious, tear-dimmed eyes. She was not of the "lost" class; even he could see that. But the soul looking out of those eyes was scarred; he could see that too. He had bent over her, begun his somewhat formal approach; but she only shook her head, so that he left her. Even after she came forward, so suddenly yet so quietly, he could make little of her. Simply, she signed the roll of the saved and went away.

The Reverend Watkins awaited her return for a week, then visited the address she had given and found from a severe and disapproving landlady—whose attitude implied that she could tell much more if she wished—that Katherine Beale had moved, leaving no address. He shook his head. "An emotional conversion," he said. He did not know that of all the flowers of grace garnered that week by the Gospel Mission this was the one most likely to prove an immortal.

But the recording angel knew. Only he did not quite close the page wherein he had set down since her birth the things important to the soul of Katherine Beale. With his divine insight into hearts he passes over many things that you and I would record. That night of the murder, for example, he merely wrote "Finis" on Mike Naughton's page, and closed it. He did not write on Baldy Martin's page at all. He knew that this dramatic climax was but the logical sequence of little acts and choices, invisible in their significance even to Baldy, which predetermined something like this. Probably he had a page for Dolly; though that amorphic soul would seem to you and me scarcely worth a record. But the night when she stood staring at the blood stain on her glove, the night when she walked into Mr. Watkins' mission, he wrote much on Katherine's page—and left it open for further record. He knew that the real test was yet to come.

At the moment when the Reverend Mr. Watkins turned away with solemn, shaking head from the rooming house in Hudson Street, the object of his search was whirling through another circle of many-circled New York. In a white-tiled, ostentatiously sanitary restaurant far up by the Bronx River, she was rushing an order of wheat cakes and sausages from the cook's window to the marble-topped table. On the night of her conversion she had sent the last of her savings to Baldy's lawyer, packed, settled her affairs as though for death. Save to Baldy she had no farewell letters to write; she was thankful now for that. Yet therein lay part of the reason for the course she had traveled.

When she was eight years old her mother had died. Her father remarried a slatternly, scolding stepmother with a brood of her own. Then her father died; in the trail of Gertie 'Blum—older, more enterprising, wholly fascinating—she had drifted from Cleveland to Buffalo to New York. Gertie, whose life had become more and more careless, had dropped a moral notch with each remove. In New York she flopped violently into the category of the lost. If Kate did not follow it was because of some solid

"C'mon—Get Out of This!" Cried Dolly, Drawing Him Away

substance in her character from which proceeded her whim for work and for saving money. Then came Baldy and ——

At the employment office next morning she had seized on the first job remote from her old haunts, and set herself to serve her own sentence. Those scrubbed, sanitary white tiles were to be for the term of Baldy's sentence as much her prison as the gray stones of Auburn Prison were to be his. She knew that in a flash of prescience on the morning when she pulled on her white apron, fell to work. And in a month she had established her own prison routine. The first hard pull was past—the period when she spent her leisure afternoons off in walking on her swollen feet that she might be sure of sleep at night. The vision of that back-room tragedy tormented her with a duller poignancy; it alternated with currents of returning life when old desires for unnatural excitements took momentary control. By the end of the month they, too, were growing dull.

She lived like a nun in a hall bedroom just large enough so that she might squeeze in beside her cot. And the first week she saved, from her pay and her tips, a dollar and forty cents. She was only twenty-one and not obviously pretty; the most you could say of her on first glimpse was that she possessed a straight-backed, boyish figure, that her chestnut hair—if you looked long enough—had glints of gold, and her brown eyes flickers of green. She had no talent for saucing the provender of Barrows' with sex, as had some of the other girls; but by the same token, before the month was out regular patrons were asking for her table, were tipping steadily. For the rest, she went to church twice on Sundays and, after the inner storms of that first month, to afternoon classes in the rudiments at the Y. W. C. A. It was a month more before she realized that she liked this part of her life—was living for it. Her weekly letters to Auburn State Prison grew longer, grew even articulate, began to show a dawning sense of the relations of parts of speech. Baldy wrote regularly every fortnight, such letters as a prisoner may.

It was six months, however, before she nerved herself to write, after painful beginnings and failures, what was mostly in her heart about him—that night at the rescue mission, and what it had meant to her. Baldy answered in kind—a letter which sent her scurrying to her hall bedroom that she might fall on her knees alone. Baldy had seen the light. That was how he put it. It had been the doings of the prison chaplain. He was going square when he came out.

It came, all this, in a dramatic and useful moment. For the wild impulses of twenty-one were again fluttering against the walls of her prison. Only they were growing different now. When she let herself meditate on joy she thought less of all-night dances in Sullivan Hall than of the clothes she saw in church, of pretty apartments glimpsed through the windows of the Elevated. Even that she could put aside now; and she went on with her régime of a nun, saving—always saving. At the restaurant the cooks and pantrymen had ceased their offers of flirtation and of nights at the movies; and the other girls dismissed her simply as Miss Tightwad or Teacher's Pet. For Mr. Gowdy, the young, efficient, serious-minded manager, held her up as a model to student waitresses.

At the end of the year she had saved three hundred and six dollars. She wrote this to Baldy. Of what else she had gained she said nothing, but the letter spoke for itself. "And I'll be doing better next year," she wrote. "Mr. Gowdy says I'm in line for head waitress—what do you think of that?"

Then the life that she had left behind thrust itself visibly, disturbingly for a moment into this routine; and was in a moment gone. At the door of the restaurant a figure had stepped out from the shadows of the doorway in the house beyond—a figure identified by motion before the light revealed the face. It was Dolly, but no longer the old Dolly. Her face in the electric light shone innocent of rouge under a neat, cheap turban; a plain camel's-hair coat, thrown aside, revealed a plainer dress. Gaudy trimmings and cheap jewelry—something had stripped all these from Dolly. But her voice as she spoke was as of old—light, a little flat and childish.

"Hello, kid. Thought I'd come 'n' see you," said Dolly.

Kate's main anxiety rose to the surface at once, found words without her volition.

"How'd you learn where I was?" she asked a little sharply.

"Pooch Sieger said he seen you here last week," replied Dolly. "Ain't seen him much lately either," she added somewhat hastily. "Fact is, it's the first time since ——" She broke off here. They had begun to walk, as by common instinct, in the direction of Kate's rooming house. "Had to be up this way," Dolly went on in somewhat hasty explanation. "Just thought I'd ask if you was hearing anything from Baldy—poor kid!"

"Yes," replied Kate almost proudly; "I hear twice a month. I don't go up to Auburn because he'd rather I wouldn't see him there. He's doing—better than I had expected."

"'S good," replied Dolly a little carelessly. "Thought I might write to him myself."

"I wish you would!"

"Well, I dunno," replied Dolly. "When I saw him before they took him away, to tell him it was all right with me, he didn't exactly try to kiss me, or anything."

From the corner of her eye Kate had been studying Dolly. And what she saw warmed her heart.

"What are you working at?" she ventured.

"Laundry," replied Dolly. "You see—after the jolt I cut out the high life and got me a job."

"Did you? So did I," said Kate; though indeed the facts had spoken for themselves.

And then Dolly, who had always been hen-minded, seemed unable longer to carry on this serious conversation.

"Some coat you're wearing—if it is that sensible stuff," she said, fingering Kate's shoulder.

"It's sensible, all right—got to be," said Kate. "It's the one rag of clothes I've bought since I came up here."

Conversation flowed easily then to the favored feminine topic; and now they stood at the door of Kate's rooming house.

"I'd like to ask you in," said Kate, "but I guess I wouldn't want anybody to see the place."

"But it's the Ritz beside the hole where I hang out," replied Dolly. "I'm saving my jack, I am."

"So am I," replied Kate. "For Baldy when he comes out." Again she spoke with a curious pride. This was the first human being to whom she had been able to declare herself.

"And me for little Dolly. Say, where do you put it away—the savings bank? So do I." Dolly fumbled in her cheap bag, brought out a bank book. "I got it here to show. I'll match you—bet I've beat you."

"All right," said Kate. "I'll match you—if you don't mind this hole."

They threaded the dim hall with its dingy paint, its smell of old cooking. Kate opened a door at the head of the stairs, lit the gas, revealed a narrow aisle beside the rickety, rusting iron bed, the one open space before the window plugged with a chair, a washstand and a trunk, the row of hooks holding the three spare garments of her wardrobe, the photograph of Baldy and the pretty-girl calendar, sole ornaments of a flaking wall.

"Sit down—on the bed," invited Kate. She opened her trunk, took out a dingy leather book. They solemnly exchanged.

"Glad I didn't bet anything," said Dolly. "Three hundred and six dollars! Gee, you beat me by most a hundred. How do you get that way?"

Then Dolly's mind jumped again—to clothes.

"I'd rather you wouldn't say anything about seeing me," Kate ventured at parting.

Baldy Wheeled, Half Raised His Gun as Though to Force His Way Toward Escape

"Sure—I'm on!" said Dolly. "I ain't told you where I live myself, have I? I'll write to Baldy if you say so—if you think he'd stand for it."

"I guess Baldy looks at a lot of things different now," replied Kate. It was on the tip of her tongue to say why he had changed—why she had changed. But a shyness—perhaps a fear of disturbing the delicate balance of Dolly's reformation—restrained her. "He'll write when he can," she concluded weakly.

Dolly said nothing about coming again. Kate understood. It was a relief to know that Dolly had reformed; it seemed as though poor Mike in dying had made expiation for all the rest. But Dolly was disturbing. Yes, she was glad to let things stand as they did.

Nothing more happened for six months. Then Mr. Gowdy announced the not wholly unexpected. Mrs. Carter, the irate, scolding but likable head waitress, was leaving to start a restaurant of her own. With his serious air slightly touched by pomposity, he offered Kate the job of head waitress and felt his vanity of position a little hurt when she did not accept at once—only stood with her serious eyes down-turned, her fingers resting on the surface of the table.

"Is there anything more you'd like to know about me—before I take a responsible job?" she faltered.

"I know enough," Mr. Gowdy replied. "I have learned what you are doing with your leisure. I may say that it is your attempts at self-improvement as well as ——"

And suddenly her delayed gratitude seemed to break the dam. She looked at him with her shining eyes. "Thank you, Mr. Gowdy—you don't know how much I thank you," she said.

And in that second year to record only the important thing—she put away nearly five hundred dollars.

Then the war came—our part of the war—and opportunity. Its bugles reverberated even past the gray stones of Auburn. Baldy wrote that he was mad to go; that all the boys were. It tore to pieces the staff at Barrows' Bronx branch. The cooks began to drop out—they were needed in the training camps; the waitresses scurried away to war work. Mr. Gowdy, who was a first sergeant in the militia, found his regiment called out and chose, spite of his family, to go. The offer of a commission helped his choice. A nervous young man, in whose hands the machinery of Barrows' Bronx establishment creaked frightfully, tried the job for a fortnight. Then he was snapped up to manage an officers' mess. And when Kate was summoned by telephone to the office of the great Barrows himself she knew what was coming and wrestled with her private problem all the way down in the Subway.

He had graduated from a meat cook, this Barrows—plump, rough, only half literate, with a shrewd little blue eye, an irregular humorous mouth, a weakness for diamonds.

"Well, we're down to the ladies," he said. "How'd you like a try at running the Bronx branch? I ain't blind. You've been managing it for some time, but the manager didn't know it."

"I'd like it—if ——" she began, and hesitated. And that hesitation drew out of him an offer of salary which made her gasp. Where she had saved for Baldy by hundreds she could now save almost by thousands.

But she steeled herself to answer as she had answered Mr. Gowdy: "Are you sure you know enough about me?"

Now the feet of Mr. Barrows' soul were large and awkward, but he never stepped consciously on a flower. His shrewd eyes narrowed.

"Is there anything more I ought to know—not your private affairs, but—in connection with the business?"

"No—nothing." But her manner, Mr. Barrows felt, was not entirely at ease.

He paused, considering. He knew that she had come to them from nowhere. He knew that Gowdy had marked her from the first as a "corker." He knew about her attendance at night school; and he cherished the superstitious respect of the uneducated for education. Moreover, had he not himself observed her mania for clean sugar bowls? That was Mr. Barrows' professional hobby. Never before had he met anyone so particular about sugar bowls.

That consideration, together with the native delicacy buried under so many layers of fat, bluster and strict business, tempered his words when he broke the silence.

"Sure there's nothing you'd want to tell me—bearing on the business or money or anything?"

She looked full at him with her serious eyes.

"No, Mr. Barrows. I guess I can say truthfully I never stole or cheated in my life."

He laughed his good-natured, rumbling laugh.

"Then I'm satisfied if you are," he said.

After she was gone he rather regretted that he had not questioned her further. But the spirit bred in those early high days of war had touched Mr. Barrows also. He was disposed to take generous chances. And as the war went on, as troubles with inexpert and uncertain help, with rising prices, with shortages, mounted up on Mr. Barrows, he

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THE VAN ROON

By J. C. SNAITH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

XXVI

JUNE was dominated now by a single thought. By hook or by crook she must get back the picture before she left that house. If she failed to do so she would never see it again, and there would be an end of all her hopes. Exactly what these hopes were she did not venture to ask herself; in any case they would not have been easy to put into words. But she felt in a vague way that William's future and her own were bound up in them.

It was clear that the picture was concealed somewhere upon the premises, because Mr. Thornton and his friend M. Duponnet were coming there the next day to look at it. June was quick to realize that this fact offered a measure of opportunity which, slender as it was, must certainly be used. No other was in the least likely to come her way.

Three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, she had learned already, was the hour of the appointment. It was now the afternoon of Wednesday. No matter what the penalty, if flesh and blood could contrive it she must be present at this interview and see what happened to the treasure.

Despair heavy upon her, she lay awake the best part of the night searching her mind for a plan of action. But the quest seemed hopeless. Uncle Si could so easily checkmate any scheme she might form. And he would not have a scruple in doing so.

She must outwit him somehow; but to outwit one of such cunning was a task for a brain far stronger and nimbler than hers.

Lying up there in her comfortless bed, wild thoughts flocking round her pillow like so many evil spirits, the whole sorry affair was as haunting as a bad dream. And interwoven with it in the most fantastic way was the shop below, and more particularly the hoodoo, the presiding genius, which now stood forth in June's mind as the replica of Uncle Si himself. He was surely possessed by a devil, and this heathen joss as surely embodied it.

On the morning of Thursday June rose early. She was in a mood of desperation. Little sleep had come to her in the long and dreary night hours. But in spite of feeling quite worn out, her determination to best Uncle Si and to regain her own property had not grown less. No ray was to be seen anywhere; yet defiant of fate as she still was, the time had not yet come to admit even to herself that all was lost.

As, dustpan and brush in hand, she began the day's work more than one reckless expedient crossed her mind. In the last resort she might put the matter in the hands of the police. If she could have counted on William's support she might have been tempted to do this, but the rub was, he could not be depended on at all. Nobly as he had fought her recent battle, it was clear that so far as the picture itself was concerned his sympathies were wholly with Uncle Si. Even if he did not deny that the picture was her lawful property, he had certainly done his best to revoke his gift.

No, she would gain nothing by calling in the police. She must find some other way. During the night a wild plan had entered her mind. And if in the course of the morning no scheme more hopeful occurred to her she was now resolved to act upon it.

To this end she began at once to throw dust in the eyes of Uncle Si. At the breakfast table he was told that she meant to spend the afternoon looking for a job if—with a modest eye on her plate—he had no objection.

The old crocodile had not the least objection. With gusto he assured her that it was quite the best thing she could do. Privately he assured himself that he didn't want her hanging around the place while he was transacting business of great importance with Mr. Thornton and M. Duponnet. Ever in the forefront of his mind was the fact that these gentlemen were coming to see him at three o'clock.

About an hour before the time appointed the old fox sent William on an errand that would keep him away most of the afternoon. And further to insure that the coast would be quite clear S. Gedge, Antiques, said sharply to his niece, "Go and put on your hat, my girl, and make yourself scarce. Get after that job you spoke about. I won't have you about the premises while these gentlemen are here."

June, however, had other views. And these, whatever they were, she was at great pains not to disclose. First she watched William go innocently forth on a long bus ride to Richmond. Next she made sure that Uncle Si was composing himself in his armchair for his usual forty winks after dinner. And then she proceeded boldly to develop her audacious design.

To start with, she crept into the front shop and surveyed the hoodoo. The quaintly hideous vase was fully six feet tall, its body huge, its mouth wide. Was it possible to get inside? There was little doubt that if she was able to do so this curious monster was quite large enough to conceal her.

She saw at once that the task before her was no light one. But by the side of the hoodoo inscrutable Providence had placed a genuine antique in the shape of a gate-legged table—"£4.19.6, a great bargain." The sight of this was encouraging. She climbed onto it. And then wedging the hoodoo most cunningly between the table and the wall and artfully disposing her own weight so that the monster might not tip over, she lowered herself with the caution and agility of a cat into its roomy interior.

It was almost a feat for an acrobat, but she managed it somehow. Keeping tight hold of the rim as she swung both legs over, her feet touched bottom with the vase still maintaining the perpendicular, and without even the need to bend, the top of her head was invisible. Near the top of the vase, moreover, was the monster's open mouth, a narrow slit studded with teeth, which not only afforded a means of ventilation but also through which, to June's devout joy, she was able to peer.

For such a crowning boon on the part of Providence she had every reason to feel grateful. So far everything was wonderfully right. Her daring had met with more success than could have been hoped for. One problem remained, however, which at that moment she did not venture to look in the face. To get into the vase was one thing; to get out of it would be quite another.

As Soon as She Knew That She Was No Longer Pinned by the Jaws of the Monster the Action of a Strong Mind Was Needed to Ward Off a Threat of Hysteria

No friendly table could avail her now. In ascending that sheer and slippery face of painted metal work she must not expect help from outside when the time came to escape from her prison. Besides, one incautious movement might cause the whole thing to topple. And if topple it did the results would be dire.

This, however, was not the time to consider that aspect of the case. Let her be thankful for a concealment so perfect, which allowed her to breathe and to see without being seen or her presence suspected. For such material benefits she must lift up her heart, and hope for the best when the time came to get out. With a sense of grim satisfaction she set herself to lie doggo and await the next turn in a game that was full of peril. It was not long before Uncle Si shambled into the shop. June could see him quite clearly as he came in with that furtive air which she had learned to know so well. First he took off his spectacles and applied to them vigorously a red bandanna handkerchief. Then he peered cautiously round to make sure that he was alone.

June had not dared to hope that the picture was concealed in the shop; and yet it offered every facility. There were many nooks and crannies, and the whole place was crammed with old pieces of furniture, bric-a-brac, curios. But June had felt that S. Gedge, Antiques, was not likely to run the risk of hiding his treasure in the midst of these. She thought that his bedroom, under lock and key, was the most likely place of all.

Howbeit, with a sharp thrill, half torment, half delight, she saw that this was not the case. Within a few feet of the hoodoo itself was an old oak chest, which Uncle Si cautiously drew aside.

The very spot whereon it had rested contained a loose board. He took a small chisel from a drawer in the counter, prized up the board, and from beneath it took forth the buried treasure.

Long and lovingly the old man looked at it, hugging it to his breast more than once in the process; and as he did so June was reminded irresistibly of the Miser Gaspard in Les Cloches de Corneville, that famous play she had once seen at the Theatre Royal, Blackhampton. To hide such a thing in such a place was a regular miser's trick. It was just what she might have expected of him. Presently a grandfather's clock, with a Westminster Abbey face, "guaranteed Queen Anne," chimed the hour of three. June could scarcely breathe for excitement. Her heart seemed to rise in her throat and choke her.

At five minutes past three came Mr. Thornton and M. Duponnet. The Frenchman was a small and dapper personage with a keen eye and a neat imperial. In manner he was much quieter than tradition exacts of a Frenchman, but it was easy to tell that Uncle Si was much impressed by him. Louis Quinze-Legs, too, was full of deference. That gentleman, whose face was almost as foxy as that of Uncle Si himself and about whose lips a thin smile flitted perpetually, had an air of tacit homage for the smallest remark of M. Duponnet, who was clearly a man of great consequence if the bearing of Mr. Thornton was anything to go by.

June, at the back of the shop inside the hoodoo—and her keen eyes hidden by its half-open jaws—which in addition to other advantages was partly masked by a litter of bric-a-brac, was in a position to gain full knowledge of all that passed between these three. To begin with, S. Gedge, Antiques, ceremoniously handed the picture to Louis Quinze-Legs, who with a fine gesture handed it to M. Duponnet.

The Frenchman examined the canvas, back and front, through his own private glass, scratched portions of it with his nail, pursed his lips, rubbed his nose, and no doubt would have shrugged his shoulders had not that been such a jejune thing for a Frenchman to do.

With a deference that was quite impressive Mr. Thornton and S. Gedge, Antiques, waited for M. Duponnet to say something.

"Ze tail of de R is a little faint, *hein!*" was what he said.

"But it is a tail, mussewer," said S. Gedge, Antiques, in a robust voice.

"And it is an R," said polite Mr. Thornton as he bent over the picture.

"You can bet your life on that," said S. Gedge, Antiques

M. Duponnet did not seem inclined to wager anything so valuable as his life. After a little hesitation, which involved further minute examination through his glass, he was ready to take the R for granted. But he went on to deplore the fact that the picture was without a pedigree. "A pedigree, mussewer!" It was now the turn of S. Gedge, Antiques, to rub his nose.

M. Duponnet succinctly explained with the air of a man expounding a commonplace in the world of art that Van Roons were so few, their qualities so rare, their monetary value so considerable, that as soon as one came into the market its history was eagerly scrutinized. And should one appear that previously had not been known to exist it would have to run the gantlet of the most expert criticism.

"May be, mussewer!" S. Gedge, Antiques, wagged a dour head. "But that's not going to alter the fact that this be-yew-ti-ful thing is a genuine Van Roon and one of the finest examples known."

In a manner of speaking it would not, agreed M. Duponnet, but it might detract considerably from its market value.

"That's as may be." The old man suddenly assumed quite a high tone.

M. Duponnet and Mr. Thornton took the picture to the other side of the shop and conferred together. So low were their voices that neither Uncle Si nor June could hear a word of what passed between them. Time and again they held the canvas to the light. They laid it on a tallboy and pored over it; they borrowed the microscope of each other and made great show of using it; and then finally Mr. Thornton crossed the floor and said to Uncle Si, who was handling a piece of old glass with the most pensive unconcern, "What's your price, Mr. Gedge?"

"Heh?" said the old man as if emerging from a beautiful dream. "Price? You had better name one."

Excitement at this point seemed to cause June's heart to stop beating.

"The trouble is," said Mr. Thornton, "our friend, M. Duponnet, is not quite convinced that it is a Van Roon."

"But there's the signature."

"It seems to have been touched up a bit."

"Not by me," said S. Gedge, Antiques, austerely.

"We don't think that for a moment," said Mr. Thornton in a voice of honey. "But the signature is by no means so clear as it might be, and in the absence of a pedigree M. Duponnet does not feel justified in paying a big price."

There was a pause while the old man indulged in a dramatic change of spectacles. And then he said rather sourly, in a tone that M. Duponnet could not fail to hear: "Pedigree or no pedigree, I shall have no difficulty in selling it. You know as well as I do, Mr. Thornton, that American buyers are in the market."

"Quite so, Mr. Gedge," said Mr. Thornton suavely.

And then while Uncle Si glared at both gentlemen as if they had been caught with their hands in his pocket they conferred again together. This time it was M. Duponnet who ended their discussion by saying, "Meester Gedge, name your figure!"

"Figure?" said Uncle Si dreamily; and then in his odd way he scratched his scrub of whisker with a thumb nail and rubbed a forefinger down his long and foxlike nose.

"Your price, Meester Gedge?"

"Mussewer," said the old man solemnly, "I couldn't take less than five thousand pounds; I couldn't really."

June held her breath. For some little time past she had been convinced that the picture was valuable, but she was hardly prepared for this fabulous sum.

M. Duponnet shook his head. "Meester Gedge, if only we had its 'istory!"

"You Know as Well as I Do That it's a Van Roon." Uncle Si Verged Almost Upon Tears

"If we had its history, mussewer, I should want at least twice the money. Even as it is I am taking a big chance. You know that as well as I do."

This seemed to be true. At all events M. Duponnet and Mr. Thornton again talked earnestly together. Once more they fingered that rather dilapidated canvas. Head to head they bent over it yet again; and then suddenly M. Duponnet looked up and came abruptly across to the old man.

"Meester Gedge," he said, "I can't go beyond four t'ousand pounds. That is my limit!"

"Five, Mussewer Duponny; that is mine," said Uncle Si with a dark smile.

It was a jejune thing for a French gentleman to do, but at this point M. Duponnet really and truly gave his shoulders a shrug and walked three paces up towards the shop door.

Uncle Si did not stir a muscle. And then M. Duponnet faced about and said, "Guineas, Meester Gedge, I'll give four t'ousand guineas; and that's my last word."

Uncle Si having no pretensions to be considered a French gentleman did not hesitate to give his own shoulders a shrug. It was his turn then to confer with the discreet and knowledgeable Mr. Thornton, who it was clear was acting the difficult part of a go-between.

June heard that gentleman say in an audible whisper: "A fair price, Mr. Gedge, for the thing as it stands. It hasn't a pedigree, and to me that signature looks a bit doubtful. In the market it may fetch more or it may fetch less, but at the same time four thousand guineas is a fine insurance."

Finished dissembler as Uncle Si was, even he did not seek to deny the truth of this. There could be no gainsaying that four thousand guineas was a fine insurance. True, if the picture proved to be a veritable Van Roon it might fetch many times that sum. In that shrewd mind no bigger miracle was needed for the thing to turn out a chef-d'œuvre than that it should prove to be worth the sum offered by M. Duponnet. Either contingency seemed too good to be true. Besides, S. Gedge, Antiques, belonged to a conservative school, among whose articles of faith was a certain trite proverb about a bird in the hand.

It went to the old man's heart to accept four thousand guineas for a work that might be worth so very much more. June could hear him breathing heavily. In her tense ear that sound dominated even the furious beating of her own heart. A kind of sickness came over her, as only too surely she understood that the wicked old man was giving in. Before her very eyes he was going to surrender her own private property for a fabulous sum.

"Four t'ousand guineas, Meester Gedge," said M. Duponnet with quite an air of nonchalance. But he knew well enough that the old man was about to fall.

"It's giving it away, mussewer," whined Uncle Si. "It's giving it away."

"Zat I don't t'ink, Meester Gedge," said the French gentleman, quietly unbuttoning his coat and taking a fountain pen and a check book from an inner pocket.

"It's a *risque*—a big *risque*. It may not be Van Roon at all—and zen where are we?"

"You know as well as I do that it's a Van Roon." Uncle Si verged almost upon tears.

"Very well, Meester Gedge, if you prefer ze big chance." And check book in hand the French gentleman paused.

June was torn. And she could tell by the strange whine in the rasping voice that the old crocodile was also torn.

At this moment of crisis Mr. Thornton interposed with masterful effect. "In my humble opinion," he said, "it's a very fair offer for the thing as it stands."

"You are thinking of your ten per cent commission," said S. Gedge, Antiques, with a gleam of malice.

"Well, Meester Gedge," said M. Duponnet, "take it or leave it." And the French gentleman began to fold up his check book.

With a groan to rend a heart of stone S. Gedge, Antiques, brought himself suddenly to accept the offer. Half suffocated by excitement June watched M. Duponnet cross to the desk and proceed to write out a check for four thousand guineas. And as she did so her heart sank. She was quite sure that she was looking upon the picture for the last time.

In jumping to this conclusion, however, she had not made full allowance for the business capacity of Uncle Si. When M. Duponnet had filled in the check and handed it to him the old crocodile scrutinized it very carefully indeed, and then he said, "Thank you, Mussewer Duponny. The bank closes at three. But tomorrow morning I'll take this round myself as soon as it opens. And if the manager says it's all right you can have the picture whenever you like."

"*Bien!*" The Frenchman bowed politely. "Meanwhile take good care of the picture. There are many thieves about." M. Duponnet laughed. "Mind you lock it up in a safe place."

"You can trust Mr. Gedge to do that, I think," said Louis Quinze-Legs dryly.

"I hope so, I'm sure," said the old man with a frosty smile.

"*Soit!*" M. Duponnet smiled too. "I'll call for it myself tomorrow morning at twelve."

"Thank you, mussewer!"

S. Gedge, Antiques, gave his visitors a bow as they went up to the shop door, and ushered them ceremoniously into the not particularly inviting air of New Cross Street.

XXVII

JUST at first June was unable to realize that M. Duponnet had not taken the picture away with him. The blood seemed to drum against her brain while she watched Uncle Si turn over the check in his long talon fingers and then transfer it to a leather case, which he returned to his breast pocket with a deep sigh. Afterwards he took up the picture from the table on which he had set it down, and then it was that June grasped the fact that the picture was still there.

The face which bent over it now was not that of a happy man. It was a complex of emotions, deep and stern. The price was huge for a thing that had cost him nothing, but—and there it was that the shoe pinched—if it should prove to be a real Van Roon he might be parting with it for a song.

June could read his thoughts like an open book. He wanted to eat his cake and have it too. She would have been inclined to pity him had her hatred and her scorn been less. In his cunning and his greed he was a tragic figure, with a thing of incomparable beauty in his hand, whose sole effect was to give him the look of an evil bird of prey. Utter rascal as she now knew him to be, she shivered to think how easy it would be for herself to grow just like him. Her very soul was fixed upon the recovery of this wonderful thing which in the first place she had obtained by a trick. And did she covet it for its beauty? Or was it for the reason which at this moment made Uncle Si a creature so ill to look upon? To such questions there could be only one answer.

For the time being, however, these things were merged in the speculation far more momentous—what would the

old crocodile do now? She was feeling so uncomfortable in her narrow hiding place, which prevented all movement, and almost forbade her to breathe, that she hoped devoutly the old wretch would lose no time in putting back the treasure.

This, alas, was not to be. The picture was still in the hand of Uncle Si, who still pored over it like a molting vulture, when a luxurious motor glided up to the shop door. Almost at once the shop was invaded by two persons, who in the sight of June had a look of notable importance.

The first of these, whom June immediately recognized, was the tall fashionable girl whose visit had caused her such heartburning a few days before. She was now accompanied by a gentleman, who beyond a doubt was her distinguished father.

"Good morning, Mr. Gedge!" It was twenty past three in the afternoon, but June was ready to take a Bible oath that Miss Blueblood said "Good morning." "I've persuaded my father to come and look at this amazing vase." And with her *en-tout-cas* Miss Blueblood pointed straight at the hoodoo.

Feeling herself to be a rat caught neatly in a trap June at once crouched lower. The hoodoo being fully six feet tall and her own stoop considerable, she was able to take comfort from the fact that just then no part of her own head was showing. But how long was she likely to remain invisible? That was a question for the gods. And it was further complicated by the knowledge that the hoodoo's mouth was open, and that the point of Miss Blueblood's green umbrella might easily find a way through.

Ashiver with fear June tried to subdue her wild heart, while Miss Babraham, her father, Sir Arthur, and S. Gedge, Antiques, gathered round the hoodoo. She hardly dared to breathe. The least sound would betray her. And in any case one of the three had merely to stand on an adjacent coffin stool and peer over the top for the murder to be out.

The tragedy which June so clearly foresaw was not permitted to take place at once. Plainly the fates were inclined to toy with their victim for a while. Miss Blueblood's laugh—how rich and deep it was!—rang in her ears and made them burn as she gave the hoodoo a prod and cried out in her gay Miss-Banks-like manner, "Papa, I ask you, did you ever see anything quite like it?"

"By George, no!" laughed that connoisseur.

"It's such a glorious monster," said his enthusiastic daughter, standing on tiptoe, "that one can't even see over the top."

"Puts one in mind," said Sir Arthur, "of the Arabian Nights and the Cave of the Forty Robbers."

"The long gallery at Homefield is the very place for it!"

"I wonder!" The connoisseur tapped the hoodoo with his walking stick and turned to S. Gedge, Antiques. "Do you happen to know where it came from?" he asked.

"From a Polynesian temple in the South Sea Islands, I believe, sir," said Uncle Si glibly.

"What do you want for it?" And Sir Arthur tapped the hoodoo again.

"I'll take thirty pounds, sir." It was the voice of a man bringing himself to part with a valuable tooth. "Sixty was the sum I paid for it some years ago. But it isn't everybody's fancy, and it swallows a small place."

Sir Arthur observed with pleasant humor that such a monstrosity ought to be taken over by the nation. Si Gedge, Antiques, with a humor that strove to be equally pleasant, concurred.

At this point, to June's mortal terror, Miss Babraham made a second attempt to look over the top.

"Stand on this coffin stool, miss," said S. Gedge, Antiques, politely, producing that article from the collection of bric-a-brac around the hoodoo.

June's heart stood still. The game was up. Sickly she closed her eyes. But Providence had one last card to play

"Thank you so much," said Miss Babraham, "but it won't bear my weight, I'm afraid. No, I don't think I'll risk it. There's really nothing to see inside."

Uncle Si agreed that there was really nothing to see inside; and June breathed again.

"Thirty pounds isn't much, papa, for such a glorious monstrosity." Miss Blueblood had evidently set her heart on it.

Sir Arthur, however, expressed a fear that a thing of that size, that hue, that contour would kill every object in the long gallery. Great argument ensued. And then to June's relief Miss Babraham, her father, Sir Arthur, and S. Gedge, Antiques, arguing still, moved away from the hoodoo.

The upshot was that Sir Arthur, overborne at last by the force of his daughter's reasoning, agreed to buy the monster for what, in the opinion of the seller, was a ridiculously inadequate sum. It was to be carefully packed in a crate and sent down to Homefield, near Byfleet, Surrey So much for the hoodoo. And then the eye of a famous connoisseur lit on the picture that the old dealer had laid on the gate-legged table.

"What have we here?" said Sir Arthur, fixing his eyeglass.

Uncle Si became a sphinx. The connoisseur took the picture in his hand, and while he examined it with grave curiosity he, too, became a sphinx. So tense grew the silence to June's ear that again she was troubled by the loud beating of her heart. At last the silence was broken by the light and charming note of Miss Babraham.

"Why, surely," she said, "that is the funny old picture I saw when I was here the other day."

"We have cleaned it up a bit since then, madam," said Uncle Si in a voice so toneless that June could only marvel at the perfect self-command of this arch dissembler.

Sir Arthur, it was clear, was tremendously interested He turned the picture over and over, and used the microscope very much as M. Duponnet had done.

Finally he said in a voice nearly as toneless as that of Uncle Si himself, "What do you ask for this, Mr. Gedge?"

"Not for sale, sir," was the decisive answer.

The nod of Sir Arthur implied that it was the answer he expected. "Looks to me a fine example." A true amateur, he could not repress a little sigh of pleasure. There was no concealing the fact that he was intrigued.

"Van Roon at his best, sir," said S. Gedge, Antiques.

"Yes-s," said the connoisseur—in the tone of the connoisseur. "One would be rather inclined to say so. If the question is not impertinent"—Sir Arthur fixed a level eye upon the face of deep cunning which confronted his—"may I ask where it came from?"

The old man was prepared for the question. His answer was pat. "I can't tell you that, sir," he said in a tone of mystery.

Again Sir Arthur nodded. That, too, was the answer he had expected. In the pause which followed, Sir Arthur returned to a loving re-examination of the picture; and then said S. Gedge, Antiques, in a voice gravely and quietly confidential, "Strictly between ourselves, sir, I may say that I have just turned down an offer of five thousand guineas."

"Oh indeed!"

It was now the turn of the old crocodile to gaze into the impassive countenance of the famous connoisseur.

XXVIII

"FIVE thousand guineas, sir, I have just refused," said Uncle Si, "for this little thing, as sure as God's in the sky."

So shocked was June by this adding of blasphemy to his other crimes that she shivered audibly. Miss Babraham cocked her head up at the sound. "You've a cat somewhere, haven't you?" she said, looking around the shop.

"No, madam," said Uncle Si shortly.

So like a woman to butt in at such a moment with such a remark!

"In my humble opinion," said Sir Arthur, gazing solemnly at the picture, "this is a finer example of Van Roon than the one—and the only one—we have in the National Gallery."

"There, sir, I am with you," said S. Gedge, Antiques, with unction.

"One would like to know its history."

The old man became a sphinx once more. "I can only tell you, sir, I didn't buy it as a Van Roon," he permitted himself cautiously to say.

"Really!" Sir Arthur grew more intrigued than ever. "Well, Mr. Gedge, whatever you bought it as, I think there can be no doubt that you've made a lucky purchase."

Continued on Page 36

Crusty Sides, With an Air of Outrage, Sternly Interposed. "But a Pawty Claims It. And Here's His Ticket"

THE FOLLANSBEE IMBROGLIO

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IV

IN BROADWAY, a stone's throw from Trinity churchyard, within whose close stenographers sit noons on prostrate gravestones over their lunch, there is a cluster of rookeries that once may have been palatial but today are only fire traps. It is not that they have grown old, for they are substantially built; but times and fashions have changed, that is all. For instance, a builder these days would not tack a staircase diagonally against a wall, from cellar to garret, with a little landing stage every twenty steps for a floor.

Such a staircase, boxed in as tight as a chimney, Oliver Armiston climbed at eleven of a morning, cautiously planning what he would do in case of fire in such a chute. At the first little landing stage was a door with an old-fashioned bit of hardware for a knob, which he turned and with a sigh of relief escaped from the chute. He found himself in an expansive loft, lighted front and rear by high bare windows. It was furnished with high desks, high chairs and high bookcases, and long-horned gas jets. All was ancient, as were the clerks, male and female. A neat little man affecting a white stripe to his vest, a boutonnière and mutton chops greeted Oliver across a counter, with a palsied yet smiling negation. The principals were absent. He must see the senior partner within the next three days. It was important. His time was not his own. Would they telephone him an appointment?

"We don't telephone."

"Then write me a letter," said Oliver agreeably.

"We don't write letters."

Oliver cogitated on this, revolving on one elbow and looking around for Wemmick, if Jaggers was absent. There were several Wemmicks, with spindle shanks entwined among stool rungs; and an elderly female with a churchman's collar and sparse hair, which she stirred meditatively with a pencil over her casting of long columns. He came back to his vis-à-vis, who had not ceased to wag his mutton chops with uplifted gaze of grave admonition.

"But I must have an appointment," said Oliver.

"We do not make appointments."

"But he must see people!" protested Oliver feebly; and he swept the room with a gesture to indicate the palpable evidence of activity on the part of the judgmatical firm of Bourne & Struthers—tall daybooks, journals and ledgers, looking down from high stacks that swept the ceiling. This, he cogitated, was the famous nursing home of the defective second generation. Well, it had the smell of an eleemosynary institution!

"But when he has business with people what does he do?" demanded Oliver.

"Ah!" whispered the old man, brightening. "Has he business with you, then?"

"He will have ——" began Oliver hopefully.

"Then he will send for you!" said the other assuringly.

"But he doesn't know my name—where I live!"

"It is not necessary—until he has business with you."

This obvious remark, delivered with that effective wag, closed the interview; and Armiston let himself out and eased himself down the chute to the street, where he drew a long pull of contemporary air into his lungs. It would need more than a cold chisel and hammer to effect an entry here. Still, he couldn't but admire the system—there was no lost motion about it. He thought of Struthers, the other partner, a proper, possible fellow who did the outside business for the combination. He had encountered Struthers recently among the high jumpers of the Long Island sporting set. He recollected having seen Struthers several times recently in the buffet at his club. And there he found him over the abstemious lunch the hard, fit kind go in for these days.

But Struthers shook his head with quite as much negation as the little old warden of the eleemosynary institution downtown. It seemed he didn't approach his partner except through an intermediary. One of these two worthies apparently rose while the other set—they never met.

"I suspect you might give me a letter to the Grand Cham," persisted Oliver, nettled.

Struthers shook his head. Oliver started off in a daze. He ran into his legal friend Ballard in the hall.

"Do you happen to know old Bourne?" he asked hopefully.

Ballard remarked gravely that it wasn't done.

"But you must know someone who could give me a card to him?"

Ballard was glad to say that he did not know such a person. The emphasis was unmistakable.

They All Watched With Horrid Fascination the Contortions of Josiah Bourne's Face as He Slowly Raised Himself

"But I've got to see him!" cried Oliver helplessly. "Where can I find him?"

The grave barrister said that he thought a front table on the Midnight Roof would be a likely spot.

"But, man," sputtered Armiston, "he's over seventy!"

Ballard said he believed they all were, at the front tables, and passed on.

The extinct author was not familiar with the ropes of the Midnight Roof, an institution that had been born and developed in the city life since he lost interest in that part of the metropolis called the town. It developed that the tables were all bespoken some time in advance; as for a front table, all he got from the first broker he approached was a pitying smile. But when he learned that he could wander at large during the dance intermissions he contented himself with what was available. The main thing was to get on the floor; then he could run the Grand Cham to his lair at his leisure.

He started to roam at the first opportunity, and discovered himself quite the center of attraction, now that the stars on the stage had fallen below the horizon for the time being. The dancing couples stopped and enveloped him with glad little cries of greeting; parties with select table positions urged him to let them make room for him. He had to handshake himself across the floor, suddenly aware that here was a slice of life he had utterly overlooked, and titillated to discover that he was not so wholly forgotten as he had believed. People whom he scarcely knew, seeing him something of a lion, attached themselves to his circle. Altogether it gave him the thrill of an utterly unlooked-for *réclame*.

Even Mrs. Billy Wentworth, the ambitious wife of the parlor diplomat, who hadn't spoken to him since the time, several years before, when Oliver Armiston had murdered her butler in one of his fiction stories and a clever thief had instantly dramatized in fact his clever fiction, escaping with a fabled jewel—even Mrs. Billy buried the hatchet under the spell of midnight frivolity and thrust out her hand to detain him. Indeed it had been the incident of the Wentworth butler that had caused the police politely but firmly to request Oliver to desist from realism, since his printed stories were becoming correspondence courses for thieves and murderers.

"Is he never coming back—your infallible Godahl?" asked Mrs. Billy intensely, with a flash of her beautiful teeth.

Godahl had been Oliver's fiction character whose brilliant crime had been repeated in the Wentworth household.

"Madam," said Oliver mysteriously as he bowed low, "he is stalking the boards tonight!"

Her eyes took fire at his words. There was a rapid exchange of repartee, with a deeper undercurrent, now that the ice of their discord was broken. Oliver as he finally turned away still wore the smile with which he had parted from the vivacious and unprincipled Mrs. Billy. And quite unexpectedly he found himself conferring it on the Grand Cham himself, who was peering up at him from the next table over the inflated bulge of his shirt front.

Josiah Bourne promptly accepted the fag end of Mrs. Billy's smile for himself. He had been watching Armiston's triumphal progress across the floor with curious emotions. He rose with alacrity to a gaunt height, bowed ceremoniously and said, "How are you, sir?" He encompassed Oliver with a lank arm, dug the talons of his two hands cordially into the creeping flesh of the extinct author and whispered with something of melody in Oliver's ears, "I can promise you truffles, dug by my own swine. And terrapin designed by my own geometricians! You are alone? Will you join me?"

Armiston with ready camaraderie took the chair which the Grand Cham with courtly deference drew out for him. Before sitting down himself Josiah Bourne posed for a moment to let the room see who it was that had so neatly bottled the lion. As he composed himself Oliver noted out of the tail of one eye that his friend, Mrs. Billy, was losing no detail of this little scene, although to a casual observer her attention was elsewhere. At the same moment Armiston with something of a shock became aware that a third person, a very young and ornate lady, was seated at the table. He was conscious of a sinking sensation, but his qualms proved baseless.

"That will be all, my child," said Josiah Bourne in kindly tones; and the fluffy bunch of ribbons and chiffons tripped off obediently, with a lisped good night.

When the soup came on, green turtle, the elegant Oliver and the old lawyer, heads together, discussed it judicially from the viewpoint of dietetics. The terrapin, honey-colored islands floating in a jasper sea was after the Grand Cham's own recipe. Oliver was enjoying his rôle immensely—his flattering progress across the floor, his reconquest of Mrs. Billy, the lucky chance of his present encounter. The old lawyer may well have been a clam under the brusque attack of the deputy commissioner—but as privileged host to the catch of the evening an old-fashioned courtesy and a mellow humor that were not without their charm distinguished him.

"How do you manage with Delphinium?" asked Oliver naïvely.

He had found, in high life, this subject was quite as conducive to conversational ease as "How is your second act?" in other circles.

The old lawyer was riding a hobby directly. There is a secret as to Delphinium not to be found in books or gardeners' lore, but passed on from hand to mouth at the dinner table. Physostegia too. The crinoline effect achieved in the gardens back of Plymouth Bay is a matter of topsoil. The Grand Cham had transported a gondola carload of it to Long Island to keep his Physostegia contented. He maintained thirteen acres for five gardeners—about the same allowance a careful farmer would make for cows on grass. As Josiah Bourne mellowed it became evident that the old lawyer did himself rather well on the other side of his zodiac—it was only during office hours that he played Old Scrooge, and then largely to terrify his wayward clientele.

The Grand Cham had an uncomfortable habit of speaking right into Oliver's eardrum; at the same time his

yellow eyes were on patrol to warn off lurkers. Having collared Oliver he had the air of a dog with a bone. They rambled on pleasantly through pictures, pewter, plant food and porcelains; finally they came to best sellers, of the type consumed in such inordinate quantities by the leisure classes.

As to actuality in fiction, Josiah Bourne submitted, as he stirred his coffee and craftily eyed Mrs. Billy, an author on the outside, looking in, gets a better perspective than an author on the inside, looking out.

Returning his yellow gaze to Oliver, he said, "As a case in point, Nain Gail."

"Nain Gail," repeated Armiston appreciatively, nodding. "But Nain Gail" with sudden protest—"is a genius! It is unfair to ordinary mortals to measure them by the yardstick of genius. There is only one Nain Gail. He is *sui generis*. I think they must have broken the die when that intellect was cast. Did you ever know another like it, sir?"

"You, yourself!" murmured old Josiah pleasantly. "You would have accomplished as much if you hadn't stopped in full career. Tell me, why did you stop? I never knew a man could."

"I became too proficient in the art of murder," said Oliver drolly. "I quit by request."

"But you have the gift of tongues!"

Armiston had no small opinion of himself and could be led to admit it on slight provocation. But like many another frank egotist, he, having no false modesty, was quick to prostrate himself before his betters. And Nain Gail was his master. All through his writing career Oliver had striven for what he called the elusive pitch of actuality and just as he achieved it he was condemned to retirement. Nain Gail, he added, was achieving verisimilitude with the limpidity of a mirror. He recounted to old Bourne how only the other evening he had found himself scanning a newspaper extra to see if there were any new developments in the Follansbee Imbroglio. The Grand Cham nodded he knew.

"And yet," Oliver said, fetching up short in his eulogium of the facile Nain Gail, "this greatest of contemporary authors exists merely as a name. Have you ever met anyone who knew him, who had seen him or knew anything about him?"

The old man's eyes glowed. He leaned nearer.

"She was by way of being a client of mine," he whispered, enjoying the sensation.

Oliver's astonishment was profound. Nain Gail a woman! She painted like a man.

"I should jolly well like the privilege of meeting her," urged the enthusiastic Armiston; but the old man shook his head.

"She is dead," he breathed in Oliver's ear.

The startled look that Oliver turned on him was no mere histrionic achievement; it was born of the sudden conviction that from behind the wrinkled mask beside him he was being covertly watched. Armiston had come here to study old Bourne. Were the rôles being reversed? Old Bourne was whispering in his ear again.

Mrs. Billy shifted her chair slightly; her eyes were on fire, but her outward attention seemed to be for her guests. Josiah Bourne was pouring forth his confidences with sibilant intensity. The absorption of the pair was too much for her; Mrs. Billy could stand it no longer. Scribbling a command she dispatched it to Oliver, who, after reading it and exhibiting it to his host, laughed and kicked out his shore legs and claimed the lady for a dance. They moved off across the floor in one of those leisurely measures so conducive to small talk. Mrs. Billy rallied her distinguished friend on his recent neglect; and he, pleading a sense of guilt, found he was wholly forgiven.

Life had hung itself up on a dead center with Mrs. Billy. This woman who had been everywhere and done everything—shot elephants, pinked savages, thieved politely under cover of her husband's official position as plenipotentiary to small courts—was now bored, even desperate. She was still collecting lions in her drawing-room, but they were running thin these days; the pet gorilla she had groomed for presentation to society had died on the very eve of its coming-out party; even her private views of uncensored films had proved pallid for her sophisticated circle. Was there nothing new under the sun? Couldn't Oliver help? Oliver smiled; the police, he said, had put him on his good behavior.

"Raise a spook," suggested the extinct author agreeably. "Hook a lively one," he added, as if it were only a matter of bait.

"They are so dreadfully vulgar when they come back," Mrs. Billy giggled. She cleverly reversed Oliver out of earshot of her companions. "Now if you would only bring Nain Gail back for me!" she said. "She might tell us why she didn't like Eva!"

She was eying him mischievously. Oliver preserved a stony countenance.

"Foolish boy!" she taunted. "I can hear a fly walk across a window pane. Didn't you know that?"

The cat was out of the bag! This prying woman seemed to have overheard every word of the Grand Cham's confidences. But that was ridiculous. The distance —— Then Oliver recollected that this woman, the daughter of deaf mutes, had an uncanny perfection of hearing that had been cited by scientists.

"Wouldn't it be thrilling," said the shameless Mrs. Billy, "if we could materialize her out of a spook cabinet? Maybe she would finish the Imbroglio for us! Don't you recollect how Poe kept a dead man talking until he fell to pieces?" Mrs. Billy shivered at this luscious recollection.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Armiston. "That's an idea!"

He deposited the startled Mrs. Billy at her table.

"Not a word—to anybody!" he commanded her. "We shall see what we shall see!"

Josiah Bourne, exercising the privilege of his years, had fallen asleep. His footman came in presently and aroused him and bundled him off. The old gentleman made abject apology to Oliver and promised to resume their pleasant evening at the first opportunity.

It was three when Oliver let himself in with his latchkey. Instead of going to bed he sat down to his typewriter, to think. His fingers itched. If, as Parr held, Oliver possessed a clairvoyant faculty it resided in his finger tips. This idea of Mrs. Billy's required elaboration. Summoning the departed shade of Nain Gail to inquire why she did not like Eva, and otherwise putting her to the question, started his musing fingers off on a strange trail. It would be rather unusual, of course, putting the *corpus delicti* on the witness stand to inquire into its motives—as if it were the accused instead of the victim. But it suggested possibilities.

■

IT WAS Friday morning. Parr, the man hunter, going downtown from his train, the Century, found an argument blocking the door to his private office in Center Street—Headquarters. Preston Black, the publisher, had

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She Had Unexpectedly Produced a Match, Which She Struck Alight. She Singed the Hair in the Flame

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 5, 1922

Get-Rich-Quick Politics

THE American public plays politics and the stock market in exactly the same way.

We go crazy as bulls and then go broke as bears. We buy on hope and sell on fear, instead of trading on knowledge and good judgment. We first go long on Democrats and then go short on Republicans without really knowing anything about either, except what the promoters set forth in their prospectuses.

The speculator in stocks or in politics always loses in the end, because he lacks knowledge and patience; because he trades and votes on tips; because he is swayed by emotions instead of facts; because he believes get-rich-quick prospectuses and platforms without investigation; and because he is more impressed by big vague promises than by small solid possibilities.

The political sucker and the bucket-shop boob are of an exact piece. The front of the Wallingford, the beautiful flow of language of the demagogue convince the come-on. No matter how often he is trimmed he goes back for more. The bait may have to be varied, but the game remains the same. If the sucker has been stung in political oil he will bite on political radio.

You can show one type of man a thousand Russias, and he will clamor for a chance to buy more Communism, or crowd the counter to add to his line of Socialism. A theorist always fights hardest in the face of facts disproving his theories. You can show another type of sucker the ledgers of the last war, with red ink on every page and against every item, and he will start in to pyramid his holdings of fear and hate, because the militarists tell him that war will surely come back. He is persuaded that Government Ownership is a good buy, because though our experiments in it have proved dusters, Private Ownership is bringing in gushers in a nearby field.

The average voter has faith in the political philosopher's stone, the extraction of gold from sea water and perpetual motion. He is a firm believer in political crystal gazing, ouija boards, table rappings and levitation. He wants get-rich-quick results, so he accepts get-rich-quick politics, regardless of facts, fundamental conditions and human possibilities. He knows nothing of what makes the ticker tick and the machine run.

We need investment education in politics just as much as in finance. We need thrift in legislation—the knowledge that a sound law is one that promises six and not sixty per cent advantage to the voter. We need to know that hundred per cent stocks and politics are in the same class and that the politician who promises too much is keeping a bucket shop. Voters never get one hundred per cent out of politics. But the crooks do when the voters invest their political capital with them.

The possible returns to the voter from legislation are small, but they are safe and steady. In addition, honest and businesslike men in politics—the kind of hard-headed men with whom we like to keep our bank accounts—will cut a melon for the voter periodically in the shape of lower taxes. And every voter, in one way or another, pays his full share of all the taxes levied.

Many men and women declare that they have no interest in politics. No one ever says that he has no interest in the size of his income. But the size of every income is revised downward by politics and politicians. Thousands are answering advertisements proclaiming that by spare-time study anyone can fit himself for a better-paying job. A spare-time study of politics will not only add to your income but to your self-respect. As the ads put it, "You can be your own boss!"—your own political boss. A few hours weekly—the time spent in a game of bridge or devoted to the sporting page or to reading If Winter Comes—will put you in possession of the information that will enable you to act intelligently in politics.

Zeal and good intentions are not enough. They must be informed with knowledge to enable you to get possession of the political machinery, and with common sense if you are to diagnose and defeat get-rich-quick legislation. You must learn to read the political tape if you are to be anything but a sucker in politics. Organization, votes of protest, unhorsing this senator and rebuking first this party and then that are all futile unless they are based on education. And that education is ridiculously easy to get and to make effective, compared to its social and economic value to the individual. The first thing it will teach you is how little you can expect positively from legislation and how much you can save by businesslike administration. Apart from the so-called police laws—which range from protection against the burglar to protection against undesirable immigration—the effect of any legislation is largely guesswork. One after another of these laws backfires in operation and burns the bystander. But there is no guesswork about the beneficial results of General Dawes' work, or of the agreements to limit armaments, or of the refusal of a township to authorize a bond issue for an unnecessary or too expensive public improvement. You can't afford to live beyond your means in your public any more than in your private expenditures.

We wish that the educational process could be even more extended. A year in Soviet Russia, taking pot luck with the comrades, for those editors and writers who acclaim and proclaim Communism, might clarify their ideas. It would be a real pleasure to see some of our senators attacking the problems of the Pennsylvania Railroad as officials bound to satisfy labor, shippers, travelers and stockholders. Those ardent advocates of immigration whose present activities are confined to bossing aliens, or exploiting them, or voting them, or sentimentalizing over them, might modify their point of view if they had to live and compete for jobs with them. It might give pause even to those officials who are so joyously proposing bond issues that are far in advance of the real needs of our cities and states and what they can afford, if they had to spend the rest of their lives meeting the problems they are so carelessly creating. No doubt it would be a salutary experience for us to work on our farm during the haying and the harvest. A short intensive course in the other fellow's troubles, a practical comprehension of his problems, would teach us that they cannot be solved by any get-rich-quick law, and go a long way towards exploding our theories, dispersing our blocs, and retiring our demagogues to private life.

Ed Howe has a comprehensive term that he applies to all mussers, meddlers and muddlers—people whose great hearts are always throbbing over somebody, who are always starting something at the other fellow's expense—passing around silly subscription lists, launching fool movements, demanding extravagant expenditures for unnecessary public improvements, trying to swing the town by its tail and to lift the world by its equator. Ed Howe calls these people Public Affairs Lunatics, and the breed is increasing in proportion as it is found that there are publicity, leading-citizen stuff and soft-snap jobs in the game.

There is no remedy for these things except education in the simple fundamentals of politics and the common sense that comes with a knowledge of what legislation cannot do and of how much honest administration can do; in learning to distrust anything that looks too good and to suspect anything that comes too easy; and to reject any politician or party that promises too much. People are always saying "pass a law to stop it," about conditions that legislation cannot cure, and the demagogue will pass a law to oblige. Nine times out of ten pass a law means pass the buck.

Mr. Edison has recently propounded a list of questions for the young man seeking a job. When he has a little more leisure we wish that he would propound a series of questions to be answered by every man and woman who wants to vote, with some special queries for the dumbbells who do not.

He might begin by asking: On what grounds and for just what reasons are you a Republican? A Democrat? Exactly what are the basic principles and policies of your party?

How are our national, state and city party committees elected, organized and financed? From whom do the largest contributions come and for what purposes are they expended?

If the church, the Y. M. C. A. and the chamber of commerce make for "a good town" to live in and so enlist your personal and financial interest, why do you not organize and support political clubs working actively and continuously for good government for your good town? Do you appreciate how much of the influence of church, Y., and chamber of commerce is nullified by rotten politics or even by inefficient officials?

Who nominates the candidates for the primaries and how? If independent voters do not like the party organization's candidates, what can they do about it?

Are independence of thought and independent action in politics sinful?

Mr. Edison might go on from there with a hundred simple questions about the duties of our executives, legislators and officials, the size of their salaries and, in some cases, of their graft, about why we are taxed and how, about state and city bond issues, about this new tariff bill, this ship-subsidy bill and this bonus bill.

Until the voter studies these things and understands them he will be on the political sucker list. They are not hard to find out, they are worth understanding, even if one's motive is not to be a worthwhile citizen but merely to keep an undue proportion of one's income from being taken through taxation for graft, waste and extravagant public works. There must be party organizations and party leaders. Both Cæsar and Cæsar's wife may be bosses, but there is no good reason why Mrs. Cæsar's husband should not be above reproach, too.

Bucket shops have been blowing up like a string of firecrackers. The losers have been howling to high heaven, yet already many of them have opened accounts with new bucket shops or bought the latest novelty in hundred-per-cent stocks. But how many of the suckers have taken the ticker apart to see what makes it tick, or have read the highly educational characters on the tape that spell out the simple lesson: Don't speculate! Pick a stock with a good record, investigate it, watch it, and then buy it for safety and a small steady return.

The rule holds good in politics: Educate, investigate, organize and vote! Buy a baby bond of Reform, a few safe Liberties of legislation, and beware of all uplifters, pinks and politicians, sincere or insincere, whose prospectuses seek to persuade you with references to the profits made by the original holders of Bell Telephone, Ford Motors and Standard Oil. A six per cent law is a safe law. A hundred per cent promise is one hundred per cent bunkum and hokum.

The People Who Live in New York

By Edward Mott Woolley

DECORATIONS BY RAY ROHN

SOME 5,000,000 of New York's 6,000,000 people live and work under the deadly handicap of the New York mind. This poisoned or distorted metropolitan brain likewise characterizes most of the three million additional persons who live within the district served by suburban trains.

From the standpoint of the normal proportions of life, which are the foundations of family prosperity and individual independence, this lunacy is eating its way into the fabric of our boasted American character. Looking ahead a generation or two, one may see New York and its environs with 20,000,000 inhabitants. If we run out to Chicago at that time on the six-hour air express we may find 10,000,000 people; in Philadelphia, as many more. A few great cities will have absorbed 70 per cent, say, of the population. And what then?

The New York mind will be only an emphasized Chicago or Philadelphia mind, and for present purposes let us study at close range this New York cerebrum and its processes. To understand it as it exists today and must exist with intensified manifestations in years to come, we must know the people who live in New York, and how they live and work and think. How people think is the most vital thing to know about them, for as they think so goes the nation.

Typical Cross-Sections

AN HOUR'S saunter through upper New York will reveal hundreds of big apartment houses, more or less alike, and each something of a mystery until you get directly to the source of things. Who are the people who live in these vast piles of brick? Whence came they, whither are they bound, and where do they get the income to pay the fantastic New York rents and other expenses? What is their state of mind, what their outlook on life? On Manhattan Island, with over 2,250,000 people, only 2.1 per cent own their homes.

To reduce these speculations to concrete facts I undertook a research which, though fragmentary, has developed some typical cross-sections of New York living conditions. These studies, picked from apartment buildings in different sections of New York, serve to illustrate what is unquestionably true wherever you go in the metropolis.

On one of the streets close to upper Broadway and not far from One Hundredth Street is an apartment house containing forty-eight families. It is one of the less expensive type, eight stories, with bad elevator service and a small shabby rotunda with a few uncomfortable chairs and a telephone exchange. The people who live there are of the everyday type one finds in offices and the better class of stores. To get at the inside of things I enlisted the assistance of the superintendent of the building, who supplied a complete list of the families, together with much contributory information.

With the aid of the New York City directory the majority of these families were further brought into the microscopical vision, so far as occupations were concerned. Then a canvass of the building, for the open purpose of a sociological-magazine survey, brought forth additional information. Altogether 90 per cent of the occupants of the building were dissected. Thus we have a concentrated group of forty-three New York families paying from $120 to $150 a month for living quarters. The apartments range from five to seven rooms.

These families average slightly under five persons apiece, with a total of 206. The occupations of the heads of the families are about equally divided between clerical work, salesmanship and allied callings. Only six are in business for themselves—two of them lawyers, three small merchants, and one a partner in a secondhand office-appliance business.

Less than 6 per cent of the heads of these forty-three families are natives of New York City. Most of them came from small towns or farms, and more than half have lived in New York over twenty years.

The Item of Rent

FOR the moment forget the six who are in business for themselves, and consider the probable income of the remaining thirty-seven. For other purposes I recently made a survey of average salaries paid in New York City and other places, and with reasonable certainty we can estimate the annual earnings of these thirty-seven family heads to average not over $2000.

So we derive the significant information that they are paying over 70 per cent of their incomes for rent. We are tolerably safe also in estimating that not over 5 per cent of these families possess any independent income. Quite a number of them, however, derive some revenue from the wages of sons and daughters, and from the renting of sleeping accommodations on cots or folding beds.

Now in smaller communities a few years ago it was reckoned that a man on a salary of $100 a month should not pay more than twenty dollars for a house, which, of course, he had to heat. Rent and heat would not aggregate more than thirty dollars. In those small communities it

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THE FOLLANSBEE IMBROGLIO

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come up short against the unyielding bulk of Parr's doorkeeper, a huge emeritus policeman as impassive as the doorknob itself.

As an interested and somewhat anguished spectator there stood the little gray-headed copy reader, reservoir of the Great Unprinted; and behind him, like a Greek slave, stood Preston Black's stalwart chauffeur weighed down by a large soap box, filled, as Parr noted with a momentary qualm, with jelly rolls.

Black, brandishing a wad of paper like a tomahawk, was dancing before the peaceful fat guardian of the door, shrieking in anguished accents: "But I'm telling you I've got to go to bed in another two hours!"

What he meant to convey was that the forms of the Half Moon must be locked this morning at the stroke of noon and put to bed in thirty fast octuple printing presses; that at a given telegraphic signal these thirty presses, straining at the leash in thirty cities, would begin to devour rolls of print paper by the uncounted ton to satisfy the craving of the great public for tomorrow's installment of Nain Gail's amazing Follansbee Imbroglio. The doorkeeper, not comprehending the parable of the excited publisher, told him by all means to put himself to bed if he felt that way about it. At this hectic moment the broad-shouldered Parr himself stepped between the antagonists. With a yell Preston Black turned on Parr, flourishing his paper tomahawk menacingly.

"It can't go on!" he cried. "I refuse to be a party to it!"

"So! So!" said Parr soothingly.

The man was beside himself. With a dexterous pass the deputy possessed himself of Black's paper weapon, which he swiftly ascertained to be the proofs of the forthcoming installment of the Imbroglio. Pushing the erupting editor and his little old expert before him into his office he closed the door behind him. Waving the pair to chairs Parr settled himself at his desk by the window and began, with a comfortable feeling, his perusal of the advance sheets of his great idea. Smiles betokening immense satisfaction gradually wreathed themselves on his normally imperturbable countenance.

"Marvelous!" he breathed. It was verity; it was categorical, actual. It was genuine, authentic! Oliver had caught the pitch. Parr did not really believe in spirits, but as he progressed he was conscious of a feeling of awe for his gifted friend and accomplice rising within him. Oliver had even managed to catch that hair-raising "No, no, no" that Parr had recovered from the violence of murder. Before the deputy reached the end of the first galley he had utterly forgotten the editor. He paused for a cigar, gazing with a paternal pride on the accomplishment. Yes, he would give a year's pay to see the murderer when he got his copy tomorrow.

The tale moved on, with Nain Gail glibness, into the adventure of the beautiful Inez with Renown. She had had her adventure with Riches, with Ursus Follansbee the money machine, when, as his wife, she treated him with proper contempt. Then Renown walked on the stage. The illustrious Doctor Sartoris became conscious of the sensation of warmth when Inez Follansbee passed by. Vanity exacted its fill of the simple scholar; Renown was enmeshed with scarce an effort; and the saturnine Follansbee, watching the woman play her newest catch, bided his time and savored his vengeance. Sartoris was at his wit's end to save one of his pet philanthropies, when Follansbee let slip, in the presence of Inez, a hint of his next great bear onslaught in the Street. Inez, for once off guard, rushed to Sartoris triumphantly—here was the opportunity to put himself beyond the need of soliciting alms for his charities. The doctor plunged.

It so happened in this instance—the only one on record—that Follansbee coppered the wrong card; the deal fell through. Sartoris was ruined. In a desperate effort to retrieve himself he tossed in his wife's fortune.

Up to this time no one had remembered that the illustrious Doctor Sartoris had a wife. An invalid for years, she had hidden herself away on the top floor. Now the forgotten woman stepped on the stage, actuated by lunatic fury. Inez, aghast at the catastrophe, got only taunts from Follansbee. It was then she turned to the wronged woman, and swallowing her pride begged for mercy to avert the scandal. The forthcoming installment ended with the dogged, passionless refusal of the half-demented woman to hold her hand—her reiterated "No, no, no, no!"

"Great!" ejaculated Parr. "Gad! I'd give a year's pay ——"

Preston Black, watch in hand, was hovering at Parr's elbow.

"It will ruin me! It can't go on!" he was stuttering wildly.

"And why not?" demanded the man hunter loftily.

"It's atrocious! It's Berkley—Canon Berkley! Man, it flays him alive!" He glared at Parr. "You bullied me into this! Well, I withdraw! I'm through!"

"Berkley?" said Parr, for a moment bewildered. Then the light dawned on him. "Ah-h! I see, I see. I'd forgotten."

Catching something of Black's consternation the deputy sprang to his feet with a string of oaths. Berkley! Why hadn't he recognized that before? The damnable finesse of it! Seizing his hat and coat he rushed off, dragging the astonished publisher and his copy reader after him. Fifteen minutes later the three were standing before Oliver Armiston. The elegant author was lolling back in his swivel chair, contemplating his extended finger tips. Parr thrust the proofs into the hands of his fellow conspirator.

"It won't do!" snorted the deputy. "It's too stiff! It's old Berkley. Lord, man, we can't exactly ——"

"Who told you it was Berkley, Parr?" interrupted Oliver calmly.

"Black. It's as plain as the nose on your face!"

The Householder Shrieked. Cries of "Police!" Filled the Air

Oliver turned on the lowering publisher. "And who told you?" he demanded shortly.

"Well, as a matter of fact—Stigers, here, brought it to my ——" Black began.

But Oliver had already swung another point on his swivel.

"And who told you?" he shot at the old copy reader.

"I've seen it coming—for some time," said Stigers. "Oh, it's been very cleverly done—not a word or a line that is actionable. But this last installment is too raw! I am afraid," he said apologetically, "I was a little brusque in presenting my objections to Mr. Black. I didn't know then what I know now."

"Brusque!" howled Preston Black. "You called me a blackmailer!"

"But you wouldn't have seen it, Black, if it hadn't been for Stigers, eh?" cried Oliver triumphantly.

"That's neither here nor there," said Black hotly.

"It might be toned down a bit," put in Parr with a weak effort. There was something so cocksure about Oliver.

"Toned down!" shrieked the publisher. "Toned down!" He looked at his watch. "In fifty-five minutes? Well, I guess not! It's going to be exterminated! We're not running a torture chamber!" He seized the telephone from the desk. "Crafts," he bawled when he got his number, "take this carefully: Wire broadcast—'Kill Follansbee Imbroglio. Substitute The King's Fool, by Henry McMurtrie.' Run an editorial paragraph—'Owing to unforeseen circumstances this number's installment of the Imbroglio ——' Oh, fix it up. Say anything. Don't be too specific. What's that?" Preston Black, listening, eyed Oliver Armiston with a frank disgust. "Fool, yes, it's all in type!" he snarled into the 'phone. He hung up and with trembling hand mopped his wet brow.

"I've dreamed of this crash!" said the distraught publisher. "Thank God, I am prepared!"

He picked up his hat and waved old Stigers out before him. Imperiously he summoned his chauffeur, who at this signal entered, bearing the soap box laden with the apocryphal jelly rolls, and deposited it on the floor. Having thus washed his hands completely of the occasion, Preston Black bowed ironically to Parr and Armiston.

"Good day, gentlemen," he said sneeringly. "I trust I shall not have the pleasure of your amateur collaboration again," and he closed the door on himself and the dumb Stigers.

Parr's jaws shut with a vicious snap. His fierce little eyes traveled to old Buddha for consolation, but there was none. He turned to Oliver. The serene calm of that deft clairvoyant moved Parr to a dull rumble of profanity.

"How in the blank of all blasted blanks did you happen to pull a bone like that?" he demanded.

Oliver caressed his white lock.

"Like what?" he asked childishly

"That! That!" sputtered Parr, indicating the soap box. "This! This!" he cried, hammering the offending proofs.

"But my dear fellow, I didn't do that."

The deputy of police exploded.

"What!" he shrieked. He was on his feet now; he towered menacingly over Armiston. "You didn't write it?" His voice rode the falsetto of intensity.

Oliver shook his head.

"No," he said sweetly, "I didn't write it."

"Who wrote it, then? Who wrote it, I say?" demanded Parr.

"If I didn't have your word for it that Nain Gail had passed on," said Oliver, "I should say the lady herself had baked those jelly rolls in her oven."

Parr sat down heavily. He returned again suddenly to the attack.

"Didn't you promise me over the telephone the other night," he demanded with savage emphasis, "that you would deliver that copy?"

"I did not," said Armiston. Raising his voice as if in excitement he added, "I said they would be delivered. They were. Here they are!"

He picked up a jelly roll from the soap box and waved it at Parr. There was a sound at the door. Oliver swung round.

"Ah, Black!" cried Oliver. "I thought I noticed the door slightly ajar. Did you forget something?" Armiston carelessly dropped his jelly roll into a desk drawer and closed it.

Preston Black stood there on the threshold. He had come back for his cane, so he tried to say.

"Get out of here—and stay out!" snarled the deputy.

"No!" bellowed the publisher. "Not until I've had the truth of this!" He turned on Oliver, who was kicking Parr's shins under the desk. "So? You did not write it, then?" cried Black. "Oh, you can't deny it! I heard it all!"

Oliver nodded, smiling.

"Didn't you telephone me yesterday morning—didn't you ask me if these cylinders had been delivered O.K.? I suppose you won't try to deny that?" Black was seeing red.

"I did take that precaution," admitted Oliver suavely.

"And you knew all the time that Nain Gail was not dead, eh?" he cried tensely.

For ten agonizing seconds the publisher of the Half Moon—that unbelievable gold mine built on the shifting sands of Nain Gail's versatility—stood dumb and rigid. Then suddenly he was all action. His hand shot out and seized the telephone.

"Crafts!" he yelled with a ring of diabolical elation in his tones. "Crafts! Wire broadcast: 'Disregard telegram killing Nain Gail. Run Imbroglio as usual.'"

The darkling Black set down the telephone and, revolving slowly on his heel, reached for his cane, at the same time challenging the pair with a look, daring them to come on if they wanted an argument. His eye caught the no longer apocryphal soap box; and tucking his stick under one arm he hoisted the box and started off. The door slammed. A flurry of words blew up outside. It was only poor old Stigers, the human safety valve, blowing off. His manner as he now resigned his office out there on the doorstep was brusque.

The saying goes that, given motive power, even a kitchen table can fly. Parr at the present moment had his doubts. In his long and distinguished career as a man hunter he had relied implicitly on those two classic tools of

(Continued on Page 26)

NEVER BE WITHOUT SOUP IN YOUR PANTRY

Meaty, marrowy Ox Tail joints

delicious vegetables nourishing barley

Just the aroma from Campbell's Ox Tail Soup as it simmers in the saucepan is a challenge to your appetite—it is so rich and savory. And the minute you taste the first spoonful, you realize what a treat is ahead of you. The sliced ox tail joints are the very tenderest and finest the market affords. Their rich tasty broth is blended with diced carrots and turnips, puree of luscious tomatoes, hearty strengthening barley, ox tail joints (not used in making the broth), a dash of French leeks and parsley fresh from our own farms. Real, substantial food—and how delicious!

Soup so good you'll want to sing
Dance and play and everything.
For it is made the Campbell s way
Which means the best, as you will say!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

his craft, the night stick and shoe leather. If by inadvertence imagination cropped up among the bright young men of his staff in the detective bureau it was his wont to tap it on the head with a stout club. Imagination killed more time than it did birds. Crime is merely a bad habit; as to its addicts, leave them alone and they'll come home—in irons. The fact that Parr always happened to have one of his strong-arm men waiting on the doorstep with the irons was beside the mark; that was a phase of his success he did not attempt to analyze.

And yet now, in his old age—Parr felt positively senile at the present moment—he had sprouted wings, essayed to fly. Parr fly? So could a kitchen table! He fairly groveled in self-abasement. The brilliant idea was his own—he could not leave it at any other door: Nain Gail done to death by one of her own characters who had stepped out of the book long enough to wield a pair of fire tongs!

The lady hadn't even had the decency to stay dead! No; she must burst into song again. In another twenty-four hours she would be on the street, the newsboys yelling raucously, "Here y'are! Git your Im-brog-lio! Nain Gail! Five cents!" She was back again, as large as life, and twice as devastating. Back from where? Who said she had been away? Parr rumbled ominously. Question marks played leapfrog in his brainpan. He wanted to quarrel with someone, preferably Oliver.

But Oliver refused to put up his hands to defend himself. Instead he put up his feet on the slide of his desk and began to read those proofs. Up to the moment of the final exit of the triumphant Preston Black Armiston had resisted those fascinating galleys with the abnegation of a sorely tempted saint. Now he was wallowing in them. Here was the egregious Nain Gail of undiminished magnitude. Momentarily, like a variable star, she had seemed dim and distant. But she had come around again into perihelion. Even Parr, reading those same proofs but an hour gone by in his office, had been no more proud of what he then supposed to be the virtuosity of his gifted friend Armiston than was Oliver himself at the present moment. Oliver could have written it, he told himself gleefully—if not word for word, at least detail for detail. Oliver could finish it, from that final succession of noes, with his eyes shut.

It was about old Berkley of course. And there was more to come. In the tale, as it would develop, left to itself, that half-demented woman, the doctor's wife, would never live to taste her vengeance. At the moment when the sardonic Follansbee would be politely divorcing Inez, in Paris, Mrs. Sartoris must exercise her long-denied privilege of dying; thus it devolved upon the illustrious savant to marry the beautiful Inez as a point of honor. But even then the tale did not end. Tied for life to that woman was not enough. Sartoris must live to experience a succession of misfortunes, as if an ironic fate, now and then recollecting him and the sorry figure he had cut, must give another and yet another turn to the screw.

Oliver, dimly conscious that Parr was making his escape, dragged himself out of the Imbroglio.

"What! Abandoning your brain child on my doorstep, Parr!" exclaimed the infatuated author.

"Bah!" snorted the famous man hunter; and he went out, slamming the door to give emphasis to his disgust.

For a moment Oliver listened to his retreating footsteps. When they had quite died away he opened his desk drawer and extracted the apocryphal cylinder, which he had so dexterously snatched from the burning. With a smile of satisfaction at the thought that he had outwitted even the eagle-eyed man hunter by his sleight of hand, Armiston adjusted the roll in the machine

"Hydra-headed monster!" he apostrophized it. "Who are you now?" Indeed the amazing Nain Gail did possess the qualities of the mythical monster; no sooner was one voice stilled than another must spring into being. In spite of himself his face grew stern, his pulse quickened, as he put the rubber tentacles in his ears and reached up to turn the electric switch of the infernal machine.

The cylinder began to turn slowly The needle picked up the tiny thread. At first it was a confused murmur. Then abruptly articulate words began to pour forth. For a few seconds Armiston sat still as a graven image, listening with every nerve in his body. This was not the liquid accents, not the admirable incessancy of the Nain Gail of the earlier cylinder. Less facile, less practiced, he was saying to himself, and——

He sat up with a start. He gave ear intently, his heart pounding. That voice! He knew it! Where had he heard it? He snatched the tentacles from his ears, got up, paced the room nervously. That voice, that barely perceptible —

He halted in his tracks, his eyes afire now. That was it! The girl with the baby lisp! Like a panorama there moved before his eyes the gay lights, the dancing floor, Mrs. Billy in the near distance, the old man beside him, and, vanishing at a command, the young person in ribbons and chiffons.

Pelts, thought Oliver. He could use Pelts now.

About the hour that newspaper wagons were charioteering up and down and across town, tossing overboard great bundles of Half Moons at every corner; about the hour that the discomfited Parr, the complacent Oliver, the enthralled Mrs. Billy, the haughty Eva, the austere canon, were dipping into their purses for nickels; about the hour that the supercilious Ned Alstair, coming down the gangplank of a liner at the Chelsea Docks for a brief inspection of the hated country of his birth, was having his patrician ears assaulted by newsboy howlings of "Nain Gail! Nain Gail! Five cents!": about the hour that one million readers across the length and breadth of the land were opening their copies of the Half Moon, with that synchronism of interest that so warmed the cockles of the heart and bank account of the astute Preston Black—about this hour, of a Saturday evening, Pelts, the human sleuth hound, was lying in wait outside the entry to the office of the Broadbill Detective Agency, behind the advertising sign in the hall that proclaimed the concern to be discreet, private, confidential. Pelts was waiting for somebody, anybody, connected with that office, to enter, so that he might do likewise without the risk of bringing a bushel of burglar alarms down on his head.

Shortly before eight the patience of the tireless lurker was rewarded. Broadbill himself arrived; and no sooner had the inner door banged than Pelts dexterously admitted himself and packed himself away under the telephone switchboard to await a clear field. Broadbill evidently wished to appear at his best whither he was bound this evening; he carefully shaved himself, renewed his collar and cuffs and shoe shine; and, paring his nails and polishing them on a coat sleeve, finally let himself out, humming a gentle air of spring as he set the burglar alarm against possible prowlers.

There was in truth little to steal here. The walls of the inner office were stacked with files, but they were for the most part dummies.

"Ah; here's the meal ticket, I suspect!" chirped the pleased Pelts, taking down a file and finding it heavy.

He seated himself with an air of owning the place, with the entire night ahead of him and Sunday, too, if need be; behind that burglar alarm he was as snug as Robert Bruce behind his spider web.

This file contained a voluminous conscientious loose-leaf dossier pertaining to the value of X, "for the account of the Half Moon Publishing Company." That it was the focus, the center of gravity, the excuse for being, the nest egg, the meal ticket, the golden goose of the discreet, private, confidential firm of Broadbill & Co. was instantly apparent to the eye from its thumb-marked, dog-eared condition. Files to right of it and files to left of it wore a Sunday-morning spick-and-span look; but this file was for use, not for show. It paid the rent; it furnished light, heat and spring water; it provided cigars, janitor service and window washing; it enabled Broadbill, a gregarious person, a dismantled police captain, to lead a life of ease, to have a tailor and to eat three good meals each day. The Broadbill Detective Agency was, in truth, merely one of that horde of jackals that follow in the wake of every success in public life, feeding off it and thriving

For the past fourteen months the Broadbill Detective Agency, represented by pieceworkers, had relentlessly pursued the elusive Nain Gail once every fortnight. As that purely hypothetical personage had the habit of appearing in materialized form during the first and third weeks of every month, in the shape of vocative jelly rolls it was these rolls themselves which the tireless workers of the detective agency back-tracked with ferocious pertinacity on each appearance. Broadbill expended all the mental ingenuity on this sporadic product that an astronomer would expend in the calculation of the orbit of a stray comet, pursuing it backward on its trail into the most remote regions of calculable space. His bright young men, engaged semimonthly for each manifestation, anxious to make a name for themselves, fearlessly stalked innocent express wagons to their lair, usually a public garage; drivers were backed into corners and offensively warned; clerks at public receiving stations were outrageously browbeaten; taxicab drivers were threatened with the loss of their tickets. There never was any real danger of finding Nain Gail. Once or twice bright young men who bade fair to distinguish themselves were removed from the trail and given an imaginary doorpost to watch, till their ardor cooled. Captain Broadbill had no intention of going to work for a living.

Pelts thumbed the reports with growing admiration—not only for the tireless detectives but for the astute Preston Black as well. No one could accuse Preston Black of leaving a single stone unturned. Twice each month he countersigned the report with his O. K. and paid on the nail. The ubiquitous Nain Gail had the habit of appearing in the most out-of-the-way express or baggage collecting stations—according to these files—either in person or represented by some innocent dupe, to deliver a crate marked "Perishable Rush!" addressed to the voracious Half Moon, collect. At times she turned up on the island of Manhattan itself, not a stone's throw from the destination of the jelly rolls. On another occasion it might be Albany, New Brighton or Buffalo; once Broadbill backtracked the sender to Milwaukee.

Only last week, of a Thursday, Broadbill had gone to the expense of dragnetting the town for a taxi driver who had played the rôle of party-of-the-first-part in the matter of the jelly rolls—and they had found him! Backed into a corner, and under duress, the taxi driver had admitted, after being warned that his testimony might be used against him, that while cruising for a fare on the Drive—against police rules—he had been summoned by a young woman motorist in distress; something was wrong with her ignition, but she professed herself well able to take care of that if he would tranship a soap box of some weight she had hid under a lap robe and deliver it at the nearest express station. She paid him liberally, and in her distraction over the errant ignition she neglected to give her name. So the driver, eager to be off cruising again, had written his own name as the sender. He placed a value of "nominal" on the box—not suspecting it might contain a torso or something equally contraband—the lady appearing so respectable. She might have been a foreigner, he said; he described her talk as being good, but a bit thick. The patient Pelts searched every page, every line, every word of every report.

It was late when Pelts concluded his researches. As he dexterously let himself out through the burglar-alarm mesh he made a mental promise that he would take up the trail tomorrow where the indefatigable Broadbill had left off.

At midnight a householder in little West Twelfth Street, chancing to look out of a rear window, was startled by sight of a nimble shadow threading its way among clotheslines and snaking itself over creaking old back-yard fences. The householder shrieked. Cries of "Police!" filled the air. The night suddenly resounded with the plaint of shrill whistles, the thud of heavy boot soles, the clatter of night sticks. Police surged in from all directions. When they gained access to the rear yards the nimble Pelts, cursing himself for his clumsiness, had already shinned up a drain pipe and with infinite precautions let himself in through a window to the empty room of that rear tenement.

He lay still till the storm outside had subsided. Then his first act was to assure himself that the police guard was on duty outside the sealed door of this lethal chamber. Peering down on this man through the transom the paper-faced Pelts indulged in a grin; of all the inhabitants of the block only this stalwart guard, propped in a chair against the door panel, was undisturbed by the alarums; this minion of the law was sleeping like a child.

Pelts made an inch-by-inch examination of the room with the aid of a little electric torch. He gave particular attention to the bookshelves and the top of the door frame, and climbing on a table he spent several minutes in rapt consideration of the disused trapdoor in the ceiling.

But nothing had been disturbed since he had left this room at dawn. His gifted chief, the great deputy, might have lost interest in the rear-tenement murder, with the recrudescence of Nain Gail. But not Pelts. Night after night he had watched and waited here.

Shivering in the unheated room he selected a couch cover from a heap in one corner, and winding it about him like a blanket Indian he moved a chair—her chair—up to the desk—her desk—and sat down, letting his head fall wearily on his hands, a forlorn, forsaken figure.

An electric light on a pole in the yard cast a single broad band of incandescence in through the parted window hangings and bisected the room with its radiance, conjuring vague shapes from the blue shadows on either hand.

Hours later, it seemed to the watcher, there came the sound of micelike nibblings and scratchings from an uncertain direction. The muffled figure at the table did not move, but the eyes beneath their veil turned expectantly upward. The old trapdoor in the ceiling was being lifted by bony fingers.

A strange old face framed itself in the aperture for several seconds, while she studied the scene below. Then catching sight of the forlorn figure at the table she nodded briskly, the ringlets at her ears bobbing. She disappeared, almost at once to reappear; and gathering up her silks she prepared to descend. She was as agile as a wiry squaw, and the route apparently was familiar to her feet. One toe felt for a footing on the top of a door frame; the bookcase formed a convenient ladder to the table; and thence from a chair to the floor, where she shook out her wide skirts and with a little secret smile unhesitatingly advanced.

It was Miss Estelle de Morney, the lodger above, the "encumbrance on the property," belle of long-gone days. She picked her way without a sound to the hall door and listened intently, her eyes all the time on the figure at the table, as if with secret understanding. Picking up a chair she placed it with elaborate precaution beside the table, and sat down, arranging herself with prim ceremony. Her face in the light was deeply graved and cadaverous in its eager intensity. The silence of her companion apparently reassured her; this might have been a phantom visitant expected, an anticipation realized; she gave the suggestion of an intercourse unknown to grosser mortals. Her lips moved continually, but no sound came. Occasionally she would pause and fix a look of question or reproach on the silent figure and bend an ear as if expecting a response.

A door slammed; some one of the tenants coming in late made his cautious way up the stairs outside, at which sound the old lady turned her head and waited in breathless terror, putting out a bony hand behind her to enjoin silence. The alarm passed. All was quiet again.

The old woman had composed herself again. As she smoothed out the folds of her dress the shrouded Pelts noted with a sprouting of gooseflesh that she was toying with a heavy cut-glass bottle of smelling salts that might have felled an ox. These creatures always had something about them, some weapon. Now she was holding up another object, which at first he took to be a twist of fluffy silk thread. As she curled it over her finger the shivering Pelts identified it as a strand of human hair—golden hair! The Cottrell woman's hair! The hair that had seemed to cover everything in that aftermath of the murder.

The old woman leaned close to him, grinning. Now she had unexpectedly produced a match, which she struck alight. She singed the hair in the flame.

"I cut this from your right temple, Blanche," she whispered as she watched the figure intently. "Does it hurt, dearie? Does it hurt you? I burn an inch of it each day!"

As she sat there enacting this age-old superstition with the light of madness in her eyes, Pelts, tense and watching her every move, suddenly visualized it all. The Cottrell woman had been slain by no victim of the hypothetical Nain Gail, wielding a bludgeon to silence her blasphemous lips. She had become the prey

(Continued on Page 28)

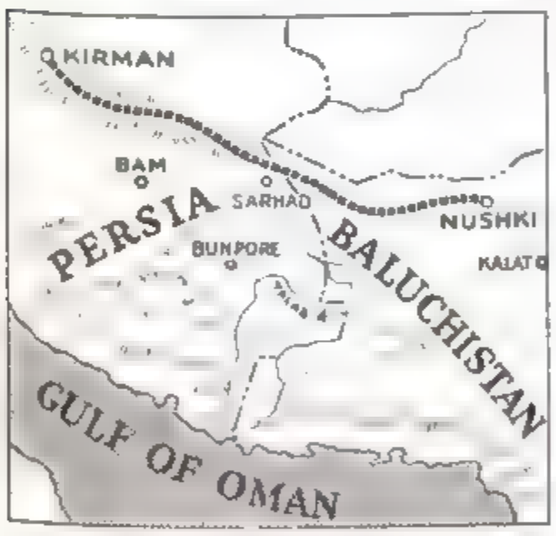
Inspiring a Friendly Feeling for America All Over the World

People of Other Nations Accept Superiority of Hupmobile and Make It an International Institution

The high standing of the Hupmobile abroad means even more, in a certain sense, than its strong hold on folks here at home.

American manufactured products have not always stood well in the Old World, and the ungrudging admiration accorded the Hupmobile therefore carries a special significance.

The *reasons* for this admiration are precisely the same in Europe, Africa, South America and Asia as they are in America—except that these reasons are accentuated in the case of Old-World motorists.



The dotted line shows the route taken by a detail commanded by Sgt. G R Cox, South Persian Rifles, in driving two Hupmobiles from Nushki, Baluchistan, to Kirman, South Persia. The first motor cars to travel this route, the Hupmobiles made the 800 miles of rugged mountain passes, rocky, dry river beds and clinging sand in 19 days, and were none the worse for their severe trip.

Americans admire the Hupmobile especially because of its dogged and undeviating good service under every conceivable road condition.

Australia is another far-off land that knows the Hupmobile favorably and well. The car has been exported to Australia almost ever since it was first manufactured. The map shows the route of the Hupmobile's record-breaking run across the Australian continent. The distance from Fremantle to Sydney is 2677 miles—almost as far as from New York to Los Angeles. The Hupmobile traversed the continent from west to east in 7 days, 2 hours, 17 minutes. Between Port Augusta and Broken Hill, 404 miles, it left the beaten track and struck out across the desert and the washouts. In spite of an average of only 10.6 miles per hour for this stretch, the Hupmobile was able to excel the best previous trans-continental record by 45 hours, 18 minutes.

But the road conditions which the Hupmobile meets and conquers across the ocean are even a truer test of its indomitable soundness than those it encounters here.

Away from fine main routes, South Africa, for instance, has no roads in our sense of the word; India is almost equally deficient; Holland motorists must leave their own borders for a worth-while tour—and so it goes in many a foreign state in which the Hupmobile is most ardently admired.

It is natural that the people of other nations should be slower to accept the superiority of an American product—but in the case of the Hupmobile this superiority is accepted without question.

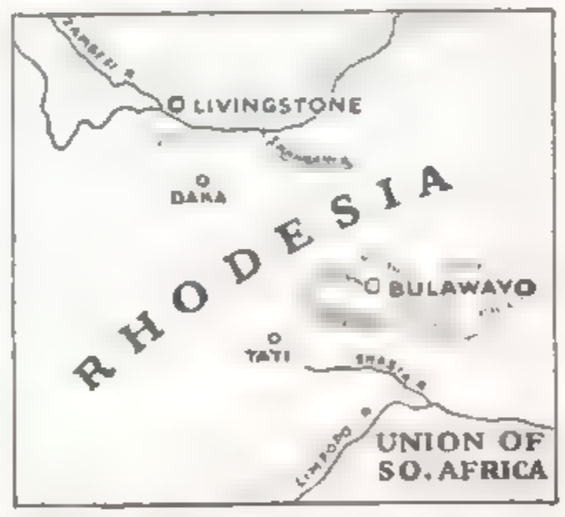
It is not too much to say that wherever it goes, there is bred an increased respect for the honesty of purpose, and the thoroughness, of American manufacturing methods.

The American tourist abroad can be absolutely sure that American products are more highly thought of in any community where the Hupmobile is known.

He may find more lightly constructed American cars in larger numbers, but he can be certain that nowhere will he find another American car as highly regarded as the Hupmobile.

It must be a source of satisfaction to any American to know that native products are generating a friendly feeling for America in foreign places.

It should be a special source of satisfaction to Hupmobile owners to know that the Hupmobile is not merely the car of the American family, but an international institution as well.



Some of the earliest Hupmobile exportations in 1909 were made to South Africa, where the car today is exceptionally well thought of. The Hupmobile is used with as great success in the South African hinterland far from good main roads as in the cities and thickly populated sections. Fred A Donnithorne, scientist and explorer, is only one of many to testify to its splendid behavior. He writes from Bulawayo, in Rhodesia, that in all his experiences with cars, he has never seen or heard of a car doing what he has seen the Hupmobile do on many occasions.

For that reason we feel sure that the incidents detailed herewith will make grateful reading for you all.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

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of this crazy old woman, who was actually burning the hair of a fancied rival inch by inch to prolong her torture—of this belle of the underworld, heroine of a famous murder of the '70's, who mentally had not lived a single day beyond that catastrophe.

There was the rumble of a milk cart, the patter of feet on frosty boards, the clink of bottles, early morning sounds. Miss Estelle sprang to her feet, concealed her precious lock of hair in the bosom of her dress; then noiselessly as a ghost she stepped into the deep shadow of the fireplace.

Some sixth sense must have warned Pelts, for she was beyond the angle of his vision. The figure in the chair suddenly toppled over, just as Miss Estelle de Morney, wielding her murderous salts bottle, struck from behind, as she must have struck the poor Cottrell woman. As he flung himself aside, prone on the floor, Pelts seized her ankles and brought her down.

Policeman Phelan, on guard outside in the hall, came up out of a refreshing sleep with a rush and a roar. The seals on the door were still unbroken, yet from within came strange crashing sounds. He smashed the door with a heave. A gasping, snarling, clutching bundle of humans was rolling about the floor.

"Lights! Help!" gasped Pelts. As Phelan threw himself into the fray, amazed at its ferocity, Pelts was stuttering. "She's like a coil of wire. One man can't handle—this kind! They're—super—human! I—was a fool! Smother her, or strangle her—anything!"

Miss Estelle de Morney finally succumbed to numbers.

At daybreak, when they were driving her away in a patrol wagon, the murderess, who had come within an inch of repeating her crime with the agile Pelts as victim, smiled up at Parr.

"Did I hear anything?" she repeated, answering that question for the second time. "My dear sir, I saw it all! Indeed, I was the one who did it! I suppose my enemies will even grudge me that satisfaction. Captain Avalone," she said, smoothing out her silks coyly, "had just come up from the ship. It was all he could do to wait. Poor Blanche thought he was bringing the stuffs to her." She whispered in Parr's ear: "Silly chit! With her baby face! And her great loads of hair! She thought the captain admired her hair!" After a pause she said, whispering again secretly, "She talked—she talked—she talked. So I smothered her in her hair!"

She was living again the Donald Brent murder. Here was the answer to the mystery: The one beauty of that unfortunate Cottrell woman, her wonderful hair, had roused the jealous fury of an old madwoman, who saw in her the rival of her youth.

VI

AWAY downtown, in the zone of roasting coffee and drying fish, there is a street half a block long, which, probably by reason of its terseness, is called Regnum. It takes its beginning in the avenue under the Elevated, decorated by a plaza of Italian greengroceries sprawling over the sidewalk and attended by ample nursing mothers who acquire a clever one-armed dexterity in waiting on customers. It ends without argument against the wall of an old churchyard in the middle of the block. Half a century ago Regnum Street was a mere alley of stables and haylofts. Later it washed its windows and painted its doorways and ornamented them with wrought lanterns and brass knockers, and broke holes in its roofs for north lights. A serious tribe of artists toiled here over their inspirations when the light was good; the sculptors being betrayed by foot tracks of plastilina in their doorways and the painters by the aroma of turps. In the evenings it was not rare for a flotilla of fine limousines to lie at anchor at the curb in the avenue. If you took the trouble to read the names on the letter boxes you would have a fairly safe list of the medal winners at the winter's exhibition.

The door knocker of Number Five portrayed a playful bear swinging from a limb and twiddling his toes at an inquisitive turtle. The doorway was tracked with modeling clay and the air was pungent with turpentine, indicating that the practitioner within paid homage to the dual arts of the spatula and of the brush. Besides housing an artist of parts, this old stable had another distinction: it was the place of rendezvous on Sunday nights of such members of that restless tribe of explorers as might happen to be in town momentarily from the Congo, the Amazon or the Arctic. For these there existed a perpetual unwritten welcome here; the latchstring hung out for them after nine; inside they made a vague camp-fire circle about a stereopticon, and in low tones talked the talk of frontiersmen, in their own language.

There was a fine informality about it; one entered without announcing himself, and departed without adieus. One had the Quaker privilege of talk or silence; if one listened he could absorb the moody confidences of those who had traveled beyond tea and tobacco. The secret of the open door was beautifully kept; a few patrons of art and patronizers of artists edged themselves in, as was inevitable; but even these latter prized the secret for its anonymity.

It was at nine of a Tuesday evening that Josiah Bourne, an elegant old beau, got down from his chariot in the avenue and gave gruff directions to his man; as he drew his fur collar up about his plucked old neck he examined the gloomy dead end that was Regnum Street. For a timid person it was not particularly inviting on a murky November night. The street lamps' rays reached only part way; the upper end, under the old church wall, was shrouded in gloom. Had he been alone the old lawyer might have hesitated to enter the little closed street. But it was quite evident that he was only one of several arrivals; a fleet of glittering equipages lay in the avenue roadstead, their riding lights and owners' burgees trimmed for the dog-watch; in a hallway a few doors down the avenue was a huddled group of expensive chauffeurs, rattling bones and chanting hymns to goddesses of chance. This was wholly familiar, and reassuring.

The old man indulged in a smile of satisfaction. He was going into society this evening. It had been many years—several generations, in fact—since he had had the privilege of moving in marble halls at the invitation of the great and the near-great. In the days of his youth, when one held his chin up with a choker and his trousers down with bootstraps, there had been a time when doors opened to Josiah Bourne. Later, doors were shut against him. Prone to look behind the clouds of life for their silver lining Josiah Bourne had explained to himself this social ostracism as the penalty of success; he knew too much about the great and the near-great; he made a profession of their shifts, their shams, their subterfuges, their unregenerate sons; he maintained a catacomb for the skeletons of the first families of Manhattan. His exile, however unpalatable, had its flattering if sardonic compensations.

But—yesterday morning, when Josiah Bourne was being drawn into a gay waistcoat by his man, chancing to look down into the street he was thrilled with the spectacle of a glistening brougham, drawn by a prancing pair of hacks, stopping at his door; a footman, springing down from the box and running up the steps, deposited an important-looking document. The footman was hardly back in place again and the whip snapping about the ears of the prancing pair when Josiah Bourne, breath whistling through his teeth, had dispatched his man in pursuit.

His heart glowed with fond memories. This savored of Knickerbocker days, elegant leisurely days before the era of traffic policemen; days of a brougham and a pair, with coachman and footman on the box in fawn-colored liveries, with flaring shiny silk hats, high tight boots, fur chokers and black gloves, delivering their lady's billets from door to door.

The old man was ogling the huge envelope, which might contain a death sentence or reprieve, from its weightiness, when his man came trotting back with the information that the brougham was decorated with the crest of the Wentworth family. Josiah Bourne studied the embossed heraldry he held in his trembling fingers; it was unfamiliar to him, but the astounding fact that a carriage, decorated with the coat of arms of the brilliant Mrs. Billy, had stopped at his door to deliver a billet in bright daylight was enough. He slit the envelope

The content of this portentous document was cabalistic. It was a summons to Number Five. It was the familiar two-story handwriting of Mrs. Billy. Of that he could have no doubt. He, the recipient of an invitation to one of the rare evenings of the original Mrs. Billy! The old buck twisted his mustaches and posed for the delectation of his mirror. It was a favor he unquestionably owed to his engaging young friend, Mr. Armiston.

He recollected that the date engraved herein, Tuesday, was that of the special performance of Tristan, at the opera. He had planned to appear there. During the long decades of his exile old Josiah Bourne had religiously frequented the great events in society's calendar where mere money was the password at the door; the charity balls, the bazaars under distinguished patronage, the tableaux vivants of the maids and matrons of the Social Register—these occasions and effete first nights where the elect were to be found in all their glory were never missed by Josiah Bourne. The great and the near-great never by any chance saw him—but he always made it a point to be seen. He stalked among them like the ghost of Peter Grimm, visible to the audience at large but not to his fellow actors on the stage. Well, let the nabobs look holes through him if they must! He could stand their vacant stares. They would come to him soon enough when their daughters took the wrong turn or their sons got mired without chains. When that delicious moment arrived he made it a point of not being in; no, he didn't telephone or write letters or make appointments—with the needy; when they wanted him—and no one else would do!—the haughty nabobs would have to find him in public and do a little fawning.

How he had relished these morsels—taking his humiliation from them white hot, and then standing off to crack his whip over their heads. An enemy of society? Indeed no—its invisible ringmaster!

But—a brougham bearing the heraldic emblem of the proud Wentworths had stopped at his door, and left a billet! The fascinating queen of society had tossed a sop to Cerberus. He might well forgo Tristan.

"A most captivating woman!" he was muttering as he gripped his stout stick and started to punt himself forward over the cobblestones towards the gloomy end of the little street. "I think, without doubt, she will find me of great assistance in her activities."

Could he have chosen, of course this entry, properly ticketed, into society would have occurred at the lady's palatial home, a fortress in the Avenue facing the Park, in the Seventies. To have tasted the triumph of being announced in that gilded hall, to have been welcomed there by the gracious queen of the Upper Regions—such a spectacle would have struck his stone-blind clients stone dead. Instead, his recall to the world of fashion would take place in the anonymous dark. The lady must be up to one of her pranks again. Old Josiah knew about Number Five, where the privileged few played their blind man's buff, unknowing and unknown. It would be thrilling of course. Still, for the old lawyer the real thrill lay in the fact that the gracious lady had sent her carriage to his door in broad daylight.

Craning his neck and straining his eye Josiah Bourne finally discovered the playful bear twiddling his toes at the inquisitive turtle. His heart, an old pump with a leaky gasket on the intake side, chattered a little as he reached out and touched the cold doorknob with his fingers. He drew back, resting himself for a brief spell against the brick doorpost, amazed at his own weakness. A couple passed in as he stood there in the shadow, but displayed no curiosity as to his identity. The swish of the woman's silks shook out a faint indefinite perfume as she passed; the man's bearded face in silhouette stirred some dull memory in the watcher. Another car had stopped at the foot of the street; someone else was coming up the alley, examining doorways. Josiah Bourne passed in.

At this moment a dimly outlined figure detached itself from the side of a potted box plant across the alley; it was the indefatigable Pelts, who, hands deep in pockets and shoulders curled like a beggar in a bread line, shuffled over the cobbles to the foot of the street and appraised with great satisfaction the flotilla of limousines lying there; he gave especial attention to the little lighted signal lamps on top, the owners' burgees. Apparently gratified with this census he returned to the shadow of the box plant.

The door swung to behind Josiah Bourne; and in the mottled darkness a hand appeared to relieve him of his hat and stick, returning a moment later to lift his fur coat from his tall frame. He was wondering which way to turn when the hand again came back, slipped itself through his arm and urged him gently forward into the studio. The room was completely in shadow except for the fitful flashes of light from a balky stereopticon, which, however, failed to reveal any more than the livid face of a man peering down into its white-hot interior as he tinkered with the arc. The operator shut the furnace door and focused a white circle of radiance on a screen standing against the far wall. Trying to adjust his eyes to the feeble twilight Bourne felt himself skillfully tooled in and out among obstructions, several of which he took to be human; and finally gently eased into a comfortable chair. At the moment of relinquishment his startled senses caught his guide's softly whispered "So good of you to come!"

The old lawyer, settling back in his chair, gently inhaled the incense of high life in a stable. In days of old, when hackney coaches were in full bloom, a well-ordered drawing-room, food and good talk sufficed; now all that had grown stale. Débutantes and matrons must pick up their skirts—already perilously short—and explore dark alleys or a musty mews under the pretext of patronizing anthropology and the faunal sciences.

He chuckled at the thought of the present situation. In his stalwart youth he would have thought twice about surrendering his hat and coat to a disembodied pair of hands in a dark corridor and permitting himself to be pocketed in the far corner of a dark room, from which escape would be impossible except over a hurdle of obstructions. But if one would go in for society these days, when Mrs. Billy set the pace, one must expect the unexpected.

The old man was evidently one of a broken camp-fire circle behind the lantern. Peering curiously at the shapes about him in the dimness he strove to make out their features; but the high relief of a man's shirt front or the misty outlines of a woman's shoulders were all that repaid him. Guests, of uncertain visibility, continued to arrive. This was better than Tristan—at Tristan he would have paraded in full light, outstaring his foes, made an evening of it; this had the flavor of an adventure; friend or foe, all were equally beneath the veil.

The man by the stereopticon had taken a seat and begun to talk. A picture appeared on the screen. The old lawyer, opening and poising his spectacles on his nose, apprehended with a smile that he was doomed to become a patron of anthropology and the faunal sciences himself. Here was a scene of the Far North; and the conversational explorer presently was regaling his distinguished clientele with a homily on the lob stick, which is a spruce tree trimmed like a feather duster. The warmth of the atmosphere, the pleasing proximity of elegance about him, gradually lulled his senses.

In spite of himself his old eyelids grew more and more leaden, and the voice of the explorer more and more indistinct, until it finally trailed off altogether into the fastnesses of Arctic night. Josiah Bourne frankly slept.

He awoke with a start; a moment or an hour might have elapsed. Was it the touch of a hand on his elbow, a breath of air on his forehead that had aroused him?

Coming up thus, suddenly out of the well of deep sleep in that dark room, the old man had a sense of floating in nothingness. Then his animal instincts warned him of the close proximity of his kind; and he stiffened, bristling, staring at the dusky shapes of his companions. Presently he found himself. Mrs. Billy. Of course. Clever woman, that! Very, very clever! She had sent her brougham—he really must do something handsome. But surely her guests had thinned. He could hardly count a dozen now.

"We must be very quiet," cautioned a mellifluous voice off in a dark corner, forward—Mrs. Billy's, "if we hope for success. There are thousands of voices up there in the ether."

A vibratory buzz shook the air, to be quickly stifled; then the rhythmic beat as of some great pendulum tolling off seconds—a pause, and a deep bass, coming up out of the bowels of the earth, remarked "Ten o'clock!" as if anyone cared about time. A high thin whistle succeeded. Josiah Bourne, bending an ear, had no difficulty in breaking it up into dots and

(Continued on Page 30)

1923

VALVE-IN-HEAD

Buick

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23-6-48—Coupé	4 pass.
23-6-49—Touring	7 pass.
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23-6-55—Sport Touring	4 pass.

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(Continued from Page 28)

dashes—Continental Code. A rich barytone, from some lower stratum, intoned with great dignity, "The first Thanksgiving in America was celebrated by the little band of ——" The voice was abruptly expunged; and in its place came a broken phrase of jazz, a tinkling guitar and banjo and beating cymbals.

The old man relaxed and fell back, baring his teeth in a cadaverous grin. Radio telephone, with a loud-speaking trumpet. That was the machinery of Mrs. Billy's interpretations. Someone was manipulating the controls of the wireless receiver over in that corner, exploring the upper strata of the air for vagrant voices. Child's play. Here in the dark. Well, let them amuse themselves. They were only children, after all, he concluded indulgently—sometimes very bad children.

A rich, vibrant voice, the voice of a woman, suddenly filled the room.

"No, no, no, no," and on interminably—"no."

There was a startled, spasmodic movement at the right of him. Old Josiah Bourne sat up as if a pistol shot had rung through the room. That voice! Was he hearing it? Or did he dream it? Still that incessant "No, no, no" beat on the air with the relentless throb of a bell.

The Cottrell woman! That fragment, left in the wake of murder. He controlled himself with an iron hand.

"Oh," burst out the mellifluous Mrs. Billy, "we're coming to it. We're coming to the great moments in the famous romances of Nain Gail."

This devilishly clever woman, all the time on the lookout for sensations, must have come across the secret of Nain Gail's methods, got hold of that missing cylinder. A mere coincidence, Bourne told himself. Probably Preston Black. That jackal would sell anything, for a price. An ugly leer lit the yellow old face.

Suddenly the round rich voice began to speak again. Nain Gail was dipping into the past. She was giving a reading from The Fallacy of Fulfillment. It was a dramatic reading. It was a brilliant idea of Mrs. Billy—to stage those jelly rolls for the delectation of her guests, as if she were actually picking the dead voice out of the upper regions of the air. The mechanism would be simple enough, the pleased old lawyer told himself; she would merely hitch the rolls to a remote telephone transmitter in another room and relay them to the loud speaker in this dark studio, to dumfound the foolish nabobs of society.

Now that his crafty mind had brushed aside the hocus-pocus of this pseudo séance he bent an ear with keen enjoyment, reliving again the exquisite moments of long ago when he had first seen that tale in print.

A pause—and then the voice of the dead and gone Cottrell woman took up its plaint again. Now it was a chapter from The Siege of Peking. Reclining in his chair he listened with eyes closed, weaving his fingers together. Again—there came a fragment from The Weak Sister, that cruel tale that had sent the privileged Alstair family to Coventry. The old lawyer turned to scan the mute circle of his fellow guests. They sat there like dumb ghosts, drinking it in, doubtless dumfounded by that clever trickster, Mrs. Billy. Occasionally there would be an uneasy rustling, a sigh quickly suppressed—once he could have sworn he caught a stifled sob.

The voice of the Cottrell woman ceased abruptly in the middle of a sentence; the hand of the operator began manipulating the inductances and capacities, exploring other bands in the spectrum of vagrant voices. At a restless movement among the auditors, "Please!" pleaded the voice of Mrs. Billy. "Let us all be very quiet. There's something more! There is another voice, hovering there. Listen! Don't you catch it? It's beginning to come in now!"

There was a voice—another voice. Not the Cottrell woman's. Josiah Bourne started forward in his chair, his eyes wide, his mouth falling open, every hair in the sparse thatch of his crown counting itself, a dash of ice water rolling down his spine. It was a woman's voice—with a faintly perceptible lisp. A premonition gripped him. The timbre of the voice, through some practiced trick of the operator, was coming nearer and nearer, the words were beginning to trickle through.

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" the voice wailed, suddenly present in the room itself. "I'm afraid! I'm afra-a-aid!"

There was the sound of a woman's convulsive weeping.

A man's tones interposed.

"But try," it urged gently. "There is wrong to be righted. Many people have suffered—many innocent people. Try." After a pause: "Then, tell us about the other woman—the one who is dead."

"Ah-h!" murmured the woman's despairing voice. "She—she has paid—God knows!" In scarcely more than a whisper: "There was the drug—that was his bribe—always that! Poor creature!"

A snarl as of an enraged animal burst through the hypnotic stillness. Someone was blundering to his feet, dashing blindly one way and another, making for the corner whence the voice issued.

"Silence! Cease!" came in muffled ferocity; and at the same instant a heavy body colliding with some piece of furniture went down with a crash, punctuated by the scream of a woman.

"Lights! Lights!"

It was the high voice of Mrs. Billy, with the quick response of a stage director to an impending situation.

A switch clicked. The lights flared up with blinding intensity.

Old Josiah Bourne lay sprawling on the floor, close by the overturned stereopticon. He lay so still that for an instant they thought him dead. Beside him Eva Berkley, on her feet, was clutching her skirts about her as if she feared contamination from the touch of the fallen man.

They all watched with horrid fascination the contortions of Josiah Bourne's face as he slowly raised himself. There was no hand stretched to help him; with a painful effort he pulled himself upright, and still clutching the chair which had aided him he indicated by a weak but imperative gesture that he was about to speak.

"A moment—give me a moment," he commanded. "I will be heard!" he gasped. Still breathing heavily, and obviously much shaken, the old man turned slowly and faced the circle confronting him. His lips curled.

"Ah! A jury of my peers!" he muttered as his eye traveled slowly from face to face.

First, Ned Alstair, that bearded silhouette, snatched momentarily in the dark outside that had vainly haunted him. His gaze met the smoldering hatred in Canon Berkley's look without a flicker. If he momentarily paled at the sight of Horace West, brother of the woman sent to perdition through that blasphemous tale, The Siege of Peking, only those nearest guessed it. To Eva Berkley, the Inez of the unfinished Imbroglio, he gave the tribute of a sneer. And the hollow-eyed woman in black, poor Freddie Kerfoot's widow, he passed as though she was a stranger—the butterfly of so many social seasons.

Mrs. Billy, a queer smile on her lips, watched the old lawyer, alert to every change. Behind her at a box ornamented with graduated dials and pointers, stood Oliver Armiston, calm, unruffled, waiting—the informed observer. Undoubtedly Josiah Bourne was indebted to the hectic versatility of that weaver of thrillers for this evening's entertainment. At a slight movement at his elbow old Bourne turned to confront the stony visage of Parr, deputy of police. Bourne nodded with a sardonic smile. Near the door, ready for instant disappearance, was the pale figure of Preston Black, the publisher. It was to him that Josiah Bourne addressed his first words.

"Hah!" he snarled nasally. "The Jackal! You are getting on in society, I see!"

The agitated voice of Preston Black rose shrilly.

"I swear, sir—I didn't know—I was tricked into it!"

Josiah Bourne silenced him with a contemptuous word. He was completely himself again.

"Well?" he cried harshly, sweeping the circle with a withering look. "Well, what now? Are we quits? Eh? Tell me, have you had enough?" He bared his teeth. "Or must we have more?"

He halted as if he half expected an answer to his challenge.

"You!" he intoned in a great resonant voice. "You, who give yourselves airs! You, who judge me and my feeble sins!" The insolence of his gesture was indescribable. "You—and your sons—and your daughters! Yes, and your lovers! A-ha! You flinch!" he cried. "Yes; you flinch! You thought to hurl the stone at me—to degrade me in the eyes of all men—because I sacrificed in the light of day at altars whose fires you kindled only under cover of darkness."

It was his big moment.

"Madam," he said, bowing ceremoniously to the electrified Mrs. Billy, "you did me the honor to send your brougham to my door. I thank you. And you, sir!" he said, turning on Oliver Armiston, "you with your marionettes and your trick box—you thought to expose me to my enemies. Good! They know my quality now. I have paid them in kind! I—I—none other," he cried, pounding his chest—"I am Nain Gail!" Dropping his voice, a taunting smile on his lips, he added: "You will bear with me that I find a certain sweetness in the revelation."

His glance flicked like a lash across Berkley's white face. At the canon's involuntary movement Horace West checked him with a touch and a whisper:

"There is nothing worth it! It is his death cry."

In the silence that followed, Mrs. Billy, her eyes afire, whispered under her breath to Oliver, "Your Grand Cham is stealing your act, Mr. Godahl! Stop him!"

"Stop him?" cried Josiah Bourne, his ears on a hair trigger. "Who shall stop me? Not the law," he sneered. "No, not even this precious deputy of police, whom you have called in to witness my humiliation." He showed his teeth in an ugly smile.

Armiston turned and tripped the catch of the roller shade at the window: it shot up with a report like the snap of a whip. At this signal the door banged violently. The galvanized listeners heard again the voice whose disembodied accents had so recently precipitated this crisis:

"I—I am afraid. Oh, I am afraid!"

The tones were anguished.

"You'll be more afraid if you don't!" growled a man's voice.

Throwing aside the shrinking Preston Black, the indefatigable Pelts flung into the studio, and literally spun to the middle of the floor a young woman swathed in a gaudy opera cloak. At sight of her a savage oath escaped old Bourne.

"There she is!" cried Pelts. "That's the real thing, Mr. Armiston. You had only a cheap imitation in that music box of yours."

She was the girl of the chiffons and laces who had been the Grand Cham's table companion on the Midnight Roof. She was the girl with the suggestion of the lisp who had said an obedient good night when her patron briefly dismissed her. She was the girl with the ignition trouble who talked a bit thick in the current reports of the Broadbill Detective Agency.

"She's all dolled up for the opera tonight," smirked the shabby little Pelts, showing off his star. "She thought he was going to coach her for more jelly rolls tonight. He always took her and the other one to a show when he talked off a yarn to them. Didn't he, miss? I told you I'd bring you to your old bird, didn't I, eh?"

The terrified girl stood trembling, with averted eyes.

Mrs. Billy, clearly enamored of the dramatic possibilities of the situation of which she had been the distinguished patroness, turned expectantly to old Bourne, confident that his surpassing audacity would put his enemies to rout. It did. Josiah Bourne advanced and offered an arm to the half-fainting girl.

"Come, my child," he said gently, "there is no one here to detain you. You are not amenable in any way. You have merely been my voice, as the other woman was before you. I, alone, am Nain Gail!"

"Oh, you forgive me?" she cried, looking up. "But they made me tell—everything!"

"Forgive you?" he repeated. "Because they bullied you—browbeat you? There is nothing to forgive. Come."

He challenged Parr with a look; then with a dignity that had lost all its bombast he led her to the door and they passed out.

"He's splendid!" cried Mrs. Billy. "As a villain I adore him!"

"A meaningless crime," said Armiston to Parr as they turned away from the court which in the commitment of Miss Estelle de Morney to a lifelong companionship with the criminal insane had written "Finis" to the rear-tenement mystery. "A meaningless crime! The senseless ferocity of a madwoman!" pursued Oliver. "And yet—it has wiped the slate clean. The murder of this poor derelict, the Cottrell woman, the overworked literary hack whom old Bourne rescued from the gutter to be his facile amanuensis, has accomplished the impossible! It has killed the infamous Half Moon; Preston Black is on the rocks. It has silenced forever the blasphemies of the hypothetical Nain Gail. It has unmasked Josiah Bourne and left him powerless. What more could you ask?"

(THE END)

The Mission Range, Flathead Valley, Montana

Warning!

You may be offered counterfeit Gargoyle Mobiloil
How to protect yourself

ONE of the most striking tributes to Gargoyle Mobiloil is the fact that it is more imitated than any other oil. Some of these imitations have even been called "Mobile Oil" and given letters similar to our grade marks—"A," "B," "E," and "Arctic." And we are sorry to say that a few unscrupulous dealers pass off to the unsuspecting motorist cheap and inferior oils as genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Some of these imitators and substitutors have been legally prosecuted. We are taking—and will continue to take—legal steps to protect motorists and reputable Gargoyle Mobiloil dealers.

Remember: Gargoyle Mobiloil is never sold under any other name. Claims that some other oil "is the same as Gargoyle Mobiloil" are plain attempts to deceive you. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured only by the Vacuum Oil Company at its own works and refineries.

How to secure the genuine

We suggest these simple precautions:

1. Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. You want Gargoyle Mobiloil—not "Mobile" or some oil similarly named for purpose of deception. See the word Mobiloil and the grade mark on the can, drum or barrel.
2. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. This is our mark of manufacture and appears on all cans, drums or barrels filled with genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.
3. Preferably, buy in original, sealed containers bearing these identifying marks.
4. Break the seal *yourself.*

To avoid misunderstanding:

We believe that the average dealer who sells Gargoyle Mobiloil is fully as honest as any other reputable merchant. But there are occasional exceptions in this field as there are in every other line of business. To protect car owners and Gargoyle Mobiloil dealers we sound this warning.

Reputable dealers who have Gargoyle Mobiloil in the several grades and sizes of containers aim to give you the fullest possible measure of lubricating protection.

If you have a home garage we suggest that you purchase your Gargoyle Mobiloil in 5-gallon cans or the larger steel drums. In this way you buy your oil from your regular dealer and are assured of always having an adequate supply of the correct oil for your car.

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter uses, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be encountered.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

Save a copy of this chart and make the chart your guide

MAKES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1922	1921	1920	1919	1918
Allen	A	A	A	A	Arc
Apperson	A	A	A	A	A
Armleder	A	A	A		
Atterbury	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Auburn	A	A	A	A	Arc
Buick	A	A	A	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell & Chalmers Div.	A	A	A	A	A
All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Cleveland	A	A	A		
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	A
All other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cole	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A
Dixie	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge Brothers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dorris Four	A				
Earl	A	A			
Essex	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	A	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	A	A
"	A	A	A	A	Arc
"	A	A	A	A	A
"	A	A	A		
" All other Models	A	A	A	A	Arc
G M C Model K41	A	A	B	A	
" K42	B	A	B	A	
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Grant	A	A	A	A	A
" (Conn. (Model 12)	A	A	A	A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
(12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel	A	A	A	A	A
Lafayette	A	A	A	A	A
Lexington	A	A	A	A	A
" (Conn. Eng.)	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Locomobile	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
"	A	A	A	A	A
National	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile	A	A	A	A	A
" All other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	A	A	A	A
Packard	A	A	A	A	A
Paige	A	A	A	A	A
"	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A
R & V Knight	B	A	B	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Rowe	B	A	B	A	
Searchmont	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B
Stearns	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A
Velie	A	A	A	A	A
Wescott	A	A	A	A	A
Westcott	A	A	A	A	A
Whippet	A	A	A	A	A
White	A	A	A	A	A
"	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B
Wilson	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc

Makes of Engines

(recommendations shown separately for convenience)

Ansted	A	A	A	A	
Buda	A	A	A	A	Arc
"	A	A	A	A	A
"	A	A	A	A	A
Continental	A	A	A	A	A
"	A	A	A	A	A
"	A	A	A	A	Arc
" All other Models	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Falls	A	A	A	A	A
Herschell-Spillman	A	A	A	A	A
Herschell-Spillman					
Mod				A	A
All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Hinkley	A	A	A	A	A
Lycoming	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Marvel Model 40K	A	Arc	A	A	A
"	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Northway	A	A	A	A	A
Waukesha Model					
"	A	A	A	A	A
" All other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Weidely	A	A	A	A	A
Wisconsin Model E Right				A	A
" All other Models	A	A	A	A	A

Transmission and Differential:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

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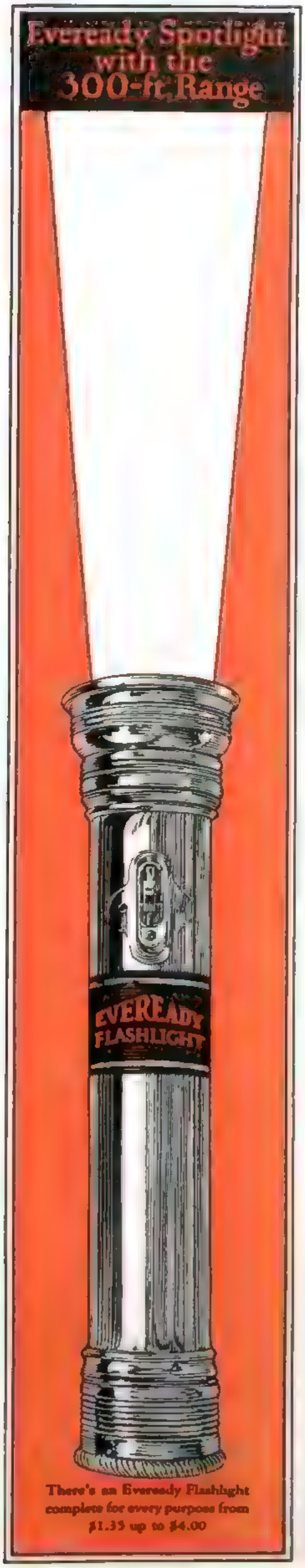

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FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES

894

MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 13)

A terrible despair seized me. I wished to die. Leaning from my balcony, I looked into the black water below, longing for the peace, the forgetting that one movement, one single effort would bring me. Cut off from the world around me, dumb and blinded by my pain, I bent to the black abyss. But my musician's ear was not yet dulled. A sound penetrated the wall of my despair. I heard the voice of a gondolier singing as he swung his oars.

Ah, to sing! To sing once more before I died! To cry my anguish to the night before the eternal silence should engulf me!

Like one distraught, I threw my cloak about me and went out into the night. A bark lay at the foot of the stone stairway outside my door. I found myself seated in it, floating along the still canal between the dark water and the darker sky. I began to sing, madly, passionately, all the songs I had ever known. Gay or sad, tender or tragic, they poured from my lips in a turbulent flood. I sang as though I would never sing again, spending my strength, my grief, my life; giving to the unresponding shadows all that I had of beauty and of art.

Only when my voice died in my throat and my parched lips could make no further sound did I realize my strange position. As one who painfully returns to reality from the uncharted seas of fever and delirium, I looked about. I saw where I was and became conscious of what I had been doing.

All around me a moving mass of small boats pushed and jostled. They had gathered from every side like specter ships filled with whispering, wondering people. In a bark that almost touched my own I could see a young couple, closely embraced, watching me with a startled, ardent gaze. How long had my voice been leading this phantom procession through the night?

I shrank back under the hood of my gondola, my one desire to hide from these people I had so strangely evoked! I gave my gondolier the address of a friend whom I knew to be absent and in whose empty *palazzo* I could take sanctuary. Many hours later, when I thought the way was open, I left my place of refuge. As I stepped into the waiting gondola a black shadow slipped out from the protection of the building opposite and followed me to my hotel. The lovers on the lagoon had not given up the vigil and had waited to discover my real abiding place!

The next morning a bouquet of flowers was brought to me with this message:

"From Paul and Jeanne, who love each other greatly and to whom you have given an unforgetable night. May the blessing of God be upon you, you who are the bearer of the fire divine."

These last words touched me to my inmost fiber. They wakened my soul. I could pray at last, and I thanked God that I was still alive. My voice had saved me.

Nor have I ever forgotten that night. Every year on the same day, in any corner of the world where I may be, I receive a line from Paul and Jeanne, with its inspiring lesson of love and gratitude.

X

AFTER my successes in Italy I was eager to return to Paris. When Carvalho engaged me to create Cavalleria Rusticana at the Opéra Comique I went back to the scene of my early endeavors, filled with ambition and enthusiasm. Yet in spite of the experience that my years in Italy had brought me I felt myself out of place in this conventional theater, where tradition and established customs were blindly venerated.

My interpretation of the rôle of Santuzza astonished my comrades. My spontaneous and apparently unstudied gestures shocked them. Even the costume which I had brought with me from Italy, the clothes of a real peasant woman—coarse shirt, worn sandals and all—was considered eccentric and ugly. I was unmercifully criticized and ridiculed.

At the dress rehearsal I heard one of the older singers pass judgment upon me.

"What a pity!" he exclaimed. "She has a lovely voice, and she has really made astonishing progress. But such acting! In this part of the world we do not bang on the table with our fists when we are singing. At the rate she is going she will be ruined!"

The speaker was a man for whom I had the greatest respect and admiration. His remark disturbed me profoundly. I was on the point of changing my whole manner, which was apparently too realistic for the taste of the moment. The night of the first performance, however, as I was about to make my entrance, courage returned to me.

"Come what will," I thought, "I shall act the part as I feel it."

I went on the stage, and I was, as I had been before, the naive and tragic Santuzza, the passionate, impulsive peasant girl of Italy. It was a triumph.

Shortly afterward I created Carmen.

If I was criticized out of all measure before these two successes, after them I was praised with equal lack of restraint. Everything I now did was right. Unfortunately for me, no one dared utter a word of criticism; and in consequence I was carried away by my passion for realism. It became an obsession, and occasionally I overstepped the mark. Later, however, I learned wisdom and moderation.

In developing the rôle of Carmen I used the same sincerity, the same courage and disregard of tradition that I had in my interpretation of Cavalleria. I insisted on wearing the fringed shawl which is called in Spain the *mantón de manilla* instead of the bolero and short skirt in which the part had always been costumed.

In the matter of the dance, also, my ideas and those of the directors did not agree. They wanted me to learn the steps which had been danced with such grace and charm by Galli-Marié, the original creator of the rôle.

"How do you expect me to imitate Galli?" I protested. "She was small, dainty, an entirely different build. I am big. I have long arms. It is absurd for me to imitate anyone but the gypsies themselves."

Whereupon I showed them the true dance of the *gitanas*, with its special use of arms and hands—a manner of dancing for which the Spaniards have invented the expression "*el brazear*."

I had been to Granada and I had visited the district of the Albaicin, where the gypsy bands lived in mysterious caves and grottoes. I had watched them in their daily life. I had seen them dance and sing, and had studied their gestures and movements. I had learned how the women dressed, and had bought from them the very shawls they were wearing. Nor had I entirely forgotten my youthful contact with those strange and fascinating people. I came, therefore, to the study and interpretation of this rôle with a thorough knowledge of the subject, and I was able to develop my ideas in spite of criticism and discouragement.

It is unnecessary for me to speak of the success of Carmen. I have sung this rôle all over the world, and it has brought me whatever fame I may have. It is one of the most interesting and perhaps the most popular creations of my long operatic career.

I was now greatly in demand. Following closely upon the launching of Carmen, I obtained excellent engagements in London and New York. My popularity was assured. But my greatest reward was the appreciation and praise of the generous and warm-hearted Galli-Marié.

"Bravo, Calvé!" she said to me one day after the performance. "You are most interesting and original. This is the first time I have consented to attend a performance of this opera, which reminds me so poignantly, so vividly of my own youth."

I heard from her again, years later, at the time of the festivities in connection with the thousandth performance of Carmen. I was asked to sing the rôle at the Opéra Comique. On the day in question I received a telegram from Galli, saying, "My heart and my thoughts are with you tonight."

I have often been asked whether Carmen is my favorite rôle. Indeed, it is not! I adore Bizet's music, but the character is, on the whole, antipathetic to me. Yet I have been a prisoner of that opera. It is apparently eternally popular, particularly with the American public. My impresarios, who were, above all things, keen business men, forced me to sing it much more often than any other rôle of my repertoire.

Carmen has only two redeeming qualities. She is truthful and she is brave. Even in the face of death she will admit that she no longer loves! Marguerite, Ophelia, Juliet, Elsa, Santuzza have been my favorite parts.

I have had the privilege of creating two rôles written especially for me by our great composer Massenet. La Navarraise was produced at Covent Garden in London in 1897; Sapho a year later. I have sung both these operas frequently. The first is short, a passionate dramatic tragedy in one act. The second, taken from Alphonse Daudet's novel of the same name, has been one of my most successful creations. Massenet wrote it for the special and individual notes in my voice, those unusual tones of which I have already spoken.

Massenet was a very popular figure in his day. His witticisms were widely quoted, his epigrams passed from mouth to mouth. He was agreeable, entertaining, a charming individual and a thorough Frenchman.

At the last general rehearsal before the first night of Sapho I had the misfortune of arriving at the theater ten minutes late. The company was waiting; and Massenet, excited and nervous as usual, was decidedly out of patience. He greeted me abruptly, disregarding the presence of my comrades and the members of the chorus and orchestra.

"Mademoiselle Calvé," he said, "an artist worthy of the name would never keep her fellow workers waiting."

I was extremely angry. Turning away, I walked off the stage and started to leave the building. On my way out I had a change of heart. It took all my courage, but I decided to go back.

"My friends," I said, "the master is right. I am at fault. Forgive me! I am ready to rehearse my part, if I am permitted to do so."

The chorus and the orchestra applauded. Massenet embraced me. I was forgiven, but it had been a painful lesson. Since then I have never been a minute late for even the most unimportant engagement.

Sapho, as I have said, was taken from Alphonse Daudet's book. I knew the distinguished writer, and used to visit him in his charming house at Champrosay. He received me in his study, his sensitive face always beautiful and calm in spite of his suffering. His wife and children were with him, devoted to his care, surrounding him with affectionate attentions.

We were talking of Sapho one day, and discussing the presentation of the character on the stage.

"Remember the phrase of Baudelaire," Daudet admonished me. "Beware of movements which break the line! Few gestures, I beg of you! Be restrained, calm, classic. She is called Sapho in the play, because she posed for the statue of the Greek poetess."

I always remembered this advice and strove to carry it out in my interpretation of the rôle.

We used to talk often of Aveyron, my own beloved country. I sang the songs of the mountaineers and shepherds; songs without accompaniment, which I had learned in my childhood.

"You evoke all your race in your singing," he said to me one day. "Your mountains and your wide, high plains live again in the sound of your voice, pure and luminous like golden honey!"

XI

I SANG every season for many years at Covent Garden in London, appearing there in all the operas of my repertoire. I also created several rôles at this theater, notably La Navarraise by Massenet, in 1894, and Amy Robsart, the first production of its author, De Lara, whose Messaline I sang some years later.

Each year during my engagement in England I was summoned to Windsor Castle to sing for Queen Victoria. I shall never forget my first audience. We had been waiting in the reception hall for some time, when the Queen entered, leaning on the shoulder of a young maharaja of India. What an extraordinary picture they made! He, a slender youth, handsome, exotic, his turban surmounted by a flashing spray of diamonds, his canary-colored tunic covered with precious stones; the Queen, in black, as usual, the severity of her widow's weeds hardly lightened by the little white tulle cap which she wore during her last years.

(Continued on Page 35)

Jim Henry's Column

Is Your Face Round, Soft and Pinkish?

The other day a middle aged young fellow raised a little Cain with me because he said he couldn't for the life of him understand why I have consistently buried the comfort feature of the Mennen Shave.

He had one of those expansive façades—round, soft and pinkish—tender looking as a baby's. His particular lament was that after shaving, his skin used to crackle up and smart like he'd mixed his lather with a dash of carbolic.

"A lot of men are like that," I said.

"Sure," he answered. "But here's the point. Two months ago you sold me on trying Mennen's. I didn't think it would make any difference, but the first session left my face feeling great. At the time, I gave credit to my razor. But, by golly, after two months, I know it's the cream!

"Now, why keep harping about how Mennen's will take the cussedness out of a wire beard and how it works with hot or cold water? The big thing is *comfort!* Why not play it up at the top of your ads?"

I guess my friend is right. But I've been holding back on this comfort feature for selling reasons. You see, most of my converts start with my demonstrator tube. When they experience that bland, soothing afterglow—that suave, back-to-boyhood feeling on their skins, why there's nothing to it. They're sold!

If your particular facial terrace is architectured on the round, soft and pinkish plan, why not send me a dime for my demonstrator tube? Put Mennen's to the comfort test. I'll stand by the result.

And, speaking of comfort, I'll include a sample can of Kora-Konia—our wonderful anti-chafing powder. If you get raw from walking or exercise, put a little on the affected areas. Kora-Konia soothes and heals in almost no time. It forms an antiseptic silken film that prevents friction and protects while it heals. Stays on for hours even in spite of perspiration. Lots of athletes use Kora-Konia.

Both samples for ten cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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Everlastic Octo-Strip Shingles are exceptional, too, in both durability and economy. The permanent mineral surface makes them highly resistant to fire as well as weather. A special rot-proof "seal back" protects the underside from air and moisture. And the "4-in-1" feature—four shingles in a strip—saves much time and expense in laying.

There are five other styles of dependable Barrett Everlastic Roofings—described at right. Among them you will find a suitable and economical roofing for every steep-roofed building.

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Everlastic Octo-Strip Shingles. The latest development in the strip shingle. Beautiful red or green mineral surface. Made in an unique form that offers a variety of designs in laying.

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Yet it was the Queen who held every eye! She was impressive, dominating, a real presence, in spite of her short stature and her plain exterior. Her blue eyes, which could shine with such tender affection for her adored grandchildren, flashed stern and imperious to the world at large.

The Queen spoke excellent French, and was even familiar with Provençal, the language of the south of France. She had read Mistral's poems in that dialect and could recite many of them from memory. She was interested in the folk songs of old France, and used to ask me to sing them for her. How gay and full of charm she was in her moments of relaxation! She used to call me a child of Nature and laugh at my inability to remember the rules of etiquette.

One day she sent for me to congratulate me after one of my concerts. I was very much moved by what she said, and in my confusion I answered, "Yes, princess," to one of her questions. She laughed, delighted.

"You make me feel young again!" she exclaimed.

As I was leaving her presence, walking backward, as custom demands, I stumbled on my dress. Forgetting everything, I turned quickly and picked up my train. Then I realized, by the expression on the faces of those around me, what a break I had made. I had turned my back on the Queen! She, however, was only amused.

"Go on! Go on!" she said, covering my embarrassment with a laugh. "You are charming from the back, as from every other point of view!"

During my visits to Windsor Castle I saw many interesting personages: the ill-fated Czar of Russia and his young wife, the Crown Prince and his fiancée, the King of Bavaria, the Kings of Sweden and Greece, the Empress Eugénie, and many others.

Eugénie was a frequent visitor at Windsor, where Queen Victoria, who had a warm affection for her, always welcomed her most cordially. I had been told by her cousin, Count Primoli, that the ex-Empress treasured very greatly anything that related to her son, the unfortunate Prince Imperial, whose early and tragic death was so crushing a blow to his adoring mother. One day I presented the Empress a small package which I had brought with me from France. In a few words I explained the impulse that had led me to take a bit of earth from the place that had once been the orange grove of the Palace of the Tuileries.

"They tell me that the Prince Imperial used to play in this garden as a child," I said. "Perhaps this earth still holds the memory of his footsteps."

I had not realized how much my gift would move her. Pale with emotion, she took the little bundle in her hands and left the room hurriedly. It was as though this handful of dry dirt were some holy relic that she must gaze upon alone and undisturbed.

The present Queen of Spain was then at court, a little girl who was occasionally permitted by her grandmother to attend the theatrical performances given at Windsor. She was present one evening when I sang Santuzza in Cavalleria. In one of the scenes the tenor had to throw me violently to the floor. The sensitive child burst into tears.

"I don't want him to hurt the lady!" she wailed in such a loud voice that everyone turned and looked at her. As I came off the stage I heard the future queen being thoroughly scolded by her governess.

"A princess must never cry in public!" she said sternly. "Your people are watching you! Pull yourself together! Be worthy of your position!"

The poor little girl, who could not have been more than six years old at the time, drew herself up. She swallowed her tears and walked, sedate and dignified, through the lines of obsequious attendants. Once out of sight, however, I heard the sobs break out anew. Nature had triumphed! I could not help pitying this royal child, as I compared her with the children of the people, who have at least the liberty of letting their tears flow unrestrained.

I have, among my treasures, a charming little picture of Queen Victoria, taken from a portrait made of her when she was about five years old. She presented it to me one day at Windsor, in a frame carrying her device and crest. A London newspaper had published, a little while before, my own picture made at that tender age. It had apparently greatly amused Her Majesty, for she spoke of it immediately on my next visit to the court; and at the same time gave me this delightful picture of herself.

The first time I sang at Windsor Castle a most absurd incident occurred. I was sitting in the suite of rooms which had been set aside for me, waiting to be conducted to the concert hall. It was after eight o'clock, and I was supposed to sing at nine. Becoming impatient, I rang the bell. No one answered. I told my maid, who was with me, to go in search of someone. She went to the door. It was locked.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried. "We are prisoners!"

There was no telephone in those days, and we could not make ourselves heard. We finally gave up the attempt, and I settled down philosophically to write some letters. My maid, who appreciated the opportunity of using note paper with the Windsor crest on it, did likewise. This girl, by the way, must have laid in a large supply of writing paper, for I used to receive letters from her years after she had left my service, written under the royal letterhead.

We were finally released from our confinement by an agitated lady in waiting, who explained that the sudden death of the *maître d'hôtel* had thrown the whole household into confusion. No one had realized my plight until I failed to appear.

One of the admirable and endearing qualities of Queen Victoria was her kindness and consideration for those whom she honored with her favor. I remember on one occasion being taken ill before a concert at Windsor Castle. I could not keep my engagement, and it was suggested that someone be sent to take my place. The Queen would not hear of it.

"No, indeed!" she said. "It would pain our friend Calvé. We will wait until she has entirely recovered."

I had the pleasure of seeing the Queen not only in the formal splendor of Windsor Castle but in her Highland home at Balmoral as well. There I was given an opportunity of judging how popular and well beloved a sovereign she was among her people. The whole countryside assembled one day on the terrace of the castle. All the farmers of the neighborhood were there, with their wives, their children and their grandchildren. The Queen walked among them, gracious and kindly. She seemed to know everyone by name, talking to them with the greatest interest, making all sorts of inquiries as to their welfare. Later in the day a banquet was served on the lawn, under the trees—a charming scene of rustic hospitality.

As a result of my many visits to Windsor and Balmoral I came into contact with various members of the royal family. One of the daughters of Queen Victoria was particularly witty and amusing. I remember hearing her discuss a certain actress of the Comédie Française, who was playing the part of a society woman in a modern comedy. The only criticism that could be made of this talented actress was that she played the part overconscientiously. She was excessively distinguished, impeccably perfect.

"What does your highness think of Mlle. —— in this part?" someone asked the princess.

"Oh, I am no judge!" she answered. "I do not always understand her. She is too much of a great lady for me!"

The royal princesses have continued their kindness to me since the death of Queen Victoria. They receive me most cordially whenever I go to London, and I had the pleasure of being presented to the Queen of Spain only a short time ago. She remembered vividly the incident of her childhood, and we laughed again over her anxiety for my safety, her tears, and the scolding she received in consequence.

One day during Queen Victoria's lifetime I received the following letter from her cousin, the Countess Feodora Gleichen:

"Madame: Her Majesty has commanded me to make a portrait bust of you in the rôle of Santuzza in Cavalleria Rusticana. Will you do me the very great honor of coming to my studio to pose, or would you prefer that I should come to you?"

I am therefore enshrined in marble at Windsor Castle, in the company of princes and princesses, of generals and kings.

"What are you thinking of, as you pose?" the countess asked me one day. "How do you manage to hold so dramatic, so intense an expression?"

"I am trying to personify human jealousy," I answered, "and so I sing to myself, 'He loved me once, I love him still!'"

The sculptress wrote these words across the base of the bust, and I have often thought, should that marble be lost and then found again after many hundred years, what a mystery it would create. The antiquarians would shake their heads and marvel.

"Who is this unfortunate princess dressed in peasant's clothes?" they would ask. "What is her history? What her secret sorrow?"

It would be a nine days' wonder!

The bust is not yet lost, however, for only a few years ago I asked the Princess Beatrice what had become of it, supposing that since Queen Victoria's death it had been relegated to some attic storeroom.

"Not at all!" the princess assured me. "We have gathered together all our mother's favorite possessions, portraits, statues, mementoes of all kinds, and placed them in a room known as the Victoria Room. There they will remain as long as the castle stands."

My memories of England are not all of royal gatherings and pleasant places. I witnessed there one of the most pitiful scenes that I have ever beheld. It was at the house of Lady de Grey one evening during a brilliant London season. Oscar Wilde came into the drawing-room where Lady de Grey was receiving. He approached our hostess and begged her to allow him to present a friend whom he had taken the liberty of bringing with him.

"He is very poor," Wilde explained, "and very unhappy. He is a distinguished French poet, a man of genius, but just now in great trouble."

Our hostess, whose kind heart and generous hand were ever at the service of the unfortunate, immediately acquiesced. Wilde left the room and returned in a moment, bringing with him—Paul Verlaine! Their entrance was spectacular. Oscar Wilde was at the height of his glory—brilliant, dashing, bejeweled, a veritable Beau Brummel. With his extraordinary clothes, his tall figure and buoyant carriage, he dominated the ill-clothed, shrinking figure beside him.

Wilde was rejoicing in his recent theatrical triumphs. Verlaine was just out of prison. I shall never forget the poor poet's eyes that night—eyes of a lost child, naïve, bewildered, infinitely pathetic. They haunt me to this day.

At Wilde's urgent request, Verlaine consented reluctantly to recite a recent poem, D'un Prison, which he had written while he was in prison. His voice, as he spoke the heartbreaking lines, was so poignant, so tragic, that everyone in the room was moved to tears. I have never been able to sing that song, set to music by Reynaldo Hahn, without a reminiscent shudder.

Several years later I was at the theater in Paris. I noticed a man sitting some distance from me. He was badly dressed, his shoulders hunched, his whole appearance shabby, furtive. There was something vaguely familiar about him, but I did not recognize him until he turned his head.

It was Oscar Wilde! Oscar Wilde, in the same forlorn state as his friend Verlaine, just out of prison himself, all his splendor gone, a miserable wreck, trying to hide his shame in the indifferent crowd.

I went toward him, greeting him with outstretched hands. He started at the sound of my voice, and turned toward me. Terrible! I saw again the pitiful child's eyes of poor Verlaine. For a second he shrank from me as though the memories that I brought were more than he could bear. Then with an exclamation of grief and despair he grasped my hands, murmuring in broken accents, "Oh, Calvé! Calvé!"

XII

I MADE my début at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, on November 29, 1893, in the rôle of Santuzza in Cavalleria Rusticana. The American public did not care very much for the opera at that time. It was severely criticized in the newspapers, but I myself had a great success.

The next morning the directors sent for me. They wished to change the bill immediately, and asked me to sing Carmen, not in French, as I had always sung it, but in Italian. I refused. The effect of my French diction would be lost, and the whole opera would be thrown out of focus. It was an impossible demand. One of the

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directors was particularly insistent, and not entirely courteous.

"You have no choice in the matter!" he said curtly. "Cavalleria has not been the success we expected. We must make a change immediately, and there is nothing more to be said."

I was in despair. I could not make the directors realize what I myself saw so clearly—that this work of art, conceived in the mind of a Frenchman, Prosper Mérimée, put to music by a French composer, must be sung by me, a Frenchwoman, in French. In no other way could it be given its full value, its true flavor and quality. It seemed to me both inartistic and impracticable to attempt anything else. If the directors wished to replace Cavalleria with a success, they would not achieve their object by putting on an ineffective Carmen.

In my agitation and helplessness I appealed to the elder Coquelin, who was acting in New York at the moment. I told him my troubles. He sympathized entirely with my point of view, and with his usual kindness went to the directors himself and used his influence to persuade them to give up the idea. They told him that they had no French tenor to sing the rôle of Don José, and that, therefore, I would have to sing in Italian. Undaunted by this rebuff he determined to succeed where they had failed. He would find a tenor. He went to Jean de Reszke and laid the case before him. Although it was not in De Reszke's repertory, he promised Coquelin that he would sing the rôle.

What a triumphant success was that production of Carmen! From then on it was the drawing card at the Metropolitan. We gave it again and again, to packed houses. The box receipts were astounding. In the succeeding seasons its popularity never waned. There was no further question as to how it should be sung.

What unforgetable casts, what glorious evenings! Jean de Reszke, Melba, Plançon and myself! The public was wildly enthusiastic. After each performance we would be recalled a thousand times. It was said that Carmen became epidemic, a joyful contagion.

In spite of my manager's enthusiasm for Bizet's opera, I sang all the other rôles of my repertory in New York, including Marguerite in Faust, Ophelia in Hamlet, the Margherita of Boito's Mefistofele, Massenet's La Navarraise, and the Messaline of De Lara.

For more than twelve years the Metropolitan was a fabulous opera house. Never have so many artists of exceptional talent been gathered together under one management. It was due largely to the genius of Maurice Grau, who was one of the most intelligent as well as one of the ablest impresarios I have ever known. He was more than a capable business man; he was an artist and an enthusiast as well. If he considered an opera above the average, a true work of art, he would produce it without regard to its money-making possibilities. He was interested, first and foremost, in achieving artistic success. That practical and financial success should follow was not distasteful to him, but at least it did not blind him to other issues.

He was always a thoughtful and considerate manager in his relations with his artists. I shall never forget his kindness to me at the time of my father's death. I was singing Carmen when I received the unexpected and crushing news, and I was in constant demand at the opera house. At that time Carmen was exceptionally popular. It was not a convenient moment for me to be given a leave of absence, but Mr. Grau understood my distress.

"My poor friend," he said, "I shall, as you know, lose money by your absence; but you must take your time. I leave you entirely free. Come back when you feel that you are able to sing again."

His kindness was surpassed only by his remarkable skill and ability as a manager. He grouped around him a brilliant company of singers, each distinguished in his own line, every one a musician and an artist.

Foremost among them was Victor Maurel, the great tragedian, a man of genius, whose Falstaff and Iago, not to mention his many other brilliant creations, stand alone. His name will remain forever linked with that of Verdi. I have never seen anyone with a more noble presence, a greater dignity of gesture and carriage, on the stage. His dramatic gift was so extraordinary that it dominated the minds of those who saw him, and almost made them forget his voice, which was, nevertheless, of an unusual quality, full of color and exceptionally expressive.

The rôle in which, to my mind, his qualities as a singer showed to best advantage was that of Mozart's Don Giovanni. I can still hear the inimitable manner in which he sang the famous serenade, "*Deh, vieni alla fenestra*" (Appear, love, at the window). His performance was a marvel of lightness and grace. His diction was always exquisite and enchanting.

And his Falstaff! With what elegant fatuity he rendered the air, "*Quand'eri paggio del Duca di Norfolk!*" (When I was page to the Duke of Norfolk). It was a masterpiece, complete and perfect.

He was, as I have said before, my teacher and master in the art of lyric declamation. I was fortunate in making my début with him in Aben Hamet, at the Théâtre des Italiens, of which he was at the time director. I was then very inexperienced, and he had an important and constructive influence on my career. I have for him an abiding gratitude and admiration.

I am fortunate in having a most interesting portrait of Maurel as Iago. It was taken before the first performance of the rôle in Italy, and he himself considers it the most interesting photograph of this character.

Jean de Reszke, the unforgetable, master of the art of singing, whose style and finish have never been equaled. He was the Romeo of one's dreams, the ideal Lohengrin, the perfect Siegfried.

Edouard de Reszke, of the glorious voice, was his brother. Both admirable singers, they were an unusual pair, each the complement of the other.

Marcella Sembrich, marvelous singer, impeccable vocalist in the art of *bel canto*, has left in the memory of all those who had the privilege of hearing her an impression of perfect execution in all the coloratura rôles which she so admirably interpreted.

Melba, whose pure voice soared like a skylark—"intimate of heaven."

Lilli Lehmann, that noble singer, whose authoritative style, scientific knowledge and perfection both in singing and in acting aroused the admiration of artists and public alike.

Emma Eames, whose voice and talent equaled her great beauty.

Madame Nordica, admirable interpreter of Wagner, whose sudden death in Australia was so great a blow to all her friends.

Milka Ternina, highly intellectual, a Kundry beyond compare.

Mme. Clementine de Vere, accomplished musician, whose lovely voice had an unusual range. She was a highly gifted musician and possessed a very large operatic repertory.

Madame Schumann-Heink, who, after a long and successful operatic career, has continued to delight the American public from the concert stage.

Salignac of the fiery temperament, talented singer and actor, who, after his engagement in New York, became one of the leading figures on the stage of the Opéra Comique in Paris, where he created a number of extremely interesting rôles.

Plançon, the admirable bass, exponent of the pure French school in art and diction, with whom I sang for many years, both in the United States and in England.

And poor Castelmary, my old friend and comrade, who died so tragically on the stage while singing Sir Tristan in Von Flotow's Martha. I was in the audience that night. As soon as he came on the stage I noticed that he looked tired and ill. In the second scene, where he is surrounded by the village maidens, who are supposed to prevent his pursuit of Martha, I saw him stagger and throw his arms in the air.

"I am choking!" he cried.

The chorus, thinking this an impromptu piece of acting, crowded around him even more closely, laughing, teasing, pulling him about, smothering him with their embraces. He struggled frantically for one or two minutes, and then fell to the floor with a crash.

Everyone rushed behind the scenes, but it was too late. He was dead. Nothing could be done for him. I tried to wipe the make-up from those cold cheeks. It was difficult, impossible. I put a crucifix between his hands, and they carried him away as he was, in his comedian's costume.

Speaking of my comrades at the Metropolitan reminds me of a tenor with whom I appeared for a single performance only, a most extraordinary experience. The bill that evening was Cavalleria Rusticana, with Salignac as Turiddu. When I arrived at the theater I heard that my partner was ill. Much perturbed, I inquired who was to take his place.

"It is quite all right!" I was assured. "An excellent substitute has been found. A very fine singer, well known in New York. Go ahead with the performance!"

After my aria in the first act the tenor enters. Imagine my stupefaction when I saw before me a hunchback! A hunchback, of whom I was supposed to be passionately enamored, desperately jealous! It was grotesque! I heard someone in the audience snicker. I was furious!

I turned to leave the stage, indifferent to the scandal it might create, when I was arrested by the expression on the face of the unfortunate man. Timid, fearful, ashamed, the mute appeal in his eyes touched my heart. Pity overcame my anger. I took up my cue and went on with the scene.

Fortunately an inspiration came to my rescue. I made the poor man sit down. He looked like a dwarf when standing; but seated, he seemed taller. I threw myself on my knees before him, and with my arms about him I sang the passionate love song of Santuzza. It was difficult, one of the most difficult things I have ever had to do; but in order to save the situation I sang with such sincerity, such conviction, and he, poor creature, with so much good will, that we made a tremendous hit. Between curtains he would wring my hands, tears of gratitude streaming from his eyes.

"Thank you! Thank you!" was all he could say, over and over again.

As I look back upon those years at the Metropolitan they are illuminated by a radiance, a glamour of their own. It was due in no small measure to the enthusiasm and cordiality of that great American public, which welcomed us with open arms.

This does not mean that we were never criticized. No, indeed! Each one of us, and the troupe as a whole, received occasionally a thorough rating from the press. I remember that at one time a violent discussion was in progress with reference to the salaries paid the stars of the Metropolitan.

"These European song birds," the papers said, "go beyond the limit. They come over here and demand the most enormous sums. They make all their money here and then fly home with it. It is outrageous. It ought to be stopped!"

An enterprising reporter interviewed Duse on this subject. She answered him with her usual wisdom and grace.

"You are astonished," she said, "that these great opera singers should be able to command such high salaries. Have you ever considered the heritage that goes to the making of so marvelous and delicate an instrument as Melba and Calvé possess? Do you realize how many generations of clean and simple living flower in those pure voices? Calvé once told me of a remark that her father made one day after hearing her sing. It is so appropriate and so true that it needs no further comment.

"'Ah, my daughter,' he said, 'it is easy to see that your forebears have economized for you. Through the long ages they have sat mutely by their firesides, spinning and weaving through the quiet hours. Your song is made of their silence.'"

Our seasons with Maurice Grau were not all spent quietly in New York. Part of the time we traveled through the United States and sang in all the important cities in the country. After these long tours and the hard work of the winter months we turned our faces toward Europe. But for myself and certain other members of the troupe the year's work was not yet done. We were engaged in England, to sing at Covent Garden. The season in London is later than in New York; and so, in spite of the fatigues of my American engagements, I appeared there during six or eight weeks in all my different rôles.

Year after year I returned to America for the winter months. I did not leave the boards of the Metropolitan for many years. In 1906 I sang for one season at the Manhattan Opera House and after that I went on extensive concert tours, visiting all the important cities of the United States and Canada, welcomed everywhere with a joyful cordiality by a public which is the most eclectic, the most enthusiastic that I have ever known.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Madame Calvé. The third will appear in an early issue.

FISHER BODIES

On each finished body built by Fisher—forward of the front door, on the right hand side—is the symbol by which the manufacturer indicates his pride in coachwork of surpassing beauty and durability; his confidence that this pride will be justified in your continued satisfaction.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION
DETROIT WALKERVILLE, ONT. CLEVELAND

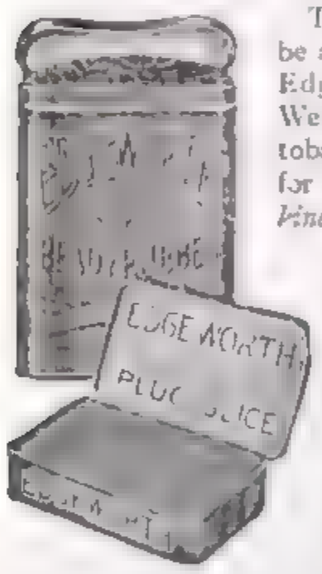
He could borrow money from an Edgeworth smoker

"I left the house in a hurry. Had bought my railroad ticket the day before, so I didn't realize I had left my money at home until I was aboard the train. I was going to a strange town to do business with a man I didn't know, so it would have been quite embarrassing.

"I went into the smoking car. I looked over the men and decided to tell my story to one of them. But which one? That was the question. It was answered quickly. A man pulled out a pipe. 'He's the man for me,' I thought. But when he took a can of Edgeworth from his pocket, *then I knew.*

"He lent me the trifling sum I asked for and in thanking him I mentioned that I was an Edgeworth smoker and that was what influenced me to speak to him, a perfect stranger.

"'Perfect stranger!' he laughed. 'Not on your life. No pipe smoker is a perfect stranger to another—especially if they both smoke Edgeworth.'"



There does seem to be a friendship among Edgeworth smokers. We don't claim that the tobacco is responsible for this so much as the *kind of men who smoke Edgeworth.*

Perhaps you've had a similar experience. If you have, we'd like to hear of it.

And we'll send free samples—generous helpings of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Plug Slice—to any man whether he has some favorite brand or not. We know we couldn't change him from a tobacco that exactly suited him, but if Edgeworth should convince him—well, that would make us both happy.

After all, the happiest man in this world is the one who smokes a tobacco he likes—from the very first pipeful in the morning to the last pipeful at night. For all you know, that tobacco might be Edgeworth.

Send a postcard for free samples with your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st St., Richmond, Va. If you would also add the name and address of the dealer from whom you usually buy your tobacco, we would appreciate your courtesy.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

THE VAN ROON

(Continued from Page 19)

"I am wondering, sir," said S. Gedge, Antiques, "whether the National Gallery would care to acquire this fine example."

It was a sudden inspiration, but those measured tones and cautious eyes gave no indication of the fact. Sir Arthur Babraham, in his own capacity of a National Gallery trustee, began sensibly to moderate his transports.

"More unlikely things, Mr. Gedge," at last he brought himself reluctantly to say. "Van Roons are very scarce, and if this chap is as all that he appears to be at a first glance it will be a pity to let him leave the country."

Piously S. Gedge, Antiques, thought so too.

Sir Arthur turned to the picture again. Like M. Duponnet, he seemed to have difficulty in keeping his expert gaze off that modest and simple canvas.

"Reminds one," he said, "of that choice thing that was stolen from the Louvre about twenty-five years ago. The size is similar and, as I remember it, the whole composition is in some ways identical."

The old man was startled, but not visibly. "Was there one stolen from the Loov, sir?" he said with a polite air of asking for information.

"Why, yes. Don't you remember? There was a great stir at the time. It was cut out of its frame. The French Government offered a big reward, but the work has never been recovered."

"Indeed, sir." All at once the old crocodile began to gambol a little. "Let's hope this ain't the boy." He gave a mild snigger. But, as his next words proved, there was more in that snigger than met the ear. "In the event of this little jool turning out to be stolen property, what, sir, do you suppose would be the position of the present owner?"

"Difficult to say, Mr. Gedge."

"He'd receive compensation?"

"Substantial compensation one would think—if he was able to prove his title."

If he was able to prove his title! Those blunt little words had a sinister sound for S. Gedge, Antiques, but he did not turn a hair. "No difficulty about that, sir," he said robustly.

"Quite!" Evidently Sir Arthur had no doubt upon the point. "But as the question might arise it may be well to have it settled before disposing of the picture."

S. Gedge agreed.

"And in any case, before parting with it," said Sir Arthur, "it will be wise, I think, to take advice."

Again S. Gedge agreed. "You mean, sir, it may be very valuable indeed?"

"Yes, I quite think it may be. At a cursory glance it has the look of a fine example of a great master. I remember at the time that L'Automne disappeared from the Louvre it was said to be worth at least two hundred and fifty thousand francs, and since then Van Roons have more than doubled in value."

"In that case, sir"—there was a tremor of real emotion in the voice of the old dealer—"this be-yew-ti-ful thing ought not to be allowed to leave the country."

"Unfortunately the French authorities may compel it to do so." And the connoisseur sighed as he fingered the canvas lovingly.

Affirmed S. Gedge, Antiques: "I don't believe, sir, for a moment that it is L'Automne."

"One wouldn't like to say it is," said the cautious Sir Arthur, "and one wouldn't like to say it isn't."

"It'll be up to the Loov to prove it, anyhow."

"Quite. In the meantime, before you let it go I hope you'll give me an opportunity of looking at it again."

This modest request caused the old man to rub his nose. He was not in a position, he said mysteriously, to give a promise, but certainly he would do his best to meet the wishes of Sir Arthur.

"Thank you, Mr. Gedge. If this picture is not claimed by other people—and, of course, one doesn't for a moment suggest that it will be—steps might be taken to keep it here. We are so poor in Van Roons—there is only one, I believe, to our shame, in this country at the present time—that we can't afford to let a thing of this kind slip through our fingers. Therefore, as I say, before you decide to sell I hope you'll take advice."

S. Gedge, Antiques, gravely thanked Sir Arthur Babraham. He would keep those wise words in mind. And in the meantime he would pack that in a crate—he pointed a finger straight at June's eyes—and send it to Homefield.

"Near Byfleet, Surrey, I think you said, sir?"

XXIX

THE distinguished visitors were bowed into the street. And then S. Gedge, Antiques, with the face of a man whose soul is in torment, returned to contemplation of the picture and also of M. Duponnet's check, which he took out of his pocketbook. It was clear that his mind was the prey of a deep problem. The bird in the hand was well enough so far as it went, but the bird in the bush was horribly tempting.

At last with a heavy sigh the old man returned the check to his pocket, and then, cautiously lifting up the loose board, put back the picture whence it had come and drew the oak chest over the spot. He then shambled off to the room next door, which was full of odds and ends, mingled with a powerful smell of oil and varnish.

June at once made an attempt to get out of prison. But she now found her position to be as she had already surmised. To enter without help had been no mean feat; to escape in the same fashion was impossible. Wedged so tightly inside the hoodoo, there was neither play nor purchase for her hands; and frantic as her efforts were, they were yet subordinated to the knowledge that it would be quite easy for the thing to topple over. Should that happen the consequences would certainly be alarming and possibly ghastly.

Frantically wriggling in the jaws of the hoodoo, it did not matter what she did; she was firmly held. And the fear of Uncle Si, who was pottering about quite close at hand, while imposing silence upon her, intensified the growing desperation of her case. She was a mouse in a trap.

Too soon did she learn that only one course was open to her. She must wait for William's return. Irksome and humiliating as the position was, it was clear that she could do nothing without help.

Would William never come? The minutes ticked on and her durance grew exceedingly vile. She became conscious of pains in her shoulders and feet; she felt as if she could hardly draw breath; her head, throbbing with excitement, seemed as if it must burst. It was a horrible fix to be in.

Suffering acutely now, she yielded as well as she could to the inevitable. There was simply nothing to be done. She must wait. It was imprisonment in a most unpleasant form, and she was frightened by the knowledge that it might continue many hours. Even when William did return—and there was no saying when he would do so—he was quite as likely to enter by the back door as by the shop. So terrible was the thought that June felt ready to faint at the bare idea.

This was a matter, however, in which fate was not so relentless after all. June was doing her best to bear up in the face of this new and paralyzing fear, when the shop door opened, and lo, William came in.

Great was her joy, and yet it had to be tempered by considerations of prudence. She contrived to raise her lips to the mouth of the hoodoo and to breathe his name in a tragic whisper.

As he heard her and turned she urged in the same odd fashion, "For heaven's sake—not a sound!"

"Why—Miss June!" he gasped. "Where are you?"

She checked him with wild whisperings that yet served to draw him to her prison.

He was dumfounded, quite as much by her fiercely tragic voice as by the amazing predicament in which he found her.

"Help me out!" she commanded him. "And don't make the least sound. Uncle Si is next door, and if he finds me here something terrible will happen."

Such force and such anxiety had one at least of the results so much to be desired. They forbade the asking of future questions. Every moment was precious if she was to make good her escape.

William in this crisis proved himself a right good fellow. His sense of the ludicrous was keen, but he stifled it. Moreover, a legitimate curiosity had been fully aroused, but he stifled that also as he proceeded to carry out these imperious orders. But even with such ready and stalwart help June was to learn again that it was no easy matter to escape from the hoodoo.

Without venturing to speak again, William mounted the gate-legged table and offered both hands to the prisoner. But the trouble was that she was so tightly pinned that she could not raise hers to receive them. And it was soon fatally clear that so long as the hoodoo kept the perpendicular it would be impossible for any external agent to secure a lien upon the body wedged within its jaws.

After several attempts at dislodgment had miserably failed June gasped in a kind of anguish, "Do you think you can tip this thing over—very gently—without making a sound?"

This was trying William highly indeed, but it seemed the only thing to be done. Happily he was tall and strong; much was said, all the same, for his power of muscle and the infinite tact with which it was applied that he was able to tilt the hoodoo on to its end. Keeping the vase firmly under control he then managed to regulate its descent to the shop floor so skillfully as to avoid a crash.

Such a feat was really a triumph of applied dynamics. June, however, was not in a position to render it all the homage it deserved, even if she was deeply grateful for the address that William brought to bear upon his task. Once the hoodoo had been laid at full length on the shop floor she was able to wriggle her body and her shoulders with what violence she pleased without the fear of disaster. A series of convulsive twists and writhings and she was free!

As soon as she knew that she was no longer pinned by the jaws of the monster the action of a strong mind was needed to ward off a threat of hysteria. But she controlled herself sufficiently to help William restore the hoodoo to the perpendicular, and then she said in a whisper of extreme urgency which was barely able to mask the sob of nerves overstrung: "Not one word now! But go straight into the kitchen—just as if you hadn't seen me. And remember whatever happens"—the whisper grew fiercer, the sob more imminent—"if Uncle Si asks the question, you haven't seen me. I'm supposed to be looking for a job. You understand?"

To say that William did understand would have been to pay him a most fulsome compliment; yet the stout fellow behaved as if the whole of this amazing matter was as clear as daylight. Such was June's fixity of will, the sheer force of her personality, that he left the shop at once like a man hypnotized. Excited questions trembled upon his lips, but in the face of this imperiousness he did not venture to give them play.

He made one attempt—one half-hearted attempt: "But, Miss June ——"

The only answer of Miss June was to cram one hand over his mouth, and with the other to propel him towards the door which led to the back premises.

XXX

AS SOON as William had passed out of the shop June stood a moment to gather nerve and energy for the task before her. Feeling considerably tossed, above all she was devoured by a horrible form of excitement whose effect was like nothing so much as a bad dream. But this was not a time for dreams. The situation was full of peril; not a moment must be lost.

The picture was her immediate concern. She set herself at once to the business of moving the oak chest aside. This presented no difficulty, for there was nothing in it; but the loose board beneath it did. Fingers unhelped could not prize it up, they must have a chisel. She knew that such an implement was to be found in one of the drawers of the desk, but she had stealthily to open three or four before she came upon the right one.

While all this was going on she could hear the voices of William and Uncle Si in the room next door. It seemed that no matter what her caution or her haste she would almost certainly be interrupted before she was through with her task. But luck was with her. She was able to lift the board, take forth the picture, replace the chest and return the chisel to its drawer without the voices coming any nearer.

Continued on Page 41

When the coffee's hot

BE sure to take plenty of Carnation Milk with you when you go into the woods on your camping trip. It is as important an item as bacon or coffee. It will keep perfectly no matter how long you are gone and you will have use for it three times each day for cooking, drinking and in your coffee. Just cows' milk evaporated and sterilized, Carnation belongs in every duffle bag.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, 832 Consumers Building, CHICAGO; 932 Stuart Building, SEATTLE

Flapjacks—Make a batter of 1 cupful Carnation Milk diluted with 1 cupful water, 2½ cupfuls flour, ¼ teaspoonful salt, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls on a hot greased pan. Brown on one side, turn and brown on other side.

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

Sold by Grocers Everywhere

Carnation Milk Products Company
New York Chicago Seattle Aylmer, Ont.

LIGHTING Helps in SELLING

Is Your Display Window Worth $1 an Hour?

In the Cleveland store of Oppenheim, Collins & Company was conducted recently a scientific test of the attraction power of display window lighting.

Every merchant knows that good windows, well lighted, do attract trade, but this is the first time the attraction power of light has been *accurately measured.*

The tests were made at night and all persons passing in front of the store were counted until 10,000 had passed. Changes were made in the window lighting every half to three-quarters of an hour and the number who stopped to look was registered with each change, especial care being taken to eliminate possibility of error.

The following facts derived from the test will be found helpful to merchants everywhere.

(1) Increasing the light from ordinary levels to the middle level stopped 24% more passersby.

(2) Increasing the light to high level stopped an additional 18%.

(3) If the cost of ordinary lighting is, say, 8 cents per hour (including current and lamp renewals), then the middle level of lighting on this basis would cost 13 cents per hour, and high level lighting 18 cents per hour.

(4) Any store whose windows bring a direct profit of $1.00 or more per hour should employ high-level illumination which will increase their value to $1.40 or more per hour at an additional cost of only 10 cents per hour.

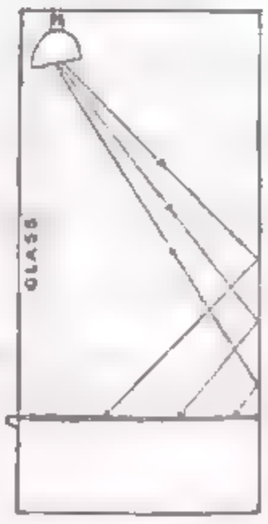
(5) Stores whose windows are worth less than $1.00 per hour in direct profit can, in most instances, well afford the middle level of illumination, as the increased cost will be only a fraction of the increased profit.

Merchants who are interested may obtain a complete report of the Oppenheim, Collins & Company test, together with instructions for obtaining the various levels of illumination in their own windows.

In the column at the right are published some recipes which will produce satisfactory illumination in average windows—and these recipes will give you a standard against which to measure the effectiveness of your present window lighting! National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 307 Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service.

Some Recipes for Display Window Lighting



This diagram shows how reflectors should be placed in window.

For high-level illumination in the average show window, use 150-watt clear MAZDA C lamps in standard mirrored or prismatic glass show-window reflectors spaced 12 inches apart. This lighting level is somewhat lower than the highest level used in the Oppenheim-Collins test For middle-level illumination use 100-watt clear MAZDA C lamps with reflectors of type and spacing given above. For windows with extra high ceilings use the next larger size of lamp, and if the window is more than eight feet deep, use two rows of lamps. If MAZDA Daylight lamps are used for window lighting, the next larger size lamps should be installed.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

(Continued from Page 38)

Picture in hand she tiptoed out of the shop as far as the stairs. Through the open door of the inner room the back of Uncle Si was visible as she crept up. It was taking a grave risk to attempt the stairs at such a moment, but she was wrought up to a point where to go back and wait was impossible. She must continue to chance her luck.

Up the stairs she crept, expecting at every second to hear a harsh voice recall her. To her unspeakable relief, however, she was able to gain sanctuary in her own room without hindrance. She bolted the door against the enemy, although so far as she was aware he was still in the room below in total ignorance of what had happened.

Shivering as if in the throes of fever she sat on the edge of her narrow bed. The treasure was hers still. She held it to her bosom as a mother holds a child; yet the simple act gave rise at once to the problem of problems: What must be done with the thing now? There would be no security for it under that roof. And not to the picture alone did this apply but also to herself. Anything might happen as soon as the old man found out that the Van Roon was not, after all, to be his. Meanwhile the future hardly bore thinking about; it was like a precipice beyond whose edge she dared not look.

One thing, however, did not admit of a moment's delay—there and then the treasure must be smuggled out of the house and put in a place of safety. Roweled by this thought June rose from the bed, took a piece of brown paper and some string from her box and proceeded to transform the picture into a neat parcel. She then slipped off her dress, which was considerably the worse for contact with the dusty interior of the hoodoo, performed a hasty toilet, put on her walking-out coat and skirt and changed her shoes.

Finally she put on the better of the only two hats she possessed, slipped her mother's battered old leather purse into her coat pocket, and then, umbrella in one hand, parcel in the other, she turned to the hazard of stealing downstairs and making good her escape.

In the middle of the twisty stairs, just before their sharpest bend would bring her into the view of persons below, she stopped to listen. The voices had ceased; she could not hear a sound. Two ways lay before her of reaching the street—one via the parlor to the kitchen and out along the side entry, the other through the front door of the shop. Either route might be commanded at the moment by the enemy.

With nothing to guide her June felt that the only safe course just then was to stay where she was. In the strategic position she had taken up on the stairs she could not be seen from below, yet a quick ear might hope to gain a clew to what was going on.

She had not to wait long. From the inner room, whose door opposite the foot of the stairs was still half open, although its occupant was no more seen, there suddenly came the strident tones of Uncle Si. They were directed unmistakably kitchenward.

"Boy, you'd better get the tea ready. Seemin'ly that gell ain't home."

"Very good, sir," came a prompt and cheerful response from the back premises.

June decided at once that the signs were favorable. Now was her chance; the way through the front shop was evidently clear. Deftly as a cat she came down the remaining stairs and stole past the half-open door of what was known as the lumber room, where, however, old chairs were sometimes fitted with new legs and old chests with new panels.

Uncle Si was undoubtedly there. June could hear him moving about as she passed the door; indeed she was hardly clear of it when she received a most unwelcome reminder of this fact. Either he chanced to turn round as she crept by or he caught a glimpse of her passing in one of the numerous mirrors that surrounded him, for just as she reached the shop threshold she heard his irascible bark: "That you, niece?"

The road clear ahead, June did not pause to weigh consequences. She simply bolted. Even if the old man was not likely to guess what her neat parcel contained it would surely be the height of folly to give him the chance.

Never in her life had she been quite so thankful as when she found herself in the street with the treasure safely under her arm.

XXXI

JUNE went swiftly down New Cross Street to the Strand. Until she reached that garish sea of traffic she dared not look back lest hot on her heels should be Uncle Si. Such a discovery she well knew was not at all likely; the feeling was therefore illogical, yet she could not rid herself of it until she merged in the ever-flowing tide.

Taking refuge at last in a jeweler's doorway from the maelstrom of passers by, June had now another problem to face. The Van Roon must find a home. But the question of questions was—Where?

Apart from William and Uncle Si and her chance acquaintance, Mr. Keller, she did not know a soul in London. Mr. Keller, however, sprang at once to her mind. Yet more than one reservation promptly arose in regard to him. She knew really nothing about him beyond the fact that he was a man of obviously good address, belonging to a class superior to her own. He was a man of the world, of a certain breeding and education, but whether it would be wise to trust a comparative stranger in such a matter seemed exceedingly doubtful to a girl of June's horse sense. Still there was no one else to whom she could turn. And recalling the circumstances of their first meeting, if one could ignore the means by which it had come about, there was something oddly compelling, something oddly attractive, about this Mr. Keller.

In the total absence of any alternative June found her mind drawn so far in the direction of this man of mystery that at last she took from her purse a slip of paper on which he had written his name and address: Adolph Keller, No. 4, Haliburton Studios, Manning Square, Soho.

Could she trust him with the care of a Van Roon? Now that she had been a witness of its terrible effect on Uncle Si she was forced to ask whether it would be right to trust any man with such a treasure. Luckily, the world was not peopled exclusively with Uncle Sis. She would have to trust somebody with her treasure; that was certain. And, after all, there was no reason to suspect that Mr. Keller was not an honest man.

She was still in the jeweler's doorway, wrestling with the pros and cons of this tough matter, when a passing bus displaying the name Victoria Station caught her eye. In a flash came the solution of the problem.

Again she entered the sea of traffic, to be borne slowly along by that slow tide as far as Charing Cross. Here she waited for another bus bound for Victoria. The solving of the riddle was absurdly simple after all. What place for her treasure could be safer, more accessible than a railway-station cloakroom?

She boarded Bus 23. But hardly had it turned the corner into Whitehall when a thin flicker of elation was dashed by the salutary thought that her brain was giving out. The cloakroom at Charing Cross, from the precincts of whose station she had just driven away, was equally adapted to her need. Along the entire length of Whitehall and Victoria Street she was haunted by the idea that she was losing her wits. A prolonged scrutiny of her pale but now collected self in a confectioner's window on the threshold of the London and Brighton terminus was called for to reassure her. And even then, for a girl so shrewd and so practical, there remained the scar of a distressing mental lapse.

It did not take long to deposit the parcel in the cloakroom on the main line down platform. But in the act of doing so occurred a slight incident which was destined to have a bearing on certain events to follow. When a ticket was handed to her she could meet the charge of threepence only with a ten-shilling note.

"Nothing smaller, miss?" asked the clerk.

"I'm afraid I haven't," said June, searching her purse, and then carefully placing the ticket in its middle compartment.

"You'll have to wait while I get change then."

"Sorry to trouble you," June murmured as the clerk went out through a door into an inner office. Ever observant and alert, she noticed that the clerk was a tallish young man, whose freely curling fair hair put her in mind of William, and that he wore a new suit of green corduroy.

The likeness to William gave bouquet to her politeness when the young man returned with the change. "Sorry to give you so much trouble," she said again.

"No trouble, miss." And Green Corduroy handed the change across the cloakroom counter with a frank smile that was not unworthy of William himself.

XXXII

THE treasure in a safe place, June had to consider what to do next. One fact stood out clear in her mind: She must leave at once the sheltering roof of S. Gedge, Antiques. There was no saying what would happen when the old crocodile discovered that the Van Roon was missing.

The sooner she collected her box and her gear and found another lodging the better. Her best plan would be to go back to New Cross Street and get them now. Uncle Si was hardly likely as yet to have made the discovery. It would be wise, therefore, to take advantage of this lull, for at the most it was only a matter of a few hours before the truth would be known. And when known it was, No.— New Cross Street was the very last place in London in which she would choose to be.

There was a chance of course that the murder was out already, but she would have to take the risk of that. All that she had in the world beyond the six paper pounds, nine shillings and ninepence in her purse, was in the box in the garret. Her entire resources were about seventeen pounds in money, a scanty wardrobe and a few odds and ends of jewelry of little value, but if she could get hold of these they might suffice to tide her over a sorely anxious time.

In the present state of her nerves courage was needed to return to New Cross Street. But it had to be. And it was now or never. If her box was to be got away she must go boldly back at once and claim it. How this was to be done without arousing suspicion she did not quite know, but the most hopeful method was to announce that she had been able to find a job and also good lodgings, and that she did not care to lay the burden of her presence upon Uncle Si one hour longer than was necessary.

She had been brought up with a strict regard for the truth, but fate was driving her so hard that she could not afford to have scruples. Hanging by a strap on the Underground to Charing Cross, which seemed the quickest route—and time was the essence of the matter—she rehearsed the part she had now to play. Certainly the playing itself would not lack gusto. Nothing life so far had given her would yield quite so much pleasure as saying good-by to the old crocodile and ironically thanking him for all his kindness. At the same time the job-and-lodgings story must be pitched in just the right key or his suspicions would be aroused, and then something horribly unpleasant might occur.

By the time June had turned out of the Strand into New Cross Street a heavy autumnal dusk had fallen upon the bleak thoroughfare. Somehow the dark pall struck at her heart. In a sense it was symbolic of the business upon which she was engaged. She felt like a thief whose instinct welcomes darkness but whose conscience fears it.

Never in her life had she needed such courage to turn up that gloomy and dismal street and accost the forbidding threshold of S. Gedge, Antiques. The shop was still open, for it was hardly more than six o'clock, and two gas jets lit the interior in a way that added to its cheerlessness.

She stood a moment with the knob of the shop door in her hand. All the nerve she could muster was wanted to venture within. But she did go in, and she felt a keen relief when a hasty glance told her that Uncle Si was not there.

XXXIII

JUNE had a further moment of indecision while she thought out what her line must be. She resolved to go direct to her room and pack her box. Afterwards she must find William and enlist his help in bringing it downstairs, and then she would get a taxi and drive off with her things before Uncle Si discovered his loss. Otherwise——

Her mind had not time to shape the grisly alternative before the immediate course of events shaped it for her. Suddenly she was aware of a presence lurking in the dark shadows of the shop interior. It was couchant, vengeful, hostile. Almost before June could guess what was happening it had sprung upon her.

With astounding force her right wrist was grasped and twisted behind her back. She gave a little yelp of pain. A second

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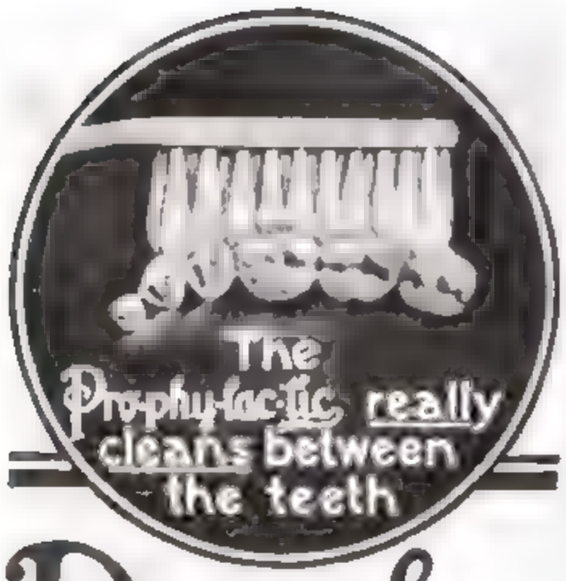

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yelp followed as she struggled to free herself, only to find that she was locked in a vise, and that to fight against it would be agony.

"Now, you hussy, where is it?" The low voice hissing in her ear was surely that of a maniac. "Where's the picture?" The grip upon her had the strength of ten. "Where is it—eh?" As the question was put her captor shook her fiercely. "Tell me!" He shook her again.

"Oh, you won't—won't you?" And then she realized that there was something in his hand.

She called wildly for William, but there was no response.

"No use lifting up your voice. The boy's out."

She fought to get free, but with a wrist still locked she was at his mercy. "Now then, where's that picture? Won't tell me—eh?" There was madness in that depth of rage.

Quite suddenly there came a sickening crash upon her shoulders. She let out with her heels and found the shin of the enemy, she fought and screamed, yet, pinned like that, she felt her wrist must break and her arm be wrenched from its socket.

"Where is it—you thief?"

The stick crashed again, this time in a series of horrible blows. So severe was the pain that it appeared to drive through her whole being. She began to fear that he meant to kill her; and as the stick continued to descend she felt sure that he would.

She was a strong, determined girl, but her captor had her at a hopeless disadvantage. His strength, besides, was that of one possessed. Her cries and struggles merely added to his savagery. "Tell me where it is or I'll knock the life out of you!" Utterly desperate, she contrived at last to break away; and though with the force of a maniac he tried to prevent her escape, somehow she managed to get into the street. He followed her as far as the shop door, brandishing the stick, hurling imprecations upon her and threatening what he would do if she didn't bring the picture back at once.

Bruised, gasping, June reeled into the darkness. Feeling more dead than alive she lingered near by after the old man had gone in, trying to pull her battered self together. She badly wanted her box, yet the only hope of getting it now was by means of the police. As things were, however, it would not be wise to ask their help. The old wretch was so clever he might be able to make her out a thief; besides, for the time being she had had more than enough of this horrible affair.

Cruelly hurt she moved at last with slow pain towards the Strand. By now she had decided that her most imperative need was a night's lodging. Before starting to look for one, however, the enticing doors of a tea shop gave her a renewed sense of weakness. Gratefully she went in and sat down, ordering a pot of tea and a little bread and butter, which she felt too ill to eat.

Nearly half an hour she sat in the company of her thoughts. Hard, unhappy thoughts they were. Without one friend to whom in this crisis she could turn, the world which confronted her now was an abyss. The feeling of loneliness was desolating, yet, after all, far less so than it would have been were she not fortified by the memory of a certain slip of paper in her purse.

A slow return of fighting power revived a spark of natural resolution within her. After all, a potent weapon was in her hands. She must think out a careful plan of turning it to full account. And at the worst she was now beyond the reach of Uncle Si. Even if he kept her box and all its contents, weighed in the scale of the picture's fabulous worth, her modest possessions amounted to very little.

Stimulated by this conclusion she began to forget her aches. When a waitress came June asked for her bill. It was sixpence. She put her hand in the pocket of her coat. Her purse was not there.

With a little thrill of fear she felt in the pocket on the other side. The purse was not there either. She was stunned. This was a blow far worse than those she had just received. She grew so dazed that as she got up she swayed against the table and had to hold on to it to save herself from falling.

The waitress who had written out the bill caught a glimpse of scared eyes set in a face of chalk.

"Aren't you well?" she asked.

"I I've lose my purse," June stammered. "It's fallen out of my pocket, I think." As with frantic futility she plunged her hand in again she was raked by the true meaning of such a fact in all its horror. Unless her purse had been stolen on the Underground—and it was not very likely—it had almost certainly fallen out of her pocket in the course of the struggle with Uncle Si.

It was lying now on the shop floor unless the old wretch had found it already. And if he had he would lose no time in examining its contents. He had only to do so for the cloakroom ticket to tell him where the Van Roon was deposited, and to provide him with a sure means of obtaining it.

All this flashed through June's mind in one wild vista just as the concerned voice of the waitress came to her again:

"You may have had your pocket picked."

June did not think so. Yet, being unable to take the girl into her confidence, she did not choose to disclose her doubts.

"Perhaps I have," she gasped. And then, face to face with the extreme peril of the case, her overdriven nerves broke out in mutiny. She burst into tears. "I don't know what I'll do!" she sobbed.

The waitress was full of sympathy. "Your bill is only sixpence. Come in and pay tomorrow."

Through her tears June thanked her.

"'Tisn't my bill, although it's very kind of you. There was something very important in my purse."

"Where did you have it last?"

"In the booking hall, when I took a ticket from Victoria to Charing Cross."

"Your pocket's been picked," said the waitress with conviction. "There's a warning in all the Tubes."

The comfort was cold, yet comfort it was of a kind. June saw a wan ray of hope. After all, there was a bare possibility that inexorable fate was not the thief.

"I'd go to Scotland Yard if I were you," said the waitress. "The police often get back stolen property. Last year my sister's house was burgled, and they recovered nearly everything for her."

June began to pull herself together. It was not hope, however, that braced her faculties, but an effort of the will. Hope there was none of recovering the purse, but she was now faced by the stern necessity of getting back the picture. In the light of this tragedy it was in most serious peril. Delay might be fatal, if indeed it had not already proved to be so. She must go at once and get possession of the treasure lest it be too late.

The waitress was a good Samaritan. Not only could the bill wait until the next day, but she went even further. "Is your home far from here?" she asked.

"My home—far?" said June dazedly. For the moment she did not understand all that was implied by the question.

"If you live on the District and you haven't a season, I don't mind lending you a shilling to get you there."

June accepted a shilling with earnest thanks. In the circumstances it might be worth untold gold.

"You can give it me back any time you are passing," said the waitress, as June thanked her again and made her way unsteadily out into the street.

The chill air of the Strand revived her a little. She had decided already that she must go at once to Victoria. Every minute would count, and it now occurred to her that if she took the Underground several might be saved.

To the Underground in Trafalgar Square she went. It was the hour of the evening rush. Queues were lining up at all the booking-office windows. And at the first window she came to, some three persons or so ahead of her, was a figure oddly familiar, which, however, in her present state of disintegration she did not recognize at once. It was clad in a somber tail coat of prehistoric design, frayed shepherd's plaid trousers braced high, and a hard, square felt hat that gave a crowning touch of oppressive respectability. Moreover, its progress was assisted by a heavy knotted walking stick, at the sight of which June gave an involuntary shiver.

An instant later the shiver had developed into a long and paralyzing shudder. Uncle Si was just ahead of her; in fact she was near enough to hear a harsh voice demand almost with menace a ticket to Victoria.

June's worst fears were realized. The purse had fallen from her pocket to the shop floor in the struggle, the old wretch had found it, deciphered the precious ticket, put two and two together and was now on his way to claim the parcel. All this was crystal clear to her swift mind. She felt a strong desire to faint, but she fought her weakness. She must go on. Everything was as good as lost—but she must go on.

She took her ticket. And then in the long subway to the platform she raced on ahead of Uncle Si. He was so nearsighted that even had he been less absorbed in his own affairs he would not have been likely to notice her.

June reached the platform well in front of the old man. But the train to Victoria was not in. It arrived two minutes later; by then Uncle Si had appeared, and they boarded it together. She was careful, however, not to enter the same compartment as the enemy.

Short as the journey was, June had ample time to appreciate that the odds were heavily against her. The mere fact that the cloakroom receipt for the parcel was in the custody of Uncle Si would confer possession upon him; it had only to be presented for the Van Roon to be handed over without a question.

The one chance she had now was to get on well ahead of the old beast and convince the clerk that in spite of the absence of the ticket the parcel was hers. She knew, however, only too well that the hope of being able to do this was frail indeed—at all events before the holder of the ticket arrived on the scene to claim it.

At Victoria June dashed out of the train even before it stopped. Running past the ticket collector at the barrier and along the subway she reached the escalator yards in front of Uncle Si, and in spite of being unused to this trap for the unwary, for Blackhampton's more primitive civilization knew escalators not, she ascended to the street at a pace far beyond the powers of the old crocodile. By this means, indeed, she counted on gaining an advantage of several minutes, since it was hardly likely that Uncle Si would trust himself to such a contrivance, and in ignorance of the fact that she was just ahead would choose the dignified safety of the lift.

So far as it went the thought was reassuring. Alas, it did not go far. As June ran through the long station to the cloakroom at its farthest end she had but a very slender hope of being able to recover the parcel. She had no intention, however, of submitting tamely to fate. In this predicament, whatever the cost, she must make one last and final effort to get back her treasure.

At the cloakroom counter she took her courage in both hands. A man sour and elderly had replaced the wearer of the green corduroy, who was nowhere to be seen. This was a piece of bad luck, for she had hoped that the nice-looking young man might remember her. Happily, no other passengers besieged the counter at the moment, so that without loss of time June was able to describe the parcel and to announce the fact that the ticket she had received for it was missing.

Exactly as she had foreseen, the clerk raised an objection. Without a ticket she couldn't have the parcel. "But I simply must have it!" said June. And spurred by the knowledge that there was not one moment to lose in arguing the case she boldly lifted the flap of the counter and entered the cloakroom itself.

"No use coming in here," said the clerk crustily. "You can't take nothing away without a ticket."

"But my purse has been stolen, I tell you," said June.

"Then I should advise you to go and see the station master."

"I can't wait to do that." And with the defiance of despair, expecting each moment to hear the voice of Uncle Si at her back, June ignored the clerk and proceeded to gaze up and down the numerous and heavily burdened luggage racks for her property.

XXXIV

"NOT a bit o' use, don't I tell you?" The clerk was growing angry.

June pretended not to hear. Her heart beating fast, she went on with her search for the parcel; yet in the midst of it she grew aware that somebody was approaching the counter. She dared not pause to look who it was, for she knew only too well that it was almost bound to be Uncle Si.

The clerk uttered another snarl of protest as he turned away to attend to the newcomer. As he did so June breathed a

(Continued on Page 44)

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(Continued from Page 42)

prayer that her eye might fall on the parcel in that instant, for her only hope now was to seize it and fly. That, however, was not to be. She had omitted to notice the place in which it had been put, and do as she would she could not find it now.

At this crucial moment there emerged from the inner office her friend of the green corduroy. She simply leaped at what was now her one remaining chance.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" cried June in a voice that was a little frantic. "You remember my bringing a brown-paper parcel here, don't you—about two hours ago?"

The tone, tinged as it was with hysteria, caused Green Corduroy to look at June with mild astonishment.

"I've lost the ticket you gave me for it, but I'm sure you remember my bringing it." Her brain seemed on fire. "Don't you remember my giving you a ten-shilling note, and you had to go and get the change?"

Green Corduroy was a slow-brained youth, but a knitting of the brow seemed to induce a hazy recollection of the incident. But while the process was going on June gave a glance over her shoulder, and behold, there was Uncle Si the other side of the counter. A second glance told her, moreover, that Crusty Sides already had the fatal ticket in his hand.

What must she do? It was not a moment for half measures. While she was stirring the memory of Green Corduroy the treasure would be gone. She did not hesitate. Observing Crusty Sides wheel, paper in hand, with the slow austerity of one of the company's oldest and most respected servants towards a luggage rack near by, June seized the clew. Of a sudden her eyes lit on the parcel at the top of the pile. Already the responsible fingers of Crusty Sides were straying upwards, yet before they could inclose the Van Roon, June made a dash for it and managed to whisk it away from under his nose.

Her brain was like quicksilver now. She had a mad impulse to rush off with the treasure without further explanation; all the same she was able to resist it, for she realized that such a course would be too full of peril.

"Yes—this is it!" she said in an urgent whisper to Green Corduroy.

And as she spoke, with a presence of mind which in the circumstances was a little uncanny, she slipped behind a large pile of boxes out of the view of Uncle Si. "Surely you remember my bringing it?"

Green Corduroy seemed to think that he did remember. At this point Crusty Sides, with an air of outrage, sternly interposed.

"But a pawty claims it. And here's his ticket."

"The ticket's mine," said June in a fierce whisper. "It's been taken from my purse."

"Nothin' to do with us, that ain't," said Crusty Sides.

"But you do remember my bringing it, don't you?" Beseechingly June turned to Green Corduroy.

And he, that nice-looking young man, with a frown of ever-deepening perplexity, slowly affirmed that he thought he did remember.

"The ticket's what we've got to go by," said Crusty Sides sternly. "Nothin' else matters to us."

"If you'll look at it," said June to Green Corduroy, "you'll see that it's made out in your writing."

Green Corduroy looked and saw that it was. As far as he was concerned, that seemed to clinch the argument. And even Crusty Sides, a born bureaucrat, was rather impressed by it.

"You say this here ticket's been taken off of you?" he asked.

"Yes," breathed June, "by my wicked thief of an uncle."

Instantly she regretted the imprudence of her words.

"Uncle a thief, eh?" proclaimed Crusty Sides in a voice of such carrying power that to June it seemed that the old crocodile could hardly fail to hear him.

"Anyhow, this gentleman knows that it was I who brought the parcel," she said determinedly to Green Corduroy.

That young man looked her straight in the eye and then declared that he did know. Further, like many slow-minded persons, when once aroused he was prone to deep conclusions. "Seems to me, Nobby," he weightily affirmed, under the stimulus no doubt of being addressed as a gentleman, in the company's time, by such a good-looking girl, "that as this lady has got the parcel, and we have got the ticket for it, she and uncle had better fight it out between 'em."

"I don't know about that," growled Nobby.

Green Corduroy, however, stimulated by the fiery anguish of June's glance, and no doubt still in thrall to the fact that she considered him a gentleman, was not to be moved from the statesmanlike attitude he had taken up.

"You let 'em fight it out, Nobby. This lady was the one as brought it here."

"I gave you a ten-shilling note, didn't I?" The voice of June was as honeyed as the state of her feelings would permit.

"Yes, and I fetched the change for you, didn't I?"

Crusty Sides shook a head of confirmed misogyny. "Very irregular, that's all I've got to say about it."

"Maybe it is, Nobby, but it's nothing to do with you and me."

Green Corduroy, with almost the air of a knight-errant, took the all-important slip of paper from his colleague. Flaunting it in gallant fingers he moved up slowly to the counter.

S. Gedge, Antiques, buying spectacles on nose, knotted cudgel in hand, was impatiently waiting.

"The parcel is claimed by the lady who brought it," June heard Green Corduroy announce.

She waited for no more. Following close behind Crusty Sides, who also moved up to the counter, she slipped quietly through an adjacent door to the main-line platform before Uncle Si grew fully alive to the situation.

Clasping the parcel to her bosom, she glided swiftly down the platform and out by the booking hall, traveling as fast as her legs would take her without breaking into a run, which would have looked like guilt and might have attracted public notice. She did not dare to glance back, for she was possessed by a fear that the old man and his stick were at her heels.

Once clear of the station itself she yielded to the need of putting as much distance between Uncle Si and herself as a start so short would permit. There was now a hope of throwing him off the track. Thus as soon as she reached the Victoria Street corner she scrambled on to a bus that was in the act of moving away.

One seat only was vacant and, as in a state of imminent collapse she sank down upon it, she ventured for the first time to look behind her. She quite expected to find Uncle Si at her elbow already, but with a gasp of relief she learned that the old man was nowhere in sight.

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JUNE did not know in which direction the bus was going. And when the conductor came for her fare, which he did as soon as the vehicle began to move, she was quite at a loss for a destination. There was nothing for it but to draw a bow at a venture. She asked for Oxford Circus, the only nodal point of the metropolis, besides Charing Cross, with which she was familiar. By a rare piece of luck Oxford Circus was included in its route, and what remained of the shilling the girl at the tea shop had given her was sufficient to get her there, and leave fourpence in hand.

Alighting at Oxford Circus she stood under a lamp to consider what she should do now. There was nowhere she could go, there was not one friend to whom she could turn. Battered and spent in body and spirit by all that had happened to her during the last few hours, she was now in a flux of terror to which she dared not yield.

At first she thought of seeking advice of a policeman, but it would have been extremely difficult just then to tell her strange story. Its complications were many and fantastic; besides—and she shivered at the idea—it was by no means clear that she would be able to establish her claim to the Van Roon in the eye of the law.

Still, something would have to be done. She must find a home of some kind, not only for her treasure but for herself. Feeling desperately in need of help, she decided as a preliminary measure to spend three of her four remaining pence on a cup of tea. She had a vague hope that in that magic beverage inspiration might lurk.

The hope, as it chanced, was not vain. Near by was a tea shop; and she had hardly sat down at one of its marble-topped tables when, by an association of ideas, her mysterious acquaintance, Mr. Adolph Keller, sprang again into her mind. He had given her his address. Alas, the slip of paper on which it was written was in her purse, but she had a particularly good memory, and by raking it fiercely she was able to recall the fact that his place of domicile was Haliburton Studios, Manning Square.

She did not like trusting any man on an acquaintance so slight, especially as it had come about in so odd a fashion, but Mr. Keller had shown himself very friendly, and there was no one else to whom she could turn. Sipping her cup of tea in slow and grateful weariness, she began to develop this idea. Horse sense, Mr. Boultby had always said, was her long suit; therefore she well understood the peril of taking a comparative stranger into her confidence in this pass. But very cogently she put to herself the question: What else could she do?

Of sundry policemen, who were very obliging, June asked the way to Manning Square. It was in Soho, not so very far from Oxford Circus, as she remembered Mr. Keller saying, and, in spite of a local fog which had come on in the last twenty minutes, the police were so helpful that she had no great difficulty in getting there. During the short journey her mind was much engaged in settling just what she would and would not say to Mr. Keller. She decided that as far as might be practicable she would leave the picture out of the case. It might not be possible to exclude it, but at any rate she would begin by offering to sit to him as a model in accordance with his suggestion; and with that the pretext of her visit she would see if she could get him to lend her a little money to tide over immediate needs.

By the time she had come to Manning Square it was a few minutes past seven. Two complete circuits had to be made of this dingy, ill-smelling hiatus in the heart of Soho before she came upon Haliburton Studios, which were not in the square itself but in a dismal by-street debouching from it. The tall block of buildings which comprised the studios was equally dismal, and as June entered a vestibule that showed no light she felt a sudden chill strike at her heart.

This, however, was not a moment to quail. It was a case, if ever there was one, of any port in a storm. The hazard of her errand fell upon her like a pall, but the knowledge that she had only a penny left with which to obtain a night's lodging was a veritable barb in the flesh.

Try as she would she could not recall the number of Mr. Keller's studio; nor was the information to be sought upon the walls of the vestibule, which she was not able to see. But while she stood at the foot of a winding flight of stone steps, striving to meet the difficulty which faced her now, she heard someone coming down. At the sound she went back to the door by which she had entered, where a lamp contending feebly against the fog would enable her to see anyone who passed out.

The person who did so proved to be one of June's own sex, a youngish woman whose fur coat seemed to accentuate a note of tawdry and flamboyant finery. Even in the semidarkness June could see that her face was rouged. She had no illusion as to the kind of person she addressed.

"You want Mr. Keller's studio?" The woman peered into June's face in a manner which she felt to be decidedly objectionable. "It's the second door on the first landing." The tone, offhand and more than a little contemptuous, was like a blow in the face.

xxxvi

IT WAS not until the woman had passed out of the vestibule into the street that June could find courage to mount the stone stairs.

The knocker on the second door was so crazy that it threatened to break off in her hand. Tact and skill were called for to draw sound from it at all; bell there was none; but a faint light percolated through the fanlight and it was a glimpse of this which heartened June to persevere. By dint of application she was able to coax a few sounds out of the knocker, and at last her feat brought reward. The beam beyond the fanlight expanded, there was a shuffle of approaching slippers, and then the door came open.

Mr. Keller, wearing a dressing gown in lieu of a coat, stood before her.

"Hello!" he said. Before June could find words of her own she had been recognized. "Why—it's you!" The gentlemanly voice

(Continued on Page 47)

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SEP 1921

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The buyer of a car or truck today is not influenced as much by what he SEES as by what he KNOWS. He is more than ever interested in the responsibility BEHIND the vehicle.

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Offices: Detroit, U. S. A.
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Continental Motors

(Continued from Page 44

sounded most agreeable. "Walk right in. You're welcome as the flowers in May."

Tossed by the tempest as Mr. Keller's visitor still was, she could not help contrasting such a welcome with the air and manner of Uncle Si.

XXXVII

THE geniality of Adolph Keller had a tonic effect upon June's depression. She crossed his threshold with a sense of extreme relief, as one who finds a refuge from the storm. He closed the door of the flat, and then led the way into a spacious room with a high ceiling, which was fixed up as a studio.

It was not without an air of comfort. The main part had been screened off; within a small but seductive inner space a bright fire mingled pleasant gleams with the radiance of the electric lamp. Two low wicker chairs were set invitingly near the hearth, and a table piled with books and magazines was between them. Amid these, however, space had been found for a tobacco jar, a siphon, a glass and a bottle of whisky. On the floor was a French novel, which he had laid down open to let her in.

Mr. Keller evidently was making himself comfortable for the night. The contrast between this snug and cheerful room and the rising fog from which June had just escaped struck her at once as delicious. With a little sigh of gratitude she sank at the cordial invitation of her host into the first of the easy-chairs.

He remembered her quite well of course, yet for the moment he had forgotten her name, and what to June was the more surprising, the appointment she had made with him for that very afternoon seemed to have passed right out of his mind. Yet she was quick to see, for her wits were now working at high pressure, that this strange forgetfulness was in her favor. At any rate it was going to help her in the task of keeping, as far as possible, the Van Roon out of the case.

"Lyons', wasn't it, we met at? One day last week? Your name's ——"

"I'm Miss Gedge." June's tone was a shade stand-off, for that appeared to be correct in the circumstances.

"Miss Gedge—yes—of course. Stupid of me to forget." He fixed the eye of a man with a sense of humor upon this odd visitor. "I've a shocking memory for names. Very glad to see you, anyhow, Miss Gedge." He took the low chair opposite with the calm and easy air of a model host. "And very nice of you to come on a damp and foggy night."

The tone rather than the words put it up to June to explain her coming. She did so rather awkwardly, with a touch of nerves. Yet before committing herself to any positive statement as to why she was there she was careful to dispose the parcel she carried as far beyond the range of his eyes as was possible at the side of the wicker chair in which she sat.

"You told me the other day"—she found it impossible to control the queer little tremble in her voice—"that you wanted an artist's model, and that my hair was just the color you were looking for."

"By Jove, yes," he laughed. "Your hair's topping." The laugh deepened to enthusiasm. "It's the color I want, to a hayseed." An eye of veiled appraisement passed slowly over her. "And what's almost as important, there's stooks of it."

"Yes, there is," said June, doing her best to pick up his light tone of intimacy. "It is important, I suppose, for an artist's model to have hair long and thick."

"Ra-ther!" As he looked at her sideways out of the corner of one eye his tone seemed to change a little; and then he got up alertly from his chair, the mantle of the model host again upon him. "I'm afraid there's not much to offer you in the way of refreshment. There's only whisky. If you'll excuse me I'll fetch another glass."

"Oh, no, please, not for me!" said June quickly. She was very tired and horribly depressed, but she had been brought up strictly.

The host seemed a little amused by her vehemence. He looked at her keenly with a pair of curious, small, near-set eyes that June liked even less now than when she had noticed them first.

"Well, have a cigarette, anyhow. These are like mother's milk." And he offered a box of Virginia.

June also declined a cigarette in the same odd, rather fluttered tone, which caused him to smile in a way that added to her nervousness.

"No? Well, make yourself comfy anyhow. Draw your chair up to the fire."

She thanked him in a voice which in spite of itself was a little prim, and which assured him that she was quite warm enough where she was. The attempted lightness and ease had gone; a subtle sense of fear, bred of hidden danger, yet without any root in fact or logic, was rising in her. The position itself was embarrassing, yet so far Mr. Keller had shown no wish to presume upon it. Up till now he had been easy and charming; but June, in spite of worldly inexperience, had the intuitions of her sex to guide her; and she felt instinctively that there might be a great deal behind these graces. She was grateful all the same; they were much-needed balm for many bruises.

When Mr. Keller sat down again in the wicker chair, about two yards away from her, a sense of languor crept upon June. The warmth of the fire, the glow of the lamp, the notes of a singularly quiet voice were like a subtle drug. Alive to danger as she was, its caress was hard to resist. Such a position was one of acute peril, for she was literally throwing herself upon the mercy of a person who was very much an unknown quantity. Yet what alternative was there?

"Don't mind a pipe, I hope?" The polite voice from the chair opposite was not really ironical; it was merely kind and friendly, yet feminine intuition shivering upon the dark threshold of adventure knew well enough how easily a tone of that kind could turn to something else.

"Oh, no, I don't mind at all." She tried again to get the right key, but a laugh she could not control, high-pitched and irrelevant, was horribly betraying.

"That's all right then."

For about a minute Mr. Keller puffed away in a sort of whimsical silence. Then he said with a soft fall, whose mere sweetness had the power to alarm, "Your hair's jolly. Very jolly indeed!"

June nervously muttered that she was very glad he liked it.

"So much of it, don't you know. Awfully useful to me just now. Quantity's almost as valuable as the color. Does it reach your waist when you let it down?"

June, not without a little pride, said that her hair when let down reached below her waist.

"Capital!" said Mr. Keller with a laugh. "The very thing I'm looking for just now. You'll make a stunning Andromeda."

June had not heard of Andromeda. She had read some Dickens and a little George Eliot, and she could remember bits of Shakspere learned at school, but her tastes were not literary. She pretended to know all about Andromeda, yet the next words of Mr. Keller were a proof that he was not deceived. June did not know, however, that he had pierced clean through her ignorance.

"She's the altogether. A classical subject."

"I like classical subjects myself."

By an association of ideas June's mind went back to Miss Preece, the revered headmistress of the Blackhampton High School, where it had been her privilege to spend one term. Her voice rose a whole octave in its involuntary desire to approximate as closely as possible to that of a real lady.

"So do I." Mr. Keller's humorous pur was that of a man well pleased. "That's capital."

"You can't beat classical subjects, can you?" said June, making a wild attempt to achieve the conversational.

Again Mr. Keller looked across at her out of those near-set eyes, of which by now she was rather afraid. "No, you can't," he said. "So simple, and yet they strike so deep. They are life itself. A sort of summing up, don't you know, of all that has been, all that can be, all that will be!"

June responded with more composure than she had yet shown that she supposed it was so. It was nice to listen to talk of this kind from a man of Mr. Keller's polish. The chair was most comfortable, and how good it was to be in front of the bright fire! Her nerves were being lulled more and more as if by a drug; the sense of her peril amid this sea of danger into which she had plunged began to grow less.

"I expect," said Mr. Keller in a tone so friendly and so casual that it fed the new sense of peace which was now upon June—"I expect you are pretty well used to the altogether?"

Even if she did not know in the least what was meant by "the altogether" it did not seem to be quite wise to confess such ignorance.

"Yes-s, I suppose I am." And in a weak attempt to rise to his own agreeable plane of intimacy she laughed rather foolishly.

"Capital!" said Adolph Keller. "You are a well-built girl." He sipped a little whisky. "Excellent shoulders. Figure's full of fine lines. Bust well developed. Plenty of heart room. Everything just right."

She colored at the literal way in which he catalogued her points: even if it was done in the manner of an artist and a gentleman one was a little reminded of a dog or a horse.

"I'll fix you up a screen. And then you can get ready." He sipped a little more whisky and rose briskly and cheerfully. "Near the fire; it's real chillsome tonight. And when you pose you can sit on top of it if you like." He opened the lid of the coal box and replenished the fire. "We must take care you don't catch cold. If you feel a draft you can have a rug round your knees. I only want to make a rough sketch of the lines of the figure, to begin with; the shoulders chiefly. It won't take long. Quite sure you won't have a finger?" He pointed to the whisky. "Buck you up a bit. You look rather down."

June was quite sure that she would not have a finger. Mr. Keller passed beyond the screen into the studio itself to procure a second screen. June felt this activity to be alarming. It brought her up against the fact that she was there in the capacity of an artist's model. Suddenly it dawned upon her that she was expected to take off her clothes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Dance of the Perfumes

JAVA is ever verdant, ever odorous with jasmine, ylang ylang, champaka, nagasari and tenjong. The Bedaya, dancing girls, shower their smooth skin with fragrant powder ere they dance in the sweet grasses. The sighing music of the gamelang klung blends with the love call of all nature. Java, Pearl of the East, has given of its choicest flowers and subtlest arts to complete the Oriental bouquet mystery, Jafleur. A Javanese twilight seems to have fallen like a caress of touch and scent about the woman dainty made by soft, transparent, clinging

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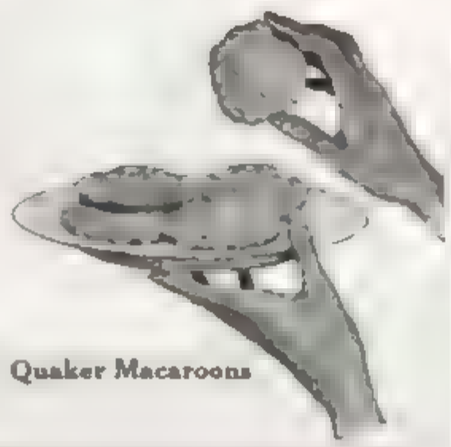
Quaker Oats

Just the cream of the oats

Try This Recipe

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



Quaker Macaroons

The Poets' Corner

The Nomads

THE nomad strain is in our blood;
It haunts us in our crowded marts;
It whispers subtly to our hearts
Of steppe and desert, hill and wood,
And memories, dimly understood,
Of ancient raids and vanished arts.

We built the city yesterday,
Wearied, a moment, of the tent;
But when we built we never meant
Forever here to stop and stay;
We thought when idle pleasure went
To mount again and ride away.

The city lured and held us back
With easy joy and soft delight;
We lost our hardihood and might;
Our hearts grew tame, our sinews slack;
Then came the plainsmen who could fight,
And gave us up to storm and sack.

We walled ourselves about with stone
And moat, against the vandal raid,
For we were feeble and afraid;
Unused to weapons had we grown,
And to the warlike tribes we paid
A tribute to be let alone.

Still, in the spring, we feel the call
To travel northward with the grass,
And never can the season pass
Without the southward lure of fall.
These wander-longings grip us all
Of every age and sex and class.

There is a taste within our mouth,
Of wild adventures on the plain,
Of feast and famine, joy and pain,
Of cattle famishing of drouth,
Of riding, in a swift campaign,
To sack the cities of the south.

The nomad strain is in our blood,
It calls us north to golf and gun,
It lures us, in the name of fun,
South where the tarpon's biting good,
And sends the city's pallid brood
Adventuring in wind and sun.

—Thomas Lomax Hunter.

Home

SEVEN flights high we twain have dwelt,
Perched in a rotten tenement;
The rain dripped through a moldy roof,
The landlord cursed us for his rent;
Below, the crowded street tossed up
Its endless tide of living foam;
We ate or starved, as chance was kind
Or cruel, dear—but that was home.

And we have tramped, hand fast in hand,
Under wet skies, forsaken ways,
And slept beneath strange stars and seen
Together good and evil days;
And yet, whatever roof was ours,
The tiled, the thatched, the starry dome,
However brief our lingering,
That roof, or lack of roof, was home.

How deaf, how blind! The leaner years
Themselves now slip down alien ways;
Gone is the wanderlust, and gone
The careless joy of gypsy days;
For little hands are holding tight,
And little feet aren't made to roam:
The children bind us gladly fast,
And where the children are—is home!

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

MORE ABOUT COAL

EDITOR,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Dear Sir:

IN MY article entitled The Coal Miners' Case, published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on the first of April, I said one of the primary objects of the coal operators in forcing the bituminous coal miners to strike was to destroy the United Mine Workers of America and take away from the miners the protection which that union affords them. Now comes Mr. C. E. Lesher, in an article in a recent issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and says this is not true. He says it is absolutely at variance with the facts. This is the first time, to my knowledge, that anyone has denied that the operators were out to break the miners' union. Mr. P. H. Penna, an Indiana operator, recognized official spokesman for the coal operators for twenty years and a member of the board of directors of the National Coal Association, made a speech in the annual convention of that association in Chicago, in the latter part of May, in which he said: "I would like, if I could, to wipe out not only the United Mine Workers of America, but all memory of it."

Mr. Penna speaks for the coal operators. Many operators have openly declared that this was the right time to have a strike, for with it they could weaken or destroy the union. That's what they started out to accomplish. But the plan is not working out that way.

And Mr. Lesher denied my charge that the operators violated their agreement with the miners when they refused to meet with them this spring to negotiate a new wage contract.

Again I quote Mr. Penna. A few days before the strike began on the first of April Mr. Penna said in a newspaper interview: "We are forced to admit that we have violated our agreement."

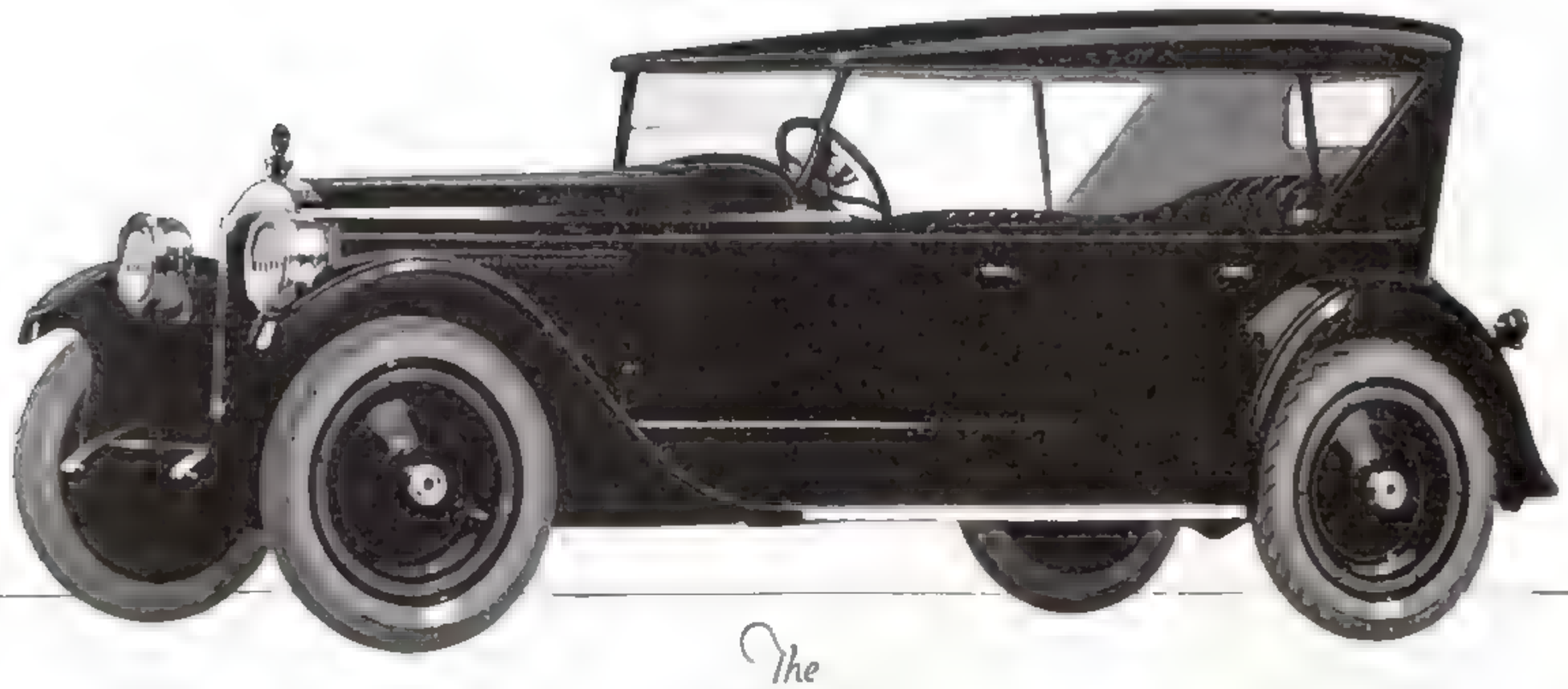
Mr. Penna was one of the signers of the contract which the operators refused to live up to. He probably knows as much as Mr. Lesher about whether it was violated.

Mr. J. D. A. Morrow, vice president of the National Coal Association, the operators' union, said in a letter to the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that I was mistaken when I quoted him as saying that the labor cost of producing bituminous coal in October, 1921, averaged $1.97 a ton and that the average retail selling price of bituminous throughout the United States in that month was $10.41. On bended knee I beg his pardon. He did testify before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the labor cost was $1.972 a ton, but it was the United States Government that stated officially that the average retail selling price was $10.41. This is found in the Monthly Labor Review, published by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the Department of Labor, in December, 1921. I was misinformed when I credited this statement to Mr. Morrow. But Mr. Morrow never has denied the accuracy of the figures, and I respectfully suggest that the $10.41 quotation loses none of its convincing weight when it comes from the United States Government instead of from Mr. Morrow, representing the coal operators. If the miner got $1.97 for digging a ton of coal that was sold to the consumer for $10.41, who got the remaining $8.44?

Coal operators and their spokesmen insist that they have not made any money. But the Federal Trade Commission, in a report to Congress on the first of June, shows that in the six-year period, 1916 to 1921, inclusive, coal companies made an average profit of 15 per cent, and that in August, 1920, they made 59 per cent in Ohio, 57 per cent in West Virginia, 64 per cent in Tennessee and 79 per cent in Kansas. That's not so bad, when coal was selling as high as $5.23 a ton at the mine. At that rate the nonunion coal operators of West Virginia made a profit of $2.98 a ton. West Virginia produced 89,970,707 tons of coal in 1920.

ELLIS SEARLES
Editor United Mine Workers' Journal.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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It is value so great that it brought to the Single-Six the astounding retail sales volume of more than $10,000,000 in the first 40 days.

It is value potent enough to induce 40 per cent of these buyers to purchase without offering a car in trade, and another 40 per cent to offer for trade cars other than Packard—clearly indicating that thousands must have been waiting for such a car as this new Packard.

It is value expressed in a richness and dignity of embellishment surpassing the utmost you have always counted upon in Packard.

It is value exemplified in a brilliant virility of performance which can only be described as Packard functioning at its finest.

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Five-Passenger Touring, $2485; Seven-Passenger Touring, $2685; Runabout, $2485; Sport Model, $2650; Coupé, $3175; Five-Passenger Sedan, $3275; Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3525; Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3575; at Detroit

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PACKARD

SOCIETY AND STATESMEN

(Continued from Page 4)

cutting the reception shorter her anxious reply was supposed to be: "Then we must cut it from the front end, leaving off some of the officials. It is the people's party of the year, and not one of those who take the trouble to come shall be turned away. We must see that part through at least, and I can stand. I'll rest afterwards." And stand and shake hands and smile in welcome both she and the President did till long after five o'clock in the afternoon. The second story was a delightful one of how two small black citizens, a little colored boy and girl, squeezed in between the older people and moved along the lines through the long corridors, unnoticed; and how they came, smiling delightedly and holding hands, to where there was a little space before the President. Seeing them he laughed loudly, and exclaiming "See who have come to the party!" he leaned down, shook hands heartily, and passed the two pickaninnies on to his wife.

I would not vouch for the truth of these tales, but they were enough illustrative of what people thought of the new occupants of the White House to seem quite probable. There was general rejoicing over such a hospitable spirit being shown, after years of gloomy closed doors and barred gates.

Our little family—Russian refugees, as we technically were—seemed to have no place in the procession that filed past the receiving party on New Year's Day, since we were neither foreign diplomats nor American citizens. Realizing this I had ventured that morning to send Mrs. Harding a few flowers and a book of old White House memories, with our good wishes. The next day came a charming note of graceful thanks, dictated to Miss Harlan, "as Mrs. Harding's arm and hand were completely out of commission." It was said also that often this brave woman stood for her receptions with her legs bandaged tightly, and that her doctor was always anxiously watching her. He stated that she was always a most obedient invalid, save where her duties to her husband's position were concerned; and then through sheer strength of will she forced herself to make the necessary effort to appear.

Apropos of our not attending this New Year reception, I had a most amusing conversation with Lady Annesley, who was visiting Washington, the conference having drawn her there, while her great popularity and the invitations showered on her had held her. She wanted to go to this particular reception; said so quite frankly. Apparently Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador, had said she had better not, and had given her the same good reasons I had given myself. Apparently, also, she had put her Irish wits to work on the problem, and our chat was the result. We were at dinner the evening before the reception.

Foreign Lions

"Are you going?" she asked me, and I answered no, and told her why. "But it isn't an invitation affair; and no one's invited; and I think all ought to go to wish the President a happy New Year. Now what do you think? You can't go because you don't belong to any group indicated. You are a Russian refugee; I don't go because I'm told I mayn't, since I'm also without diplomatic rank, yet a foreigner. I know! Let us go together, not with our ambassadors, but with one another: you as a Russian refugee, I as an Irish refugee; and we will make a very smart group all to ourselves!"

Everyone present was delighted with this idea, and asked whether we should dress the parts or wear our jewels. Lady Annesley's were as famous as her beauty was. I think the spirited "Irish refugee" was a little disappointed that her proposition wasn't taken more seriously. Her joy in the feasting of Washington was very great; and perhaps also it seemed a little annoying to stay at home at the suggestion of the British Ambassador!

The season's first parties were all built around the foreign lions who had come for the burial of the unknown soldier or to take part in the conference for the limitation of armaments. Some of these were very interesting men, and some of the functions for them were awfully well done. The Italian Embassy opened the season with a large reception and ball given for General Diaz. He was a miniature man physically, but his war record made him a great figure, and everyone rushed to the party in his honor. It was our little daughter's first ball and she looked very young and sweet in a dress of soft green velvet and gold lace with a quaint wreath of tiny fruits and flowers, green and purple, on her head. It wasn't at all a fashionable gown, but its style suited her type and was rather reminiscent of ancient Renaissance days. Somehow the child had an Old World look with a gentle natural manner, which with her radiant smile and happy eyes and the changing color brought on by an excitement shown in no other way made her rather an unusual personality that night. She had never been to school, had had no dancing lessons, knew nothing of modern sports or methods; but after her first years of happy childhood she had had the hard experiences of war and revolution, had knitted for the wounded and the destitute, had known deep anxiety for her father's life and the lives of many relatives and friends. Traveling, changing habits and point of view, as well as new associates and frame, left a strong impress on mind and nature susceptible in the extreme; and she had seen suffering and had suffered more than is ordinary for a lassie seventeen. Because she had had us elders for companions she was not shy, and she talked easily of many things much older than her years. Her strange past and peculiar traditions drew attention, and the soft charm of youth held those who saw and met the child. She was so grateful for the pleasures which came her way—music, light, joy and the rhythm of the dancing, which she learned quickly and well. She loved being young. People were introduced, and men asked her to dance; and her happiness warmed one's heart to watch; it was the natural thing.

Official Receptions

I had not been to a ball for seven long years; and though there was no temptation to me in society's whirl as I sat watching Bertha swing by with twinkling feet, her red lips parted in laughter that was gay, I remembered my emotions at my own first ball and felt glad the world renewed its joy with each succeeding generation, whatever went between of sadness.

Not that I didn't like going about, for there is much to enjoy in Washington, even for those who are old. There are many delightful houses. Some very splendid ones are full of rich art treasures; some with an attraction which only thoroughbred inhabitants for generations give; and a perfume of history hung about some rooms, where carved rosewood and brocatel led one to feel one should be dressed in crinoline and a poke bonnet. Several houses of my grandfather's time as President, a few far older, made historical frames for delightful dinner parties. No one has to be rich in Washington, though money is pleasant everywhere. Most people really offer something more worth while in one way or another; at least those one meets about the dinner table or at luncheon do. I'm free to confess that making hundreds of calls which amount to leaving cards with the maid or the butler seems rather a waste of time; and the herding of human beings at teas and formal receptions didn't seem to me a satisfactory thing. I made some casual inquiries about this and elicited a number of curious replies.

Some people said, "Oh, well, it is something to do with one's afternoon." Others said, "We hate it, but it is the reverse of the medal of official life, and must be done." And others seemed to think it was an American, democratic institution, which should be respected as such. Then a few who stopped to consider the question said, "Many come to Washington, strangers; they go about to these teas, and they feel less lonesome. They write back to foreign or American homes that they are in society; and it gives them a little pleasure—some of the crumbs of others' fun, as it were." Yet another answered: "These are the clearing house to which all can come and have an opportunity to meet. In a little time circles of intimates are formed from the cream, and the rest get no further than teas."

A few people really seemed to enjoy the noise and clatter and pushing, with the fragments of shouted talk; and two or three I saw evidently came to get a meal, even in conditions that suggested a riot. Once I met a friend in one of these crowds, and she said as she stood near me, before she was pushed off and whizzed into the current, "It is funny, isn't it? We as a nation eliminate all we can from our days, as we are breathless with haste; yet we find time for this!" And a man passing laughed and said, "This might make one name Washington the city of unfinished sentences."

It is a curious custom, this wild rush of a crowd, six or eight times larger than the rooms can hold, in and out of so-called private homes, and the noise, and heat, and quantities of refreshments which can't possibly refresh; yet it is called pleasure by some. It is much abused by many impostors who join the crowd; so that servants, even detectives, must be on guard. The French Ambassador's wife told me she was often addressed by unknown handshakers in her own embassy as Lady Geddes; and a friend of mine making a dinner call on Madame Riaño was accosted by another woman on the crowded stairway with: "Say, what embassy are we in anyhow? I've been going the rounds, and I've got three more to do, but I got kinder mixed up." I also passed down some of these receiving lines, where the hostess had only time to say a sentence half through to each guest; and I admired her amiability. Occasionally several other women or even a man—some lion like Diaz or Foch—received with her. When he was a foreigner he generally looked dazed after the tenth person introduced, and he remembered nothing after another ten. If he saw a face he knew his eyes lighted up, he became conscious and tried to say something sane, with pleasure in it; then was instantly seized and dragged back into line.

Mrs. Harding made a supreme effort at helping matters by bringing at least two sets of official ladies comfortably together. The ladies of the cabinet and of the Senate met one afternoon at the White House, and by mutual consent at Mrs. Harding's suggestion they considered they had called on one another. Most people don't like teas, they say. I mean these vast affairs, with the discomfort and fatigue which they entail. The papers contain constant announcements that one or another hostess can't receive because of any flimsy excuse she finds it possible to invent. Yet between November first and the end of May there were three or four of these functions daily. I soon discovered they took all my strength, and my business engagements at our relief committee's office cut me out of the vast majority; but it is the one phase of society I cannot understand as civilized; for to my humble mind society means relaxation from one's work and pleasant human intercourse; dancing, music, conversation, one's friends; and as a result, some good to body, heart and mind. Space and quiet, an exchange of ideas, with brilliant talk or soothing sound when possible, to give one rest from strain. Society can mean so much; and it does offer much in Washington, as well as elsewhere; but there should be a rule that a very good excuse is required before a hostess is permitted to issue invitations for a crowded official reception or tea.

Cosmopolitan Society

As for the lunches and the dinners—never anywhere have I been to more charming parties or seen people better grouped than they are in Washington. One dines out daily and one lunches out almost as much; and I remember only a very few feasts where my neighbors were such that I noticed if the food were good or not. Men and women, distinguished for their brains and looks, abounded, and the conversation was always interesting and agreeable; often of really rare quality. There were Englishmen like Lord Beatty, Lord Balfour, Lord Lee, Sir Robert Borden and the British Ambassador, with their attractive staffs of experts and aides; French like Briand and Joffre, Sarraut and America's old friend, the French Ambassador; and Asia furnished the last of the shoguns and the most modern of Far Eastern statesmen. There were Italians well worth talking with, the cosmopolitan Austrian Jew, Schanzer, at their head; and charming Dutch, Belgians and Portuguese, and many, many others from different lands; the best each government could send. They brought their note of argument, of foreign ideals, of admiration, of analysis, of different points of view, new on many subjects. Though I often found myself in opposition to their theories, I liked this international mingling, and the foreigners' frank compliments and interest for the things they saw about them.

The American capital looked its best; and it received its guests with open arms. It seemed to me that Washington must strike these strangers as a very beautiful and sympathetic city, with a great strength throbbing in the nation behind it; a strength for good, at the world's service for constructive building, on right lines. They might have preferred us weaker, perhaps more easily exploited; but they could not be blind to our generosity, our merits and the fine brains of those they came to deal with here.

Lord Balfour told me frankly that to him one of the greatest privileges of his life had been to work in association with Mr. Root; and to all the strangers the American delegates were marvels. Root's wisdom shed clear light. Hughes' strength and tact and great capacity were quite unrivaled, and Underwood's fine judgment, his technical knowledge, with his patience and adroitness; the dignity and kindliness of all these men, were often spoken of and much appreciated. The President, who had made the foreigners so welcome and who loomed so large in power, had only generosity and praise for his own representatives. No jealousy or vanity or any meanness did he show. How different an atmosphere from that of Paris in 1919!

Lord Balfour's Golf Story

Balfour looked his part of leader and was the much-spoiled favorite everywhere. With both men and women he was popular, and quite perfection in his rôle as the guest of honor at many a dinner. He loved music sincerely and took great delight in the playing of artists, like Ernest Schelling, at some quiet evening gatherings, which Mrs. Bliss most frequently arranged. Her parties were of ideal blending, and as some Frenchman said, with sudden appreciation of her salon, "Maybe the brain of Washington is found at Continental Hall, in conference hours, but the heart of Washington throbs here!"

Balfour liked a good yarn, even at his own expense, and he told one to us at a dinner of which he was the center at the British Embassy. It was a splendid weighty function, worthy of prewar days, when Europe was neither depressed nor hysterical. Someone had spoken of Balfour in complimentary fashion, of his great brain and his work at the conference, and he replied that this consoled him for an occurrence at Chevy Chase Club, where he had gone to play golf the day previous. Finding no one he knew about, he engaged a caddy and started off walking and chatting with the latter. He asked caddy's opinion about the use of a certain club. The boy gave advice, which Lord Balfour attempted to follow; but he missed the shot. Caddy took the club, illustrated his explanations, also missed the ball; but further explained this was because he was too short for the club. Lord Balfour again tried to follow caddy's instructions and again missed; whereupon caddy eyed him and remarked in solemn sincerity: "Gee, if I was as tall as you or you had my brains, what corking golf we could play!"

But the talk of these foreigners visiting Washington wasn't all in light vein. They had much that was serious to say, and they made many speeches to associations or to groups gathered in one salon or another to hear them. They gave opinions on every conceivable subject, and we Washingtonians were considerably surprised by some of their theories. Also, they occasionally astonished one another, I found. There was the Indian, Sastri, for instance, who was a delegate in the British group. He lectured on Gandhi and his movement; on India and her ambitions. His American audiences found him interesting and exciting of course. Personally I did not care for Sastri. He was picturesque enough in dress, but fat and lazy-looking, and he seemed to me to have the poses of a demagogue. Certainly he preened himself for the delectation of his many lady admirers. I didn't go to hear him speak, but he had crowded audiences, and his

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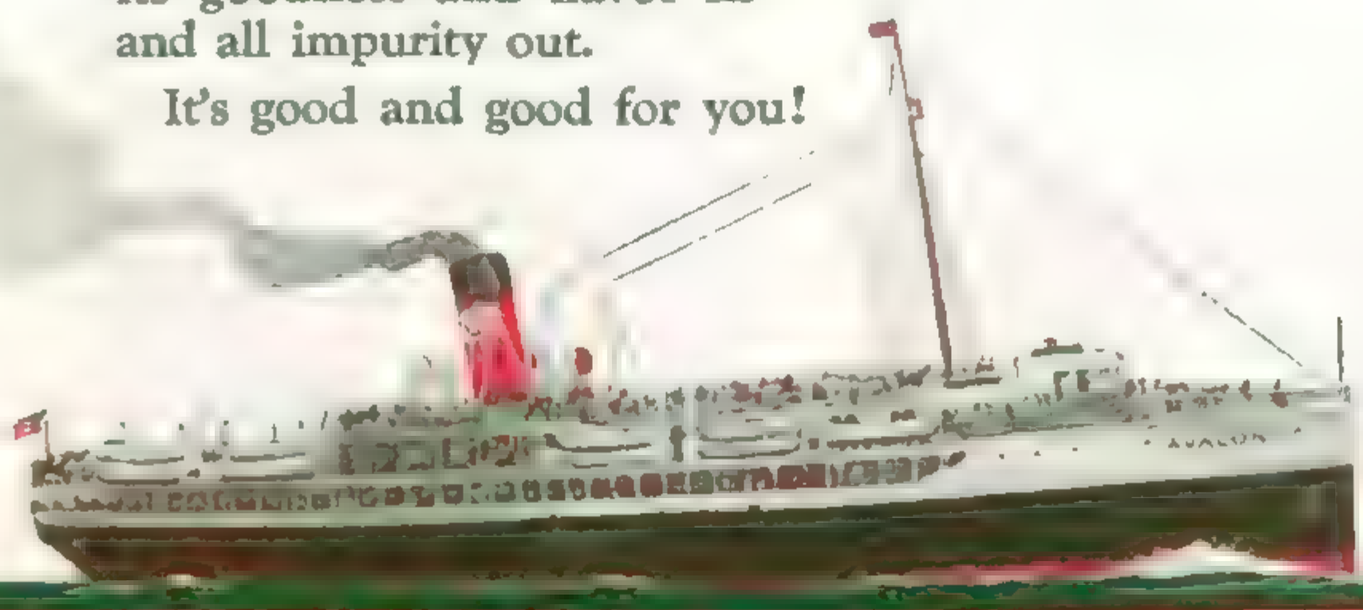

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talks were much discussed. They were not especially pro-British and were all about India's hope to be free some day. I was told he even went so far as to say he hoped Americans would sympathize with this wish and aid India as Ireland had been aided from here!

An old friend of mine, an Englishman in the Indian service for many years, was as surprised as I was at Sastri's attitude and at the tolerance of the British delegates and embassy; and I wondered were they indifferent or were they uncertain as to the result of a protest, and afraid therefore to make it. One of the English with whom I had several long and frank talks admitted that the position at home was so critical that almost anything offering a promise of success in straightening out both empire and European problems was welcome; and also he said that no one here realized what a terrible position Europe was in.

Yet the British delegation and embassy held themselves with perfect calm and dignity, and presented no sign of trouble. They acted as if they owned the earth, as someone said.

France as Frenchmen See Her

It was very different with the French. They were openly having endless bother among themselves and at home; and they had a lot to tell about both. They complained bitterly of the treatment meted to them with reference to the conference and with reference to their position on all sorts of world questions. Briand, however, was a passing meteor, greatly applauded. Viviani was cordially hated, on the contrary; systematically he made an enemy of everyone who came in contact with him. Jusserand, twenty years a resident in the United States, had many friends, and they were friends of France too. Sarraut was admirable, ready to discuss any and all subjects quite openly with a simplicity and calm that are rare in a Latin, and which won him many friends and for his cause much sympathy. I had several long talks with him and was much interested in his statement of the French case. He had a commonsense attitude, not sentimental at all; and I found myself agreeing with him and some of his compatriots on various subjects.

"France is anti-Bolshevist always," they said, "because there is no logical reason for recognizing a government of criminals who do not keep their word given or their contract signed, who do not recognize their debts or others' rights to property, who try by every means in their power to wreck the governments from which they ask recognition, and who want to trade with neither money nor materials supplied by their own side." The French claimed propaganda was being made against them in the United States, by the British especially. Most of them thought it was largely France's own fault, as she had not organized any newspaper campaign and had depended on Foch and the popularity of her delegates, with the friendliness of the Americans, to champion the French cause. "*Nous sommes des imbéciles tout simplement*," said one of their experts, and shrugged his shoulders. I hastened to assure him that whatever faults they possessed as a nation, they were not considered imbeciles as a rule.

"But we are often misunderstood, princess, and I am glad to talk with you, who know us well. It is a curious series of developments, which has brought about injustice, I think," came from Sarraut as we sat at dinner one evening. "Let me tell you what happens: Americans come to us; serious ones, I mean. They come to study one thing or another, and are well received and greatly liked by our people of the same castes. They come home fond of France, keep up the friendships they have made, but there is no noise about this. The tourist, and to some extent those who went over to make war or even to aid us, come with money then, lots of it; and they throw it about wastefully, also some act in a noisy way. Our people were always thrifty; so poor that they must work hard, and save pennies—pennies have built the riches of France—and after generations of small economies we see thousands of Americans come to work or to play, always with gold to toss about. Our people snap at every chance to gather this harvest, which in their misery they feel is a godsend. Yet the wastefulness of it all shocks them, and they feel the gold is legitimate prey. Their pride and national vanity are often hurt by an arrogance which is only seen, of course, among the vulgar tourists. But those are the ones of your compatriots who make a noise and attract attention, just as these Americans come in contact also only with our worst elements—the hotel and shop keepers, the race track and theatrical exploiters. Many of these aren't even French. Foreigners say the French as a people are immoral, too; yet tell me what country holds the family as a unit higher than we French? Among our peasants and our bourgeois, as among our industrial classes, I fancy there are more hearths respected than in other lands, fewer divorces, too; and children grow up protected, directed, educated by both parents together. The same of our deep respect for traditions, and for our parents or elders. I have visited many lands and found no such respect for these things, no such obedience to conventions and ideals, as I know there are at home in France.

"In Paris there is considerable catering to human frailties, but note what small proportion of this is French, and how many English, American, South American, Italian and even Oriental travelers come to Paris to amuse themselves, innocently or otherwise. Vice is less brutal perhaps with us than in London, Berlin and New York; for we are light, artistic and gay, even when we misbehave. We attract a cosmopolitan crowd who are jaded; and we amuse them. Those who are shocked and stay in their far-away homes talk of wicked Paris. They know little of the hideous side of their own cities or of the intellectual and virtuous side of France. The latter brings us so many quiet, dignified, fine friends, of whom we are very proud, but who make no noise. They are not often overcharged."

Another took up the tale and said: "Our people, like all of Europe, are a bit hysterical just now; and our struggle for life and reconstruction is a difficult one. Our politics is bad, too, for it belongs to the general chaos and is governed by the same conditions which are making other countries face emergency treatment to recover from four years of war. We have lost our best men, and our richest lands have been destroyed; yet in spite of our many problems and failures it seems probable France will recuperate and rebuild rapidly. Everyone is interested, everyone owns property; the pennies will be saved and the people will work hard; and as we get to our feet we shall be better judged by outsiders."

The League of Nations

A French journalist said: "One has to admit France is more generous with her blood than with her francs, but in a period of reconstruction, with debts to pay, this is a virtue!"

Afterwards I was asked by an American if I thought that France, rich and prosperous, would have sent her armies over here, had we been fighting with our backs against the wall. And in spite of the Lafayette tradition I had to admit it seemed to me a certainty that no Western European nation would have done for us what we did for them in 1917. Natures of nations, like natures of individuals, seem greatly to differ. Obviously we all know this, yet we are surprised to find it so when the test comes. Individuals seem to be able to work together in communities, however, in spite of this; even perhaps better because of their varied characters. Yet we expect somehow to have nations give an equal measure of generosity; and where they vary some are called at fault, and everyone complains of them.

A league of nations where each country must furnish an equal portion of every needed thing is absurd, but understanding treaties strung around the globe, bringing those who have problems in common to discuss and settle them in peace, seem wise and fairly possible. In one family of children—my own—rougher treatment had to be given to our boy to prepare him for responsibility and to make his way in life; while our girls, to whom we try to give protection, are saved from blows. So in this nation the farmer in the Northwest and the industrial in New England and the cotton grower of the Southern States all want and need quite different things, and they contribute different things also to the general treasury.

We cannot measure England, France, Italy, Germany or Russia and the East by our home standards. If we want American ways and comforts we must live here and have them; if we go out to see the world we

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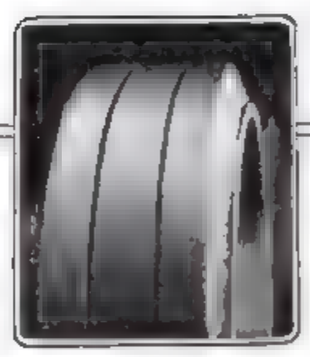

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must take what we find there. Americans offered rich gifts in lives and money during the war; we were awfully hurt at the way these were accepted, the slight gratitude expressed, and—seemingly or actually—our deeds were forgotten and we were even criticized.

Russia's martyrdom is another such case. It is largely made up of the good intentions and misunderstanding of those who were her friends. Americans often judged Russians by themselves at first, while the British thought English methods should apply, and the French theorized in their own way. Yet they all meant well. They fussed and fumed among themselves, too, over Russia, and did all sorts of right and wrong things; but generally at the wrong time, in the wrong way, and all separately. Enough money and blood effectively to help the Russian misery were given; and enough fighting was done to rid the world of this Bolshevik peril which Western Europe is now so anxious about. If it had all only been given and done by everyone together, in one really wise and well-planned effort! Now each country is wondering why Russians aren't more grateful, why they are starving, and what is the matter with the Russians anyhow. Simply the matter needs understanding, and in time America is realizing best what the trouble was about, and how much Russia has suffered. For some odd reason the ideals and generosities, the feeling of unrecognized sacrifice, the wide horizons and the broadmindedness of these two peoples have made them nearer kin than any others are. Everywhere scattered exiled Russians cling to Americans with admiration and deep gratitude. Americans, men and women, who have seen the Russians' courage and their patience, their faith and energy through martyrdom, have understood them best and have made friends.

France now is learning the theory too; is putting all her strength into her opposition to the Bolshevists' political invasion of Europe, and she has taken a share in helping the unhappy people exiled in her land. Also, France fed for a long time an army of our war waifs along the Bosporus shore. Other smaller states are doing their small shares. England still stands wavering. A conservative solid group of the best of England see the dangers. They aid the exiles with their charity and protest against the radicals at home who are pressing the British Government while propaganda from without is threatening. The men at the head, however calm their masks appear, are doubtless anxious, for they show a helplessness and weakness that are a most unBritish attitude. Impossible to believe, somehow, that an Anglo-Saxon nation can be weak. One looks anxiously from day to day to see them put their backs against some wall and fight, and one expects it of them.

The English Spirit

I remember during the early years of the war an Englishman in Russia said to me after the news of some disaster came in: "It's annoying, but that's the way with us. We think war is sport, and till we get a few hard blows we never settle down really to fight. When we do we put ourselves against a wall and attend to business."

"And then you English always win," I said; and he looked at me with a rather grateful smile. "Well, yes, we generally do," he answered very quietly.

So I'm hoping to see the English and the French line up together soon and fight the new enemy. One can't admit that European civilization should go down before the Bolshevist commune.

Somehow my mind refuses to accept defeat for the Allies, and after the way they fought during the war I am sure still that they can fight out problems of reconstruction, putting aside all sophistry and fear and all hysterical idealism impossible to realize. One wishes some genius, a real leader, would arise and take hold of the tangle, but the war produced none of importance over there, while late events seem to have drained the capacities of even the many secondary stars in the European constellations. They are too tired, or maybe their world is grown too old.

There exists the ancient prophecy of a Slavic apostle from the northeast who is to come and save the world, but Russia's bed of agony seems unpromising for the fulfillment soon of any prediction of the miracle man. There is need of haste too; and eyes which looked for safety found it some time ago as on their battlefields they watched the arrival of a new type of youth, with cool eyes, calm nerves and implicit confidence in himself. He came from a distance to win the war. The older men with these youths, and even their women, all carried aid and this same conviction wherever they were seen; and having done the job they went abroad for, they disappeared again across the seas. They brought and took back their vast baggage and they left a legend in their trail which was undreamed of till then in European lore. It spelled hope and force for all the world to turn to and to count on for the future.

I felt this spell of constructive power all winter in the capital, and there, strangely enough, it took expression mostly in the more mature among the American men, those especially grouped about the President, who carried the nation's burdens. Typical men, they deserve a chapter to themselves, for they mean the brain and sinew for construction, as much as their President means the normalcy he preaches and he lives.

Honors to Madame Curie

The reception to Madame Curie, when the President presented her a gram of radium, gift from her American admirers, was an interesting occasion. It was a hot day, late in May, but the lovely old White House looked cool as always, and too noble to shelter any but a dignified, well-ordered crowd. As a matter of fact there wasn't a large crowd at all; and the guests of the President had space to sit comfortably. In the great East Room chairs had been placed forming a semicircle which faced the windows along the East Façade. There was an aisle left through the middle of the room to a table, whereon lay a box of mahogany containing the precious gift, with engraved dedication and date on a bronze plate fastened to the lid. This heavy casket could not be opened, nor the radium seen by the public. It was like a mysterious Pandora's box; no one must open it without knowledge and wisdom or the contents would burn and kill. Yet packed and isolated as it was, the radium was innocent and a tiny bottle made like an hourglass, about two inches high, held as much phosphorescent salts as represented in size and aspect one gram of radium. It cost one hundred and twenty thousand dollars and was a fit gift to the discoverer of the fairy-like cure for so many ills. She was to use it for the good of suffering humanity, a power her gentle heart rejoiced in.

The audience included a few diplomats, among whom were the ambassadors from France and Poland, Madame Curie's adopted and native lands. There were officials of the new cabinet, too, some army officers in their gay uniforms, and then a collection of scientists and a large number of women, representing those groups who had been instrumental in bringing Madame Curie over here, in entertaining her and in making her this gift. Madame Curie looked into space, quite unconscious of her importance or her surroundings. Someone had thrown a scarf of black lace about her shoulders, someone had also chosen her a thin black hat and told her to put it on. She had done so without a mirror, I'm sure, as there was no style at all in the way that hat set. Nevertheless she looked attractive, soft, feminine, ethereal and distinguished. Soon double doors were thrown open, the audience rose and the President of the United States came quietly down the aisle. He made a very imposing figure, I thought. Quite tall, broad and strong looking, he had a face as powerful as his figure. The brow was fine; he had rather a long nose, with firm mouth and chin, and deep-set eyes that gleamed as he cast a kindly look about. I think everyone has a pleasant impression whenever he appears; and he seems very natural always as he speaks. That day the head of the women's delegation made the first address, quite a fine one, giving the history of this movement which had made possible the box lying there and which had brought Madame Curie from France to receive it at the President's hands.

Mr. Harding thanked the speaker for the compliment paid him and then he turned to Madame Curie and said what the radium meant to him—its healing power, the expression of admiration and of friendship to her and to France it was meant for by the women of America. She responded—just a

(Continued on Page 58)

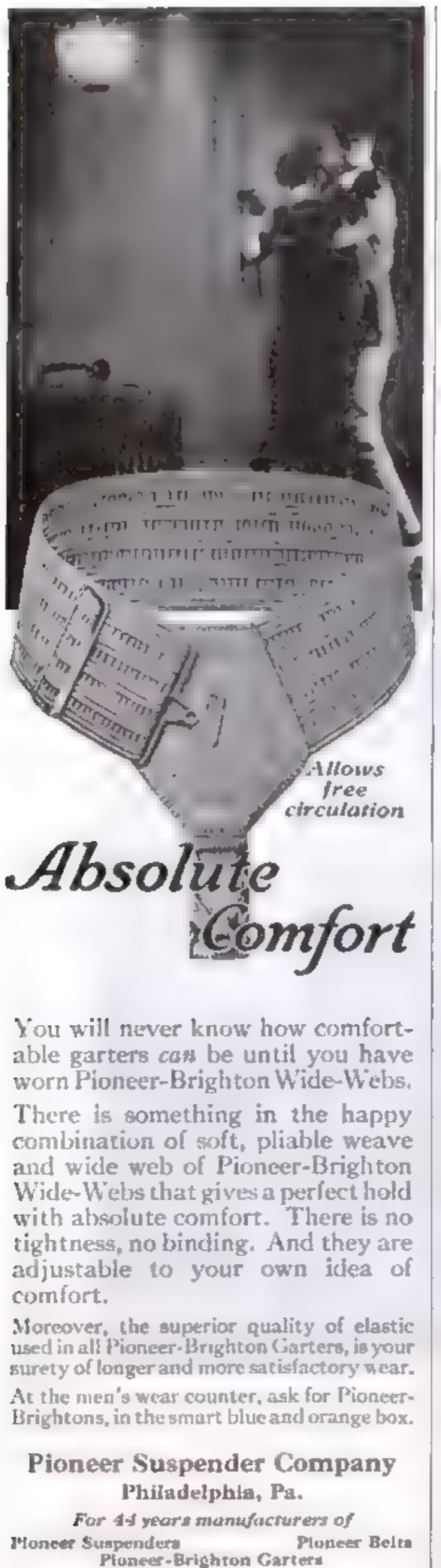
There's a story at your house that KODAK can tell

Whether or not the leading characters are the children, it is enough that the pictures are made at your house. Just this little fact gives them, as far as you and yours are concerned, an interest eternal.

It's all easy the Kodak way. Pleasure from the start—and good pictures.

Autographic Kodaks *$6.50 up*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



Absolute Comfort

You will never know how comfortable garters *can* be until you have worn Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs.

There is something in the happy combination of soft, pliable weave and wide web of Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs that gives a perfect hold with absolute comfort. There is no tightness, no binding. And they are adjustable to your own idea of comfort.

Moreover, the superior quality of elastic used in all Pioneer-Brighton Garters, is your surety of longer and more satisfactory wear.

At the men's wear counter, ask for Pioneer-Brightons, in the smart blue and orange box.

Pioneer Suspender Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

For 44 years manufacturers of
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Single Grip
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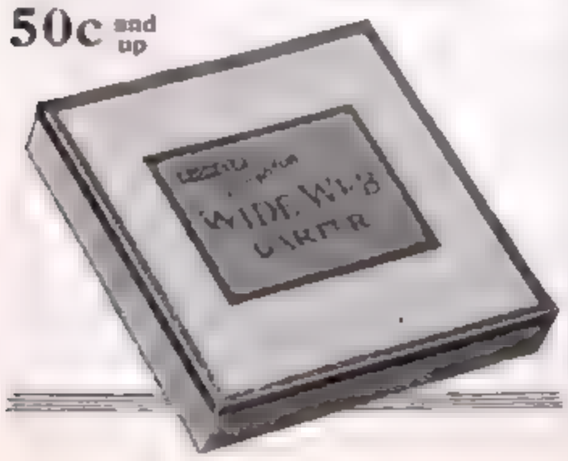

(Continued from Page 56)

few well-chosen words of humble gratitude. She told her desire to use the fine gift well, for the good of those who suffered and for science.

The little ceremony was soon ended, and the President stood, with Mrs. Harding by his side, and little Madame Curie beyond, seated, by the doctor's order, because she was too ill to stand. We, the audience, filed past this group; and the President and Mrs. Harding cordially shook hands with every guest and heartily bade them welcome. As I came up someone said to Mr. Harding that I had been born in the White House and gave him my maiden name.

He smiled as he took my hand.

"You belong here, madame, and I am glad to welcome you," he said.

And I replied, "I was born here, sir, but I come back now a foreign refugee, a Russian."

"Then you must consider this as your second home, and we shall hope to see you often," was his quick remark.

He passed me on to Mrs. Harding, who gave a hearty greeting and introduced me to Madame Curie.

The latter was looking dazed, but suddenly grew attentive when I addressed her in French. We exchanged several sentences before other visitors pushed me on down the line, and I shook hands with all the ladies of the committee in charge of the little scientist.

Somehow she and they made a curious contrast. They were so healthy and efficient and organized; she was such a frail accidental lamp, but she gave out a flame, nevertheless, which lighted all about her and threw its rays far into the future. Two types, the difference between the Old World and the New, representing some of the things which make it difficult for them to meet on the same footing. These capable, well-dressed, prosperous American women, with their genius of common sense and their practical success, were full of generosity and hospitality. They rejoiced in the gift they made from their riches and in the triumphs of their foreign sister, whom they considered a lion among lions. She, coming from a vague drab background where work, privation, fatigue and suffering had predominated always, didn't feel the success of the moment at all, nor the excitement around herself. She was unconscious of everything about her save her science, and was in rather a hurry to quit the noisy world and go back to her labors for humanity.

She was somewhat unconscious also of all these kindly individuals. She did know for some unaccountable reason they were putting into her hands power to do more good, to save more humanity, as well as the possibility for her to work, abolishing future anxiety over the financial side of her life.

I kept wondering what at the back of their minds Madame Curie and the American women's committee really thought of one another. I liked and knew both types, but they were a little amusing and a little pathetic to watch together. There were in that grouping the Orient and the West, the heavenly mystic and the worthy of the earth, the practically generous and the generosity which squanders its genius for an ideal and lets money it needs go by without counting the loss. My American compatriots wouldn't one of them be caught by their early morning visitors—ice men or butcher boys—in the clothes Madame Curie wore to a public dinner or a White House ceremony when she was the central figure; yet they worshiped her and aided her generously.

She was immensely grateful, yet wondered, doubtless, why such a fuss should be made over her. I'm sure though that she liked the President's simple speech, the tribute of the things he said, and the homage in his rich voice and chivalrous manner. She made a very direct appeal to all the big men about her, I found, yet she was always ready to leave a social function. She seemed so very tired, and I knew she could find rest only in her quiet home and her laboratory. The latter was being fitted up by her American admirers.

HIGH PITCH—LOW PITCH

(Continued from Page 8)

of Ann and Nassau Streets and made the first authentic pitch in the annals of street fakery.

There was something new about it, something different. Here was a boy, lecturing on the good qualities of an oil-tempered, bone-handled four-bladed knife, with a sample sharpened to a razor thinness, and the slivers flying in all directions as he whittled a piece of soft pine to demonstrate the cutting ability of an edge which could be purchased for twenty-five cents. The crowd gathered, the crowd watched him whittle; then the crowd bought. Nor was it long before George Stivers scoured the city of New York in vain. The stocks of rusty nonreturnable bargain knives were gone.

Then another element entered—again with fortune on the side of the first pitchman. This time it was another thing to appeal to the boy in man—lead pencils.

A big pencil factory had burned, with practically every pencil in its stock damaged by scorching, blistering or by water. The firm of Stivers & Lehman hurried to the place and purchased the salvage for almost nothing. Then Stivers went a step higher in his operations. He bought a pushcart, loaded it with pencils, sharpened a dozen or two of them for demonstration purposes, and began to extol their virtues. Anyone at all who desired to test the writing qualities of the offerings could step right up and scribble to his heart's desire on pads furnished for the purpose, and then buy half a dozen pencils for the price that one would cost in a stationery store. There never was a small boy without a stub of a lead pencil in one of his pockets. There never was a man who didn't feel lost without a pencil or a fountain pen. Stivers had bumped headlong into another masculine failing, and a few days later the entire stock of pencils was gone, while the combination of Stivers & Lehman split a gross profit of more than six thousand dollars.

By this time Stivers had learned the psychology of the spiel and of the personal recommendation and demonstration in selling. He held no other ideas than a continuance in the pitch business. Lehman, having been the backer, and not actively engaged in the selling, looked on the venture as more of a fluke than anything else, and determined to place his easily acquired wealth in something more substantial. So he took his share of the profits, three thousand dollars, to Chicago, and on the strength of his cash obtained credit for many times the amount, opening a combined notions and dry-goods store. However, the pitchman idea followed through. Lehman displayed his goods on tables, with everything before the eyes of the prospective purchaser. His stock disappeared, the profits rolled in, and the business expanded.

The idea of the tables expanded also into departments. The store which Lehman started is still running, a gigantic place where women seek cheap prices in everything from baby buggies to filet lace; and all because a crowd of men once bought bargains at Ann and Nassau streets in slightly damaged lead pencils. So, after all, perhaps the feminine side of the household is right when she says that a woman isn't any worse than a man when it comes to buying something below cheap. At least she has the alibi that she didn't start it. None of her gender bought any of the rusty pocketknives which came from the hardware store of Joe Prince.

So while the pitch idea was expanding in the dry-goods store it was expanding also in every part of the country. Agile-minded men had seen the possibilities in the game which George Stivers had played—that of bringing the thing to be sold directly before the eyes of the purchaser; of specializing, as it were, and inciting the interest of the buyer by personal contact and the enhanced interest of demonstration. Within a year the pitch business had become widespread, with hundreds of men carrying little cases of notions, small outfits of calicoes, dress goods and toys, into various parts of the country, especially the West, where railroads and stores were few, and into the South, where reconstruction, following the war, was at its height. Like Topsy, who was famous about that time, the pitch business just grew. The venders found that to interest their prospective patrons they must do something to center their attention. They resorted to mountebank methods, sleight-of-hand performances, songs and dances, card tricks and jokes to draw the crowd—and though this may be an enlightened age let it be known that the same things that drew the throngs in those days still draw the crowds today. Curiosity is ever rampant in the human mind, coupled with the idea of getting something for nothing. The man who stops on a street corner to watch a pitchman tie a hard knot which the harder he ties it the easier it loosens, wants to be amused without paying for it. Nor does he figure that he has paid an admission charge when he walks on, fifteen minutes later, with anything from a patent window cleaner to a tube of gummy, or glass cement, guaranteed to hold broken china together in sun, storm, heat or rainy weather, and not to chip, crack, check or get black in the seams.

Of course in the beginning the business was merely one of intensified peddling. The store was brought to the person's attention, that was all. Specialization was not a general thing. Then a pitchman discovered the German double-lever collar button, and the finding of a diamond mine could not have been more remunerative.

Why? Even a pitchman cannot explain—despite the fact that he sells them today. The German double-lever collar button had been on the market for twenty years. Men had passed it by in stores without a second glance, and remained true to the old-style collar fasteners. Then one day a man stood with his tripe and keister—which is pitchman slang for a tripod and demonstration case or suitcase—filled with nothing but double-lever collar buttons. His name long has been forgotten in the maze of those who have claimed the distinction, but the effect still remains, a half century afterward.

He had nothing but that collar button and a wonderful agility in taking off his collar and putting it on again. Naturally, there had been many an hour of practice before the mirror—but the crowd didn't know that. On went the collar—and off it came—like a flash. More than that, stand-up collars could be made in an instant to do a strange and unaccountable thing—actually to hold a tie so that it would not ride the back of the wearer's neck. Within a year the man who didn't wear a double-lever collar button was not abreast of the times. And today there are more than a score of old-time pitchmen who are living on the proceeds of their sales of fifty years ago—money derived from a thing that had been on the market nearly a quarter of a century before they discovered it. More than that, there are men who have sold nothing but those double-jointed collar buttons since the day of their entrance into popular use, and who make nearly as much through their demonstrations now as they did when the articles first were put on the market.

It was the beginning of a mass of discoveries. In like fashion the spud peeler—which will peel a potato, take out the eyes, and peel and core an apple, open cans and do a score of other useful things, and which is in nearly every American home today—came into common use, years after its introduction. Safety razors found champions in the men who stood on street corners, shaved with their eyes blindfolded, and gave away a razor every time they cut themselves. Many cheap articles of common use were introduced by pitchmen after the public had walked past them time after time in the various stores—and consistently refused to buy. But the strange part is the fact that once a thing is introduced, it doesn't interfere at all with the continued sale; in fact, it seems the more common the article the more easily is it sold at a bargain price.

Of course there is a theory to it all, which, however, best can be explained by an active member of the clan.

"It's this way," a pitchman will tell you—confidentially, of course. "The umpcha really doesn't want to buy anything. That ain't his racket at all. He's thinking about something entirely different when he comes up to where I'm pitching. The last thing he's got on his mind, we'll say, is a shave. And I'm selling German

(Continued on Page 51)

"A Tire that Will be Known Everywhere"

Seiberling Cords are as good as the best materials and human skill can make them.

Not only a GOOD Tube — but a BIG Tube also

Why a GOOD tube?—Because the tube represents a comparatively small investment to protect the return upon a much larger one—the money you have put into your casings. Leaky tubes mean lost mileage. Seldom can you stop and repair a tube injury quickly enough to prevent casing injury. It may not show on the outside but it is there, and in one mile on a soft tire you have cut several hundreds or even thousands of miles out of the casing.

An old story? Yes, but we shall keep on telling it because it is the truth and we owe it to you to be sure you understand its importance.

Why a BIG tube?—Because if the tube is too small, it is over-distended when you pump up the tire. This stretching opens the tiny pores in the rubber and soon you have a slow leakage that you don't notice till the tire has already suffered injury. The stretching also causes more heat from friction, the rubber loses its resiliency and the tube is worn out before its time.

Put a Seiberling Tube in a Seiberling Tire. We want you to get every last mile out of your Seiberling Cords, and we do not like to think that any tube goes into one of our tires except the tube that we *know* is good enough and big enough, because we made it ourselves and made it not just to be sold but to keep Seiberling Cords in service on the road and out of the repair shop as long as possible.

Seiberling Tubes are extra large and are made of pure gum, a floating stock. They are laminated, built of thin gum strips. If a blow-out occurs, they will not rip as some tubes do. Ask your dealer for Seiberling Tubes—ask him, too, what pure gum, floating stock, lamination, and extra size mean to you from *his* view-point.

If you do not find a Seiberling dealer in your community, write us for nearest address at which you can procure Seiberling Cords and Tubes.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY · AKRON, OHIO

SEIBERLING TUBES

SELZ $SIX

All leather, made of genuine full grain Cordo Calf

Goodyear Wingfoot Rubber Heel

Goodyear Welt

Natural Finished Oak Sole, bringing longer wear

If you have paid more than $6.00 for your shoes you will appreciate a dealer who has voluntarily sacrificed part of his usual profit to give you a famous shoe at a close price.

Every merchant handling the Selz 'Six is doing this. Only by this co-operation with us—for we, too, accept a smaller profit on this leader—can so good a shoe as the Selz 'Six be offered you at so low a price!

Increasing patronage has shown every Selz dealer that the public does appreciate and believe in the merchant who seeks larger sales through smaller profits. The sales of the Selz 'Six—now exceeding any other shoe of its kind—prove this beyond question.

Ask your dealer for this special value shoe. If you do not know a Selz dealer, write us. Address Selz, Chicago or Pittsburgh.

1871 S.E L Z 1922

ELEVEN FACTORIES—30,000 DEALERS

MAKERS OF GOOD SHOES RETAILING AT $5 TO $10, INCLUDING THE FAMOUS "ROYAL BLUE"

CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

Twenty-one models to select from, high or low—street or dress

(Continued from Page 58)

safety razors that cost me eighteen dollars a gross, plus the blades, and which are made in straight imitation of one of the makes on the market. You can buy 'em at the store on the corner for forty-five cents. I'm selling 'em for fifty, with a dozen extra blades and a stick of shaving soap thrown in. But, you see, all I'm paying is a reader, or license. No rent, no salary list, no light, heat, taxes, no nothing.

"But as I say, the umpcha comes along the street with his head in the air and his mind ten miles off. Then he hears me plunk a couple of chords on a banjo. Something for nothing—get me? If he's a real umpcha—and 90 per cent of men are—he'll stop, just to hear what I'm going to play. About that time another fink slides up and stops. Then a couple of shills.

"A shill, you know, is a capper, or booster. Practically every hobo is a natural born shill, willing to work any time, and be the first one to buy whatever a pitchman's selling. The old game of the sheep following a leader, you know. It's a part of the pitchman's game to slip 'em a two-bit piece afterward and return 'em the money for what they've bought. So, we'll say, by this time I've got three or four saps around me, and I'm talking as hard as I can:

"'Now, gents, I'm going to sing a few songs, tell a few jokes, play a couple of bright, sassy little tunes on the old box here, just for your edification and amusement. Not going to take up much of your time or bother you with a lot of stuff you don't want to hear. It's free, boys—you don't have to buy; no obligation on your part! If you'll just move up a little closer ——'

"Get the idea? When I start telling 'em what I'm goin' to do, that busts in on the entertainment, doesn't it? Well, while I'm stallin', a couple more umpchas breeze up, see the crowd and stop. So far I ain't sung a song, and I ain't told a joke, I ain't done a card trick and I ain't played a tune. If I ever do that I'm lost."

The Pitchman's Yes Guys

"Get me? That's all they want, that entertainment. But I've got to sell my safety razors. So I play a couple more chords and I welcome what new umpchas have gotten into the crowd. Then I pick up the deck of cards and start to shuffle 'em, an' about that time I begin looking for a yes guy.

"Maybe you don't know it, but half the men in the world are yes guys. All you've got to do is to put the idea in their heads and they'll come right back at you with what you want. So I begin fishing around for a yes guy or two while I'm shuffling the cards. And before I get through stalling I've found one of 'em.

"There he is out in the push with his eyes glued on me. I speak to him sort of friendly: 'Howdy, brother.'

"Right away he yesses me. Comes back with the greeting. Then I know I've got him hooked, and the second step comes. To show you what I mean, every person in the world's got tucked away somewhere in his head the desire to be an actor. The next time you see an accident, just make a canvass of all the birds who know just how it happened, and see if I ain't right. Every other guy'll tell you the whole story, just the way it was pulled off, and maybe he don't know any more about it than you do. Yes guys and the would-be actors go together. So I slide the cards over into one hand, and pick up the safety-razor case.

"'Now,' I say, and I pump my eyes sort of confidential on the yes guy, 'you wouldn't mind helpin' me out on this little trick, would you?'

"'No,' says he. It's right in his head, you know. Then I start working. I hand him the case with the safety razor in it.

"'Would you mind examining that carefully?' I ask him. 'Don't be afraid of it—I ain't selling 'em. No obligation, brother.' Being a yes guy he's more than happy to do it. He's acting, you see—helping me out in this little card trick I'm going to do; although, of course, he can't quite get the connection. So he takes the razor out of its case, looks it all over carefully, and the rest of the push, just to be sure that I ain't going to get away with anything, crowds up and looks it over too. What they think, I don't know—but they figure all the time that the razor—chiv, we call it—has something to do with that card trick. The interest gets keen, and I look for some more yes guys. So I pass out a few more chivs.

"Now, here's the punch of the thing: These same umpchas that stand there looking those chivs over from stem to stern, probably have passed them by with hardly a look when they're displayed in store windows. All they see is the price, and it's cheap compared to the regular price for safeties. The chiv costs me twelve and a half cents, the blades fifteen cents, and a stick of soap two and a half cents. Thirty cents for the whole smear. Every chiv that I put out, with blades and soap thrown in, makes me 66⅔ per cent profit. And five or six dollars a day clear ain't bad money, even for a pitchman.

"By this time I've got five or six yes guys lookin' at those razors. I've got their interest turned on something else besides that entertainment. Most people've got a single-track mind—only think of one thing at a time. By now half of 'em have forgotten the card trick and are all hooked up with the razors. I've accomplished what I wanted, and what the stores haven't been able to do. I've put those chivs right in front of the umpcha's eyes, and forced him to see their good qualities. I've gotten his interest aroused in 'em—an' that's half the battle of selling. Now I go on with the yes guy.

"'Brother, if I told you that razor cost me four dollars and a half you'd believe it, wouldn't you?' Of course he yesses me right back.

"'And if you had to buy a dozen blades for that razor you'd expect to pay a dollar for 'em, wouldn't you?'

"Sure he would. He's a yes guy."

Something for Nothing

"'And if I'd tell you I was going to demonstrate these razors by giving 'em away absolutely free, you'd want one of 'em, wouldn't you?'

"Did you ever see anybody who wouldn't take something for nothing? Sure he wants one.

"'And you'd want one, too, wouldn't you, brother?' I've picked myself another yes guy. He's frothing at the mouth for one. Then I find one or two more, and immediately go into my push-over.

"'Aw-w-w-w-l-l-l right now, brothers!' I shout. 'I've told you I ain't here to sell these razors. You couldn't buy one of 'em off me if you'd give me ten dollars! I'm here, gentlemen, to give 'em away! Here to give 'em away, gentlemen—razors built on the same style and pattern that you'd walk into a store and plank down five dollars for.'

"Get that? I don't say the same kind. I tell 'em it's the same style an' pattern. And I go on:

"'So put up your hands, gents. Can't give this free introductory demonstration in less than a dozen lots! Let's have eight more now, gents—just eight more. There's another one—seven more now—six; another sensible gent here now—that's eight, nine, ten—eleven—one more to make it an even dozen.

"'And now, gents, just step up here and lay down a half a dollar, fifty cents, two quarters, five thin dimes, for a dozen extra razor blades and a stick of Doctor Lather's Eucalyptus Oil Creamy Wave Shaving Soap for fifty cents—and I throw in the razor! Right this way—a guaranteed imported safety razor absolutely free!'

"They step up and buy. Why? It's simple. In the first place, I've practically put that razor in their hands, ain't I?

(Continued on Page 64)

The Medicine Pitch is About the Only One of the Hundreds Which Includes Women Among its Patrons

A Finer Motor Car, The Wills Sainte Claire

The Wills Sainte Claire is a *finer* motor car, because it is *finer* in design, engineering and workmanship; because its eight-cylinder, overhead-cam-and-valve motor gives it more power and greater flexibility; its perfect balance gives it easier riding, finer roadability; its Mo-*lyb*-den-um steel construction makes it stronger, safer and more durable. You go farther, faster and more surely in the Wills Sainte Claire.

C. H. Wills & Company
Marysville, Michigan

WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE

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Know the

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY provides a home plan service to retail lumber dealers. There are many home designs to choose from. The one pictured above is LONG-BELL Plan No. 431. Ask your lumberman. If he hasn't it, write us and we will give you the names of retail lumbermen in your community where you can see the LONG-BELL plan sheets.

Long

Trade-Marked

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lumber you buy

FEW PERSONS take time to give *personal* attention to selecting the lumber to be used in their homes. Yet they insist on their favorite brand of shirts or shoes because they know that brand means dependability and maximum quality for the amount spent.

You buy shirts and shoes many times in a lifetime, but a home only once. It is your most valued possession. How important then to be sure the lumber is *right*, because you will live with it always and upon its quality may depend the permanence and beauty of the house.

By *identifying* all its lumber and lumber products with a trade-marked brand, THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY believes it has helped immeasurably to make lumber buying easier, more convenient and *safer* for the home builder—to assure him that he is getting full value for the money he pays.

To those who say "all lumber looks alike to me," we point to these facts:

LONG-BELL Lumber has back of it 47 years of honorable enterprise..

LONG-BELL Lumber comes from exceptional stands of virgin timber; manufactured in modern mills.

LONG-BELL Lumber is made by skilled workmen—men who take a personal pride in a product bearing their company's name.

Each process of manufacture and each step in the grading is under the supervision of experts who work to a standard. Each log is cut for purposes for which it is best adapted. LONG-BELL Lumber is of uniform quality.

LONG-BELL *Lumber is trade-marked. This means* ***unmistakable*** *identification—the same kind of a buying guide you demand on other merchandise.*

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The Long-Bell Lumber Company

R. A. LONG BUILDING Lumbermen Since 1875 KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers; Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Piling and Wood Blocks; California White Pine Lumber, Sash and Doors, Standardized Woodwork; Southern Hardwoods, Oak Flooring.

BELL MBER

Watch This Column

"In the Days of Buffalo Bill"

I USED to dream of Buffalo Bill. He was my ideal American hero. He was the essence of Romance. He was scout, plainsman, Indian-fighter, trailer, hunter. He was the most picturesque figure in border history.

He derived his title from his dashing raids on the vast herds of buffalo that roamed the plains of the Northwest in his day. His cunning and courage in Indian warfare made him of inestimable value to the government.

That his deeds may live in the American mind, I am producing them in moving-picture, in a series of thrilling chapters. It is the most ambitious and expensive thing of the kind Universal has ever done. And every American boy will thrill to the core and see border history as it was enacted.

The picture directed by Edward Laemmle shows over 100 historical characters, such as Lincoln, Grant, Stanton, prominent army men of the period, celebrated Indian chiefs, border ruffians and those determined and fearless men who settled the West. It teems with heroic action, hairbreadth escapes and exciting battles.

ART ACORD, a sterling actor of Westerns, is the hero, and his remarkable work distinguishes him from the type usually seen in Western plays. The cast is exceptional, and so faithfully has history been followed that you will see with your own eyes many of the heroes you love to read about.

Tell the manager of your favorite theatre to get "In the Days of Buffalo Bill." Every real American, young and old, will want to see it and *ought* to see it. I am delighted with it. And I am proud to be the means of making it for you.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 61)

Second place, I'm selling the small article and giving away the big one. What's more, I've got twelve of 'em half obligated by holding up their hands. Now they know they don't have to buy anything, but by this time they actually want the razor, and they're willing to pay for the blades and the soap to get it. Doesn't make any difference whether they've got a dozen razors at home, they want this particular one. And all they have to do is to purchase the blades and soap, and the razor is theirs, free for nothing!

"So there's the whole secret. Maybe you'll say it ain't a high-minded way of selling stuff. But you can't argue that way with us pitchmen. We look on it as honorable and straight; it's just a matter of the way you hook the guy's attention. We don't see any difference between that and the lady demonstrator in the grocery department who passes you out the swellest cup of coffee that you ever drank in your life, all for the reason that she's a shark at making it, and because she's got all the chemists in the factory behind her to show her just how to get every bit of juice there is in the bean into the consumer's cup—and then sells you a pound of the berries and sends you away happy. It's all the same."

For that matter, there is another line of argument, which the pitchman neglected. This is the fact that there are few forms of demonstration or of selling by the arousing of personal interest the beginning of which cannot be traced back to George Stivers and his rusty knives. When a store holds a style demonstration or a manicure department installs an expert to show you just how your nails should be treated by some new form of cuticle remover; when the grocery department gives away hot biscuits the foundation of which is a certain flour which that department desires to push, or when almost any kind of demonstration is staged to interest the public in a given article, a silent and unintentioned tribute is paid to a newsboy of the '60's with a cigar box full of pocket knives, for the reason that all these things had their origin early in the pitch game, and it was the pitchmen themselves who first started them, through the necessity of making a living when the cold months of winter formed a barrier against their work on the street corners.

In fact, were it not for this angle, the pitchman's game might have withered and died. Things went well with its pioneers during the summer months. But when winter came, even legerdemain and jokes and card tricks wouldn't cause half-frozen umpchas to stand in the wind and storm to listen to the merits of the various offerings; with the result that the world of the pitchman was bleak and bare and full of forebodings. Then someone conceived the idea of a pure-food show, and the pitchmen hurried to give their assistance. Within a week the promoters found that it was the booth with the man making the personal appeal which was doing the best business—and the vocation of demonstrator thereby came into existence.

Why Umpchas Buy

However, years have to a certain measure drawn a fairly distinct line between the two fields of effort. The pitchman remains a pitchman the year around unless sheer necessity forces him into the stores to demonstrate. He prefers to follow the sunshine that he may continue to work on the street corners and where the police indicate, with his eye continually on the main stem, or important business street, but his actual place of effort is more often in the fringes of the actual retail district, owing to the opposition of merchants, who hardly can be blamed for objecting to a man whose sole expense is his reader, or license, selling spud peelers by the gross before their very doors, when they have those same spud peelers in their kitchenware department which refuse to move, even by the dozen. Incidentally the relegation of the pitchmen to the less frequented parts of a town is often blamable upon a member of his own clan—for there is the distinctively crooked pitchman, just as there is the crooked banker or minister. The only difference is that when a dishonest pitchman jams a town the whole fraternity must pay the penalty by finding only a refusal at the city hall when the visit is made to take out the reader, or license, which may run all the way from a dollar a year to ten dollars a day. The town has been closed, and the pitchman is under the ban.

Naturally, the pitchmen and their selling methods easily can become a matter of argument. The broad view is that they are shrewd psychologists who outguess the men to whom they sell, and do it by thinking faster than the other fellow. Their game is built largely upon the power of suggestion and extravagant inferences, and along the same principle which the sideshow ballyhoo man uses in inducing a crowd to take a look at the wild man whom it knows beforehand to be a fake, but upon whom it gazes, and goes away satisfied. The shrewd pitchman merely makes a number of statements from which one can draw his own, and naturally obvious, conclusions. Then he sells the umpcha a cake of soap wrapped in tinfoil for ten cents, guaranteed to remove spots from the clothing, take out grease marks, restore goods to their natural color, and in no manner, shape or form harm or mar the most delicate fabric or destroy the texture, weave or coloring. The only thing about it all is that the price is ten cents for the little cake of soap wrapped in tinfoil, when sold by the pitchman, and the same price for ten times the amount of the same soap, minus the tinfoil and the spiel, when bought at the corner grocery. Naturally, the corner-store soap hasn't been dyed a delicate pink in its reboiling, perfumed with Jockey Club, and sold to the accompaniment of a couple of chords on an out-of-tune banjo. Nor does the grocer take the time to call up a subject, and remove before your very eyes, gentlemen, the spots from a yes guy's clothing. So, there may be something in the joy of watching the demonstration, instead of merely following the directions. Besides, you know, no one is forced to buy.

Behold the Gila Monster!

In this connection it is the umpcha who does the purchasing, more than the pitchman who does the selling; more the interpretation that the man in the crowd places upon the pitchman's words than what is actually said. One of my main amusements a year or so ago was to form a part of the push which gathered every afternoon before the tripe and keister of a pitchman on Larimer Street, in Denver, to watch the play of the crowd—and the incidental sale of Doctor Parks' Infallible Salve, for cuts, wounds, scalds, sunburn, diseases of the skin and cuticle, and the bites of insects, man, beast and reptile.

The doctor himself, inventor of this famous salve, did the selling. But did he lecture on the ointment in the true form? He did not. On the contrary, flanked by boxes of salve, by pamphlets and pictures of everything from puff adders to boa constrictors, by stuffed tarantulas and hairy scorpions, the doctor carried as his main exhibit a live and slothful Gila monster, which had been procured from the lowlands of Arizona, and which snoozed away the hours under the wire grating which covered the doctor's keister. And it was upon this Gila monster, instead of the salve, that the doctor dilated with extremely lucrative results.

"I am here this afternoon," he would announce, "to present to you the world's renowned Doctor Parks' Infallible Salve for cuts, wounds, abrasions, sunburn, diseases of the skin and cuticle, injuries to the tender membrane, and the bite of insect, man, beast or reptile. Now, gentlemen, I am not going to bore you with a description of this wonderful remedy, I'm not going to take up your time by giving you a long list of medical phrases and pharmaceutical combinations. But I wish to call your attention to these fierce and ferocious reptiles which repose in and about this exhibition case.

"I know there is no one among you who is so ignorant as not to know that the bite of the hairy scorpion is deadly poisonous. The next time a scorpion bites you, what would you give for a box of Doctor Parks' Infallible Salve, which I am retailing today for twenty-five cents, a quarter of a dollar?

"And the tarantula!" His voice would become higher now. "The tarantula, gentlemen! Unfortunately, the only specimen which I have is stuffed, owing to the fact that these beasts cannot live in this rarefied atmosphere. However, suppose a tarantula should bite you? Eh? Or the deadly rattlesnake, or hooded cobra?"

Nor did the fact that it might be necessary to take a trip to India to get into active connection with a hooded cobra affect the crowd at all. It was taken for granted that Doctor Parks' Infallible Salve would send any cobra writhing back to his lair in thwarted rage or the rattlesnake calling to its mate with the disappointing news that at last there was something more powerful than its venom. About the time that this had thoroughly sunk in, the eminent Doctor Parks would round into the main line of his argument.

"But, gentlemen, I have something here today which will give you an accurate test of the remarkable curative properties of this wonderful ointment; a real, live, writhing Gila monster, the *Heloderma horridum* of the everglades of Old Mexico, the most poisonous reptile known to man or science. If, gentlemen, one drop of the poison from the deadly teeth of the *Heloderma horridum*, or vicious Gila monster, were to be placed upon a baby's tongue, the length of life thereafter would not be a greater span than three seconds. Two drops will kill a ten-year-old boy, and three a full-grown man. The Gila monster, gentlemen, famed in fable and story, the most deadly enemy to mortal man ever invented. Here he is! Look him over—the *Heloderma horridum*, whose bite is instant death, and whose deadly teeth can make a corpse of a strong man in five minutes! Step up and look him over—look him over, the *Heloderma horridum*, the Gila monster!"

Whereupon, led by the usual yes guys, the crowd would look him over through the wire netting, while the Gila monster snored on in peace and quiet. After which:

"Now, gentlemen, if there is any one among you who has any doubts regarding the efficacy of this marvelous remedy, Doctor Parks' Infallible Salve, for cuts, bruises and the bite of insect, man, beast or reptile, all he has to do is to stick his finger in there and let this Gila monster bite him. Then cover the wound immediately with Doctor Parks' Infallible Salve. That's all, gentlemen—just cover the wound immediately. Now if any of you gentlemen would like to make the test—right this way; don't be afraid, don't be skeptical! Make your own test and determine for yourself what Doctor Parks' Infallible Salve will do to the bite of the deadly Gila monster, the *Heloderma horridum*, the most fearful beast of the reptilian world!"

Nobody cared to make the experiment. Nevertheless, everyone had gained the impression that the infallible salve was a sure safeguard against anything poisonous. So they made their purchases and went their way, serene and safe against the bite of anything from a New Jersey mosquito to a hooded cobra.

The Doctor's Waterloo

Day after day, month after month, it continued, into the hot days of summer. One afternoon the sun blazed particularly strong upon the board which formed the resting place of His Honor, the Heloderma. It brought him very much to life; so much, in fact, that in moving about, the wire netting was displaced. The famous doctor went on with his lecture, meanwhile, absently putting forth a hand to restore the netting. And the Gila monster struck.

There was a yelp, weird and racking. An eminent manufacturer of salve leaped wildly, with a mottled Gila monster hanging to one thumb. An anguished flip and the thing was dislodged, to fall lumpily and blinking to the pavement, while the doctor seized a brick, murdered his pet *Heloderma horridum*, and then, disregarding entirely his two gross or so of infallible salve, ran five blocks to the emergency hospital for treatment. A week later he left town, minus a Gila monster and one thumb. But he took his infallible salve; there were other towns and other times, and a true enthusiast never quits.

Which brings about the statement of a queer condition of affairs. Twenty-five years ago, before the United States Government began to inquire into the various ingredients of patent medicines, one of the main amusements of the small town was the medicine show. Then along came the drug laws, and the great doctors went out of business. Now there has been a renaissance, with more medicine shows than ever, and all of them making more money than ever was dreamed of, even in the days when a Kickapoo Indian remedy was supposed to cure everything from chilblains to paralysis.

More, it is the same old medicine show that it always was. The same old outfit

(Continued on Page 67)

Send for our Book: Printing Gets Things Done

Anything You Say Can Be Misunderstood

Oral orders breed mistakes as to date, as to details, and have no standing as records.

Almost as bad are instructions on any old sheet of paper which cannot be instantly identified as instructions. Written on a printed form, there is no doubt about an instruction. Figures in writing are frequently misread. On a form the words in print are always a clue to the proper answer. In verbal instructions a detail may be forgotten. The printed form has a space where the forgotten detail gets mention and attention.

Practical and certain solution to these problems lies in the adoption of the printed form. Our book, "Printing Gets Things Done," tells and shows how printed forms conserve the minutes and prevent mistakes.

Even in the purchase of printed forms, time can be saved and mistakes avoided.

The forms in the book, "Printing Gets Things Done," are printed on Hammermill Bond. You will note a wide variety of color (twelve colors and white) and you will see that the paper is easy to print on and to write on with either ink or pencil.

Hammermill Bond is strong, clean, uniform, and durable. These qualities, combined with the fact that it is the lowest-priced standard bond paper on the market, have made it the recognized utility business paper for office printing.

Hammermill Bond is obtainable through distributors in leading cities, and most printers carry it in stock. All printers know this paper and can readily fill orders for printing on it in any quantities, large or small.

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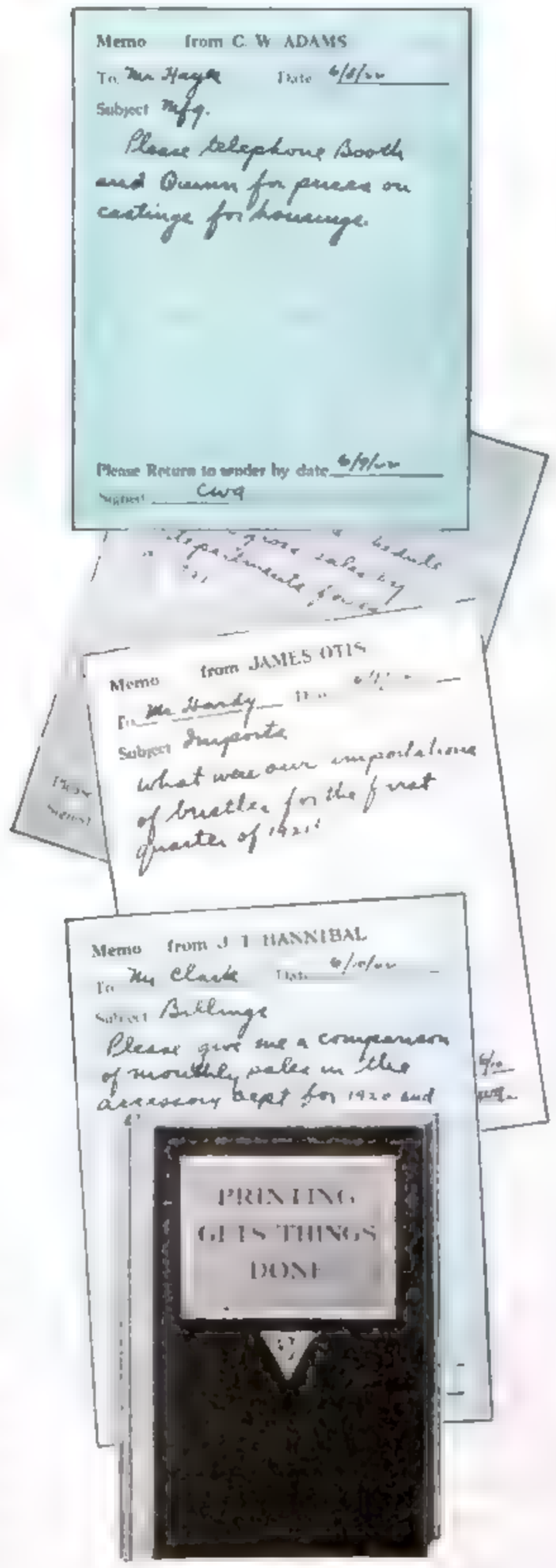

Memo from C. W. ADAMS
To Mr Hayes Date 6/8/xx
Subject Mfg.
Please telephone Booth and Quinn for prices on castings for housings.
Please Return to order by date 6/19/xx
Signed CWA
Memo from JAMES OTIS
To Mr Hardy
Subject Imports
what was our importations of textiles for the first quarter of 1921
Memo from J. T. HANNIBAL
To Mr Clark
Subject Billings
Please give me a comparison of monthly sales in the accessory dept for 1920 and
PRINTING GETS THINGS DONE

These forms assure proper understanding of instructions. They add an official character and can be used as a permanent record. Each form may have a different color that will distinguish it at a glance, thus enabling quick handling.

The Land of Unborn Babies

IN Maeterlinck's play—
"The Blue Bird," you see the exquisite Land—all misty blue—where countless babies are waiting their time to be born.

As each one's hour comes, Father Time swings wide the big gate. Out flies the stork with a tiny bundle addressed to Earth.

The baby cries lustily at leaving its nest of soft, fleecy clouds—not knowing what kind of an earthly "nest" it will be dropped into.

Every baby cannot be born into a luxurious home—cannot find awaiting it a dainty, hygienic nursery, rivalling in beauty the misty cloud-land.

But it is every child's rightful heritage to be born into a clean, healthful home where the Blue Bird of Happiness dwells.

As each child is so born—
the community, the nation, and the home are richer. For just as the safety of a building depends upon its foundation of rock or concrete so does the safety of the race depend upon its foundation—the baby.

And just as there is no use in repairing a building above, if its foundation be *weak*, there is no use in hoping to build a strong civilization except through healthy, happy babies.

Thousands of babies—
die needlessly every year. Thousands of rickety little feet falter along Life's Highway. Thousands of imperfect baby-eyes strain to get a clear vision of the wonders that surround them. Thousands of defective ears cannot hear even a mother's lullaby.

And thousands of physically unfit men and women occupy back seats in life, are counted failures—all because of the thousands and thousands of babies who have been denied the birthright of a sanitary and protective home.

So that wherever one looks—the need for better homes is apparent. And wherever one listens can be heard the call for such homes from the Land of Unborn Babies.

The call is being heard—
by the schools and colleges that are establishing classes in homemaking and motherhood; by public nurses and other noble women who are visiting the homes of those who need help and instruction; by the hospitals that are holding Baby Clinics.

By towns and cities that are holding Baby Weeks and health exhibits; by magazines and newspapers that are publishing articles on pre-natal care.

By Congress that has passed the Mothers and Babies Act, under which health boards in every State will be called upon to give information to expectant mothers.

All this is merely a beginning—
The ground has hardly been broken for the Nation's only safe foundation—healthy babies—each of whom must have its rightful heritage—An Even Chance—a healthy body.

The call will not be *answered* until every mother, every father and every community helps to make better homes in which to welcome visitors from the Land of Unborn Babies.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has been working years for improvement in home conditions and surroundings, and rejoices in having helped thereby to reduce materially the death rate of babies and of mothers in childbirth. During this period the death rate from infectious diseases of children has been reduced 37%. The total death rate has been reduced 31.9%.

The work of this Company has been of such vital importance to its policyholders and the public that it is publishing the results, with the hope of showing to everyone, everywhere, that there is nothing more important than protecting the people of our land from preventable diseases and unnecessary death.
In 1921 the Metropolitan distributed 25,000,000 booklets dealing with the most important phases of health and disease. It will be glad to furnish, on request, booklets telling the mother how to prepare for the baby; how to keep the home sanitary; how to protect her children against contagious diseases; how to make the family healthier and happier.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 64)

with its negro entertainers, its song-and-dance team, its ventriloquists, its monologue artist; with its same eminent doctors, and the same negro push worker out there in the audience, with his same old shout of "Sold out ag'in, doctah! Sold out ag'in! Two mo' bottles of de Worl' Famous Indian Kickapoo Herb Remedy, doctah! Sold out ag'in!"

There is only one difference. Where the nostrum of a bygone day was composed largely of burnt sugar, a medicinal flavor and water, the medicine of today must contain some remedy or tonic properties which will stand the examination of government chemists. That is all. The Government cannot rule what is said by a person—especially if that person is a living testimonial. All it can do is insist, via Leavenworth, Atlanta and other points of interest, that the label of the bottle be a truthful one regarding the contents and the remedial qualities of the medicinal agent. The result is that there are factories which now do nothing but turn out medicines for the various med shows, all of which are prepared according to the prescription of some physician. There are few physicians who do not include in their prescriptions for almost any illness a tonic of some sort.

So the medicine shows have launched merrily forth again, with hardly a change from what they were twenty-five or thirty years ago. The same things hold the interest of the people that did then, despite all the turnovers of the world; again is it the idea of getting something for nothing. They go to see the entertainment, which is free. And the entertainment is given—that is, half of it. But in the intermission the doctor calls attention to a few very important matters.

Terrifying Symptoms

One of them is a thing which places him in the confidence of the audience immediately—a recitation of the horrible penalties inflicted upon anyone who disregards the pure-food-and-drug laws. Therefore he couldn't sell them anything that wasn't right, could he? Of course not!

But the audience forgets one important fact—a little matter of psychology—and where is the pitchman who doesn't make his living through a knowledge, studied or inherent, of that very thing? The audience forgets that the average human is self-centered, that what would be a small thing to anyone else is a great thing to the person concerned. It forgets that a day of happiness is a short one and a day of misery interminably long. Therefore it isn't hard to convince the person who has been bilious for a few days that it really isn't biliousness at all, but liver complaint. Which is done in the simple fashion of:

"Now I don't want to frighten anyone in this assemblage, but if you have spots before the eyes, aching of the eyeballs, sallow skin, lack of luster in the eyes, bad taste in the mouth, lack of digestion, and dizziness on arising from a sitting position, it's a matter which should be looked after at once. Liver complaint, my dear and good friends, is one of the greatest enemies of the human race. Liver complaint is the scourge which makes young men and young women old before their time, causing lack of ambition, faulty functioning of the vital organs and death far before one's time. Roger, turn the anatomical chart to the display of the natural and the atrophied livers!"

Whereupon Roger turns the chart and the doctor lectures upon the sorrows of inward poisons. Now no one wants an atrophied liver, but practically everyone in that audience at some time or other has spots before the eyes, bad taste in the mouth, lack of digestion and dizziness on arising. Out goes Roger into the audience with an armload of medicine. And in a moment more his calls are echoing: "'Notheh bottle of de famous Liver Reliever, doctah! Sold out ag'in!"

So it goes on through the list. There are, indeed, few diseases which have distinctively peculiar primary symptoms. Given the proper imaginative aid, simple gastritis easily can become appendicitis; indigestion carries certain heart symptoms; kidney symptoms often are only the result of some violent exercise about which we have forgotten, and so on *ad infinitum*. Most of us are fundamentally whole, with the exception of minor ailments and an ever-present imagination. However, once that imagery has started working in the other direction, with its faith placed implicitly in a bottle of medicine, the cure arrives just as quickly as the disease came. So about all that devolves upon the eminent doctor is to cure a disease that doesn't exist; and when that cure is effected -to come back in six months and do it all over again.

It all is accomplished through the fact that we are self-sympathists. We like to think that our lot in life is harder than that of anyone else. If our head aches it is the worst headache on record. If we have the flu we more nearly approach death than anyone else who ever slid up to the Great Divide and escaped to tell the story. Therefore, when the cure is effected, isn't it only natural that it should be miraculous? And when one of these cures is especially noteworthy, and including four or five major ailments, the doctor prevails upon the patient to come along as a living testimonial—and, after that, little more is needed.

Incidentally the medicine pitch is about the only one of the hundreds which includes women among its patrons. In practically every other form of the pitchman's industry fully 95 per cent of the pushes are men. One reason for this is the fact that a woman doesn't like to stand with a crowd of men in the street. This in spite of the fact that the article being sold may be something for the household or distinctively for womankind. However, the absence of women makes little difference. The man usually buys it to take home and surprise his wife. He succeeds.

The medicine show belongs also, as a general rule, to that part of the game known as the high pitch; and it is in this division that most of the crooked work is done. However, let it be known that the actually crooked pitchman is fought as hard by the members of the clan as by his victims. The jam guy, as he is called, is a social pariah among pitchmen, and he isn't admitted to the realms of the calling's best society.

The man with a low pitch—usually only a tripod and case set up at a street corner—is only a merchant, persuading persons to buy goods at a price which gives him an excellent profit. Usually these goods are shoddy or imitation; alum, or cheap jewelry; pokes, or pocketbooks; gummy, or china cement; chivs, or knives; white rocks, or imitation diamonds which have been chemically treated, and which closely resemble real diamonds until the umpcha happens to wash his hands, when the chemical and the resemblance immediately depart; hoops, or rings; blocks, or watches; spud peelers; soap, or patent cleaner; sticks, or fountain pens; and anything else that can be peddled to a crowd, once its interest is aroused.

The Moribund Chicken

Naturally, a novelty of any sort is immediately seized upon as a gold mine. About two years ago some inventive person conceived the idea of altering the shape of an ordinary squawker toy balloon from its usual globular shape to that of a chicken, with legs and painted wings, a head and a beak, and more, an inclination to wither and to die a squawking death as the air departed. He called it the dying chicken, and for two years now, at Forty-second Street and Broadway, New York, sidewalk pitchmen have sold dying chickens by the great gross. In the stores they are just so many pieces of limp rubber, awaiting someone to come along and take an interest in them. But on the sidewalk they become living, breathing things, squawking as they expire, and the twenty-five-cent pieces travel into the pitchmen's tills in a steady stream.

So the novelties are welcomed, but the staples—the spud peelers, the double-jointed collar buttons and the rest of the old favorites—never fade. It is merely a question of profit, and the lack of a general public knowledge regarding the cheapness with which shoddy goods can be manufactured. For instance, a low-pitchman working a load-up, or big-parcel sale, can sell a beautiful white-rock gold-plated ring, a gold-plated clutch pencil, a safety razor, a metal hair comb and case, a rubber belt and a dying chicken, giving you everything from convenience to amusement, all for a dollar—and make more than 100 per cent profit! The rings cost eight dollars and fifty cents a gross, the pencils nine dollars a gross, the razors eighteen dollars a gross, the combs one dollar and seventy-five cents a gross, the belts eighteen dollars a gross and the dying chickens twelve dollars a gross, making the cost for one of each, a total of about forty-six cents! He sells for profit only. So in many cases do the high-pitchmen, or those who work from some sort of conveyance. But often, also, those high-pitchmen have something else on their minds, especially if they're working what is known as an if or give-away pitch.

These are the crooks. They also are the real money-makers. But when their method of working is known there always enters that element of the other fellow—the playing upon that desire to get something for nothing. It seems to be rampant in most of us.

Of course there is the usual pretense of an entertainment to draw the crowd. Once that is present —— The high-pitchman looks down from the tonneau of an automobile, which has a driver at the wheel, and the engine running. He picks out his yes guys. Then: He's there merely to demonstrate. First of all, he wishes the crowd to have a cake of some of the most famous shaving soap ever invented. Whereupon he seizes a handful of the soap and begins to throw it out to the waiting ones—suddenly to halt, angry, chagrined.

"Just a minute there! Just a minute! What's the use of being a hog about this? I said I was going to pass one of these out to every customer, not three or four to some, and none to the others. That's no way to do!"

Everyone naturally has looked around for the culprit, the person with grasping spirit enough to seize three or four cakes of free soap while someone else gets none. The pitchman goes on.

From Soap to Razors

"Now, gents, while I intended to do nothing of the kind I see I've got to fix this proposition so that everybody gets a fair shake. Now I ain't going to charge you for this soap, and I'm going to give you your money back. But just to be sure that everybody gets just one cake of soap, and one only, I'm going to ask all you gents that've got this soap to come up here and give me a dime deposit on it. You'll get your money back. And anybody else now that wants a free sample of this famous free-lathering, smooth-shaving soap, just step up here and lay down a dime until all the samples are passed out."

Something for nothing! Up comes the dimes and out goes the soap. It is insurance that the crowd is to be held until the pitchman achieves his object. There is a dime deposit on every cake of soap, yet that soap is free. Then comes the second step:

"Now, gents, just hold tight to that soap, because that's your receipt for that dime deposit. And in the meanwhile"—meanwhile of what is not explained—"I want to draw your attention to what I'm really here to demonstrate today, the finest hollow-ground, smooth-edge razor on the market today."

On goes the lecture regarding the merits of the razor, at last veering into a very carefully prepared little statement.

"Now I've got a big notion, gents, to do the same with you on these razors that I've done with the soap. I want one of these razors to be in your home, so you can tell other folks about it, and I ain't caring much how it gets there. Now you"—and he picks his yes guy—"would you put up a dollar deposit on a five-dollar razor?"

The yes guy would. The inference goes through the crowd that the same thing is about to happen with the razors that happened with the soap—that the pitchman is going to give away the razors, merely asking a dollar deposit until they are all safely distributed. Something for nothing is working strong in their brains. About that time the pitchman remembers that he hasn't returned the deposits for that soap. He hurries to an apology.

"Gents, I beg your pardon. I ain't returned you your dimes. Now every one of you that got a cake of soap, hold it up!"

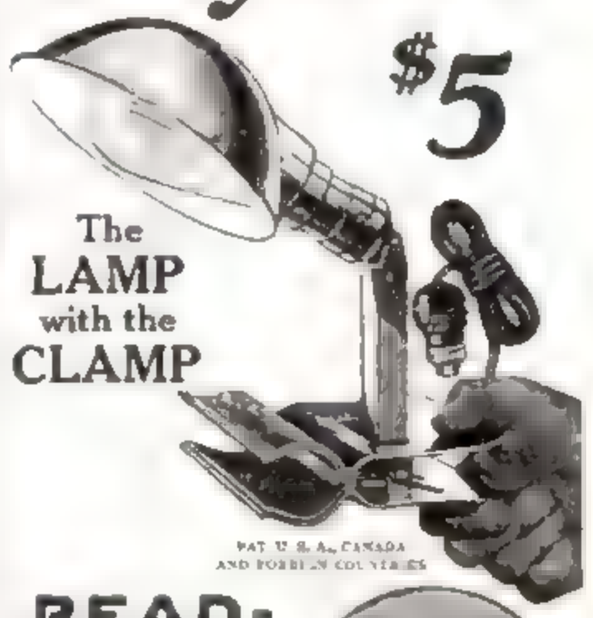
Up goes the soap. To every holder of a cake, back goes a dime. Then the pitchman veers swiftly again to those razors.

"All right now, gents, step right up, lay down a dollar and get a razor. Remember I'm here to treat you right, and to get these razors into general use, and I don't care how much it costs me to put 'em there. Lay down a dollar for the deposit.

(Continued on Page 70)

"It Clamps Everywhere"

$5



READ-
Clamp it on bed or chair; or anywhere.

WRITE-
Clamp it or stand it on your desk or table.

SEW-
Clamp it on sewing machine or table.

SHAVE-
Clamp it on the mirror or any handy place.

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

THE lamp of a thousand practical uses. More uses daily. The longer you have it the handier you find it. Clamps—stands—hangs—anywhere and everywhere—and stays where you put it. A necessity in home, office, store. All the light you need, where and when you need it. Hundreds of thousands are finding Adjusto-Lite indispensable. Prevents eye-strain—reduces light bills. No other lighting device like it.

Solid brass; handsome, durable and compact. Clamp is felt-lined—can't scratch. Guaranteed five years. Complete with 8-ft. cord and plug. $5

Get an Adjusto-Lite today. If your dealer doesn't carry it, order direct.

S. W. FARBER

141–151 So. Fifth St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prices in U. S. A., complete with 8-foot cord, plug and socket: Bronze finish finished $5.00, Statuary Bronze or Nickel finish $5.50. West of Mississippi, prices 25c per lamp higher

TRADE FARBERWARE MARK

A Word from the WORLD'S LARGEST Exclusive Makers *of* Genuine Silk HOSIERY

Specializing on One Single Style

MILLIONS OF WOMEN have become customers of ours because they have tried Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery

—and *like* it better than any silk hosiery obtainable.

They also much prefer to get their silk hose *direct* from the *fresh*, unhandled, daily replenished stocks of *the mill itself*.

Furthermore, they like the advantages of dealing direct with a silk hosiery *service expert*, right at their very doors.

* * *

Otherwise, how can you account for the tremendous *success* of the Real Silk Hosiery Mills? Can you imagine a single mammoth silk hosiery institution with a *daily capacity* of 60,000 pairs? Remember that this astounding business has been developed absolutely on *the merit of Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery* and on the superiority of the *Real Silk service system*. The only possible answer to this unprecedented success is

—*quality and service*.

We have observed that when any woman *experiences the genuine silken feel of Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery*, and comes to realize *from actual usage* how much longer it *lasts* and how much *better it fits*

—she becomes an *enthusiastic* business friend of the local *Real Silk Representative*, and immediately wants her neighbors and friends to know about the *newer* and more economical way of getting genuine *silk hosiery*.

* * *

The finest silk in the world comes from Japan. In Japan today 4000 people are working to produce raw silk for the exclusive use of the Real Silk Hosiery Mills of Indianapolis. Our inspectors, right on the ground, insist that the quality standards of the Real Silk Hosiery Mills be strictly maintained. Every

detail is scientifically supervised—the selection of silk worms, crossed to secure silk of maximum tensile strength and highest luster; their feeding and care, and the cultivation of the hundreds of acres of mulberry trees from which the worms are feeding. Absolutely nothing is left to chance.

In our mills it is the same. Here we continue the *fight for quality*. Our people (the very highest type of native Americans) are given every approved machine known to experts in the manufacture of silk hosiery; and *in addition*, exclusive, superior devices and attachments for making silk hosiery finer and better have been devised by us

and these devices are not available to any other manufacturer.

Every person in our mills does *just one thing*—with us *specialization* reaches its highest peak.

Our people, on their particular work, are probably *the highest paid in the whole silk hosiery industry*.

* * *

Our hosiery *fits*. Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery *invariably* conforms perfectly to the human anatomy. It takes into consideration the natural muscle play—bulging *just enough* where the muscles thicken and tapering *with nature* over the trim ankle and the graceful arch of the instep. These people of ours *sculpture* style and shape into their work—that's what we mean when we say "Fashioned" hosiery.

OPEN THE DOOR TO THE REAL SILK REPRESENTATIVE

"FROM MILL TO MILLIONS"

In order that *every* American woman can enjoy the advantages and satisfaction of Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery, a *Real Silk Representative* has been especially trained and assigned to duty in practically every locality in the United States.

This local *Real Silk Representative* is the most important factor in our whole industrial *policy*. He it is who makes possible our direct service "from mill to millions."

Above all, he is invariably a gentleman and a specialist.

He knows *Silk Hosiery* better, no doubt, than any one to whom you could talk. Whether you ever wear *Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery* or not—*this silk hosiery specialist* will reduce your annual silk hosiery expense appreciably. The scientific care of silk hosiery is his *profession*.

In a few days such a man as we have rather carefully described is very likely to call at your door.

When he comes, please be very careful not to confuse him in any way with any door-to-door canvasser or peddler. He has *unquestioned credentials* and can give you the phone number of the Real Silk District Office in your locality—so that you can *call up* and *make sure* you are dealing with the genuine, authorized, local *Real Silk Representative*.

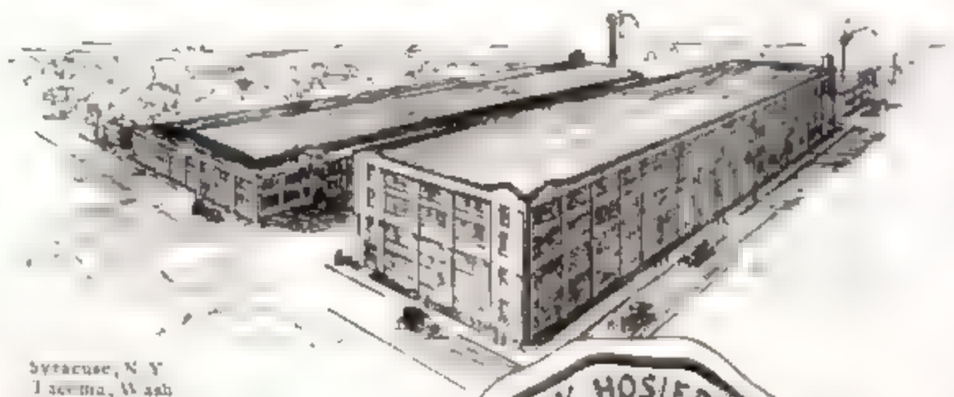
IMPORTANT: *You can buy Real Silk Fashioned Hosiery only from our mills—it is* NEVER *sold in retail stores.*

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

SILK FASHIONED HOSIERY

BRANCH OFFICES:

Akron, Ohio
Albany, N.Y.
Albuquerque, N.M.
Alexandria, Va.
Altoona, Pa.
Annapolis, Md.
Atlanta, Ga.
Baltimore, Md.
Beaumont, Texas
Berlin, Md.
Binghamton, N.Y.
Birmingham, Ala.
Bloomington, Ills.
Bluefield, W.Va.
Boston, Mass.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Brockton, Mass.
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Buffalo, N.Y.
Butler, Pa.
Cambridge, Mass.
Canton, Ohio
Charleston, W.Va.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Colorado Springs, Colo.
Columbus, Ohio
Coshocton, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Covington, Ky.
Cumberland, Md.
Dallas, Texas
Danville, Va.
Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Detroit, Mich.
Dorchester, Mass.
Duluth, Minn.
Elizabeth, N.J.
Elmira, N.Y.
Erie, Pa.
East St. Louis, Ills.
Fairmont, W.Va.
Fall River, Mass.
Fitchburg, Mass.
Framingham, Mass.
Fresno, Calif.
Ft Collins, Colo.
Ft Worth, Texas
Greensboro, N.C.
Hagerstown, Md.
Hamilton, Ohio
Hannibal, Mo.
Hartford, Conn.
Haverhill, Mass.
Holyoke, Mass.
Homestead, Pa.
Houston, Texas
Huntington, W.Va.
Jackson, Miss.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Jamestown, N.Y.
Jefferson City, Mo.
Jersey City, N.J.
Johnstown, Pa.
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Kansas City, Mo.
Lansing, Mich.
Lawrence, Mass.
Lexington, Ky.
Lincoln, Nebr.
Little Rock, Ark.
Long Beach, Calif.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Lowell, Mass.
Lynchburg, Va.
Lynn, Mass.
Malden, Mass.
Miami, Fla.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Newark, N.J.
New Bedford, Mass.
New Britain, Conn.
New Haven, Conn.
Newport News, Va.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N.Y.
Niagara Falls, N.Y.
Norfolk, Va.
Oakland, Calif.
Oil City, Pa.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Nebr.
Orange, N.J.
Parkersburg, W.Va.
Peoria, Ills.
Perth Amboy, N.J.
Petersburg, W.Va.
Piqua, Ohio
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Pittsfield, Mass.
Plymouth, Mass.
Portland, Maine
Portland, Ore.
Portsmouth, Ohio
Providence, R.I.
Quincy, Mass.
Richmond, Va.
Roanoke, Va.
Rochester, N.Y.
Rochester, Pa.
Rockford, Ills.
Sacramento, Calif.
Salem, Mass.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Texas
San Diego, Calif.
San Francisco, Calif.
Schenectady, N.Y.
Seattle, Wash.
Shreveport, La.
Sioux City, Iowa
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Ills.
Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Ohio
Steubenville, Ohio
St. Louis, Mo.
St. Paul, Minn.
Syracuse, N.Y.
Tacoma, Wash.
Tampa, Fla.
Taunton, Mass.
Toledo, Ohio
Topeka, Kans.
Tulsa, Okla.
Uniontown, Pa.
Utica, N.Y.
Waco, Texas
Walla Walla, Wash.
Waltham, Mass.
Washington, D.C.
West Somerville, Mass.
Wheeling, W.Va.
Wichita, Kans.
Wilmington, Del.
Woburn, Mass.
Worcester, Mass.
Youngstown, Ohio



REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS INDIANAPOLIS
REAL SILK
FROM MILL TO MILLIONS

TRADE MARK

"NEVER SOLD IN RETAIL STORES"

© Real Silk Hosiery Mills Indianapolis

Hotels Simply Keep House on a Large Scale

TO SUCCEED with their large-scale housekeeping, hotel managers must thoroughly organize all of their work. Where the average housewife has eight or nine rooms to keep neat, a hotel has eight or nine hundred. That's why a hotel manager could not possibly get along without appropriate trash baskets placed conveniently in each room wherever trash may accumulate.

There's a valuable lesson in this for the housekeeper.

The eternal "picking things up," the endless collecting of crumpled papers, bits of lint or string, odds and ends of every description, will automatically stop if you will let the Vul-Cot do your trash-collecting.

Vul-Cot Office Baskets have been used for many years. Now an entirely new line of Vul-Cot Receptacles has been added for the home. And the same reasons which have made Vul-Cots so famous in offices, hotels and other institutions, are now making them indispensable in that greatest of all institutions—the home.

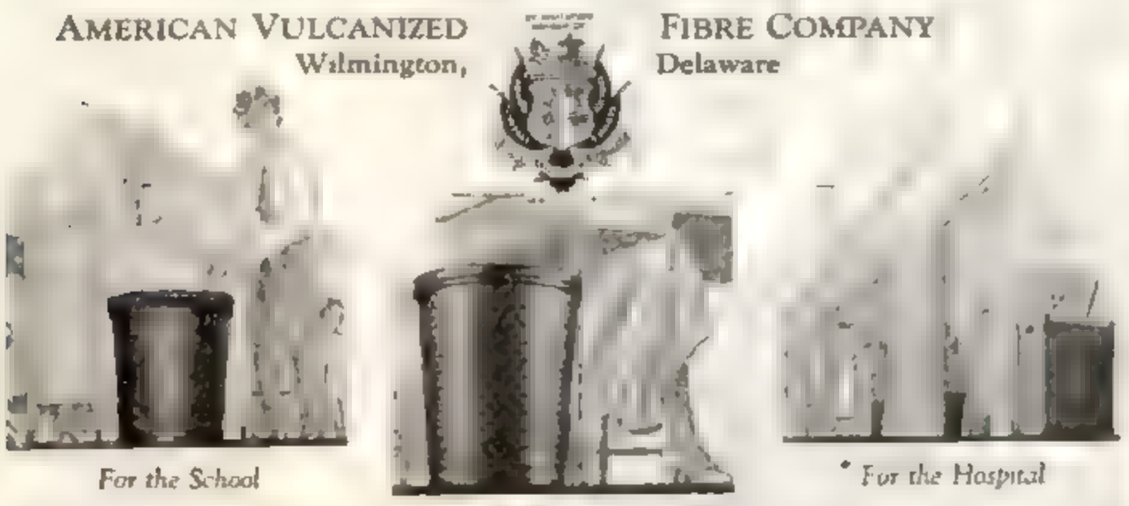
Attached to every Vul-Cot is an absolute guarantee to replace any basket that fails in normal service within five years. Made of tough vulcanized fibre, they withstand the toughest possible usage; they can't dent or rust like a metal basket, they can't break like a wicker basket; they can't chip or crack like an enameled basket; nor can bits of paper and other trash sift through their solid sides and bottom.

There is a Vul-Cot for every home need—a smaller basket, neat and trim, for the living room, library and bed room; a large, spacious one for the kitchen; a roomy hamper for the laundry. An attractive basket-weave has been stamped right into the fibre. And they are finished in colors to harmonize with any of your furniture: a rich brown and a deep green for general use, and light colors appropriate with white enamel of kitchen, bath room and perhaps some bed rooms.

Your favorite department store, stationery store, or house-furnishings store should now have Vul-Cots in stock. If for some reason you can't get Vul-Cots in your neighborhood, write us at once, giving us the name of your dealer, and we will see that you are supplied.

An interesting color-booklet illustrates all of the Vul-Cots; gives sizes and many suggestions of their helpfulness to you. We'll be glad to mail you a free copy. Just ask for it on a postal.

AMERICAN VULCANIZED FIBRE COMPANY
Wilmington, Delaware



For the School *For the Home* *For the Hospital*

VUL-COT RECEPTACLES

Guaranteed for 5 Years

(Continued from Page 67)

gents, and get your razor. A dollar a razor—ah, one for you!"

Someone has passed forward a dollar. Out goes a razor. Then another. About that time someone who hasn't a dollar hands up a five-dollar bill, expecting a razor and his change. Instead:

"And one, two, three, four, five razors to you!" comes the announcement as the pitchman shoves five of the chivs into the bewildered one's hands, adding before the remonstrance can come: "That's so I'll know just exactly how much money you gave me, brother!"

Following which he sights someone with a ten-dollar bill, and another with a twenty. Into the hands of one goes ten razors, and to the other twenty.

"Just so I'll know how much you gave me! No need to make change, brother; it'll all come out all right. You've got twenty razors. When the time comes I'll know you gave me twenty dollars! Anybody else now?"

The conviction becomes stronger than ever that the razors are to be given away! Isn't he merely passing out twenty razors for twenty dollars, just so he'll know how much money they gave him? More of the crowd become interested now. More dollars go up to the pitchman. More razors travel outward. Finally:

"All right, now. Has everybody got a razor that wants one? Remember, I took a deposit on the soap and I gave you the soap and returned your deposit. Anybody else? Ah, a man with a ten-dollar bill. There's one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten razors for you, brother. Just so I'll know how much you gave me. Everybody supplied? Now, gents, just stand right where you are, and hold those razors up in the air where I can see them. Stand right where you are ——"

It is the signal to the man at the wheel. While the various assortments of razors are being lifted into the air the machine gives a lurch as the driver throws it into gear and presses hard on the gas. Before the push can realize it the pitchman is around the corner and gone, leaving every person who has patronized him with one cake of soap, received free, and from one to twenty razors purchased at a dollar apiece. Following which they hurry to police headquarters. But the jam guy, as he is known to the clan, already is hurrying for the city limits.

The variations of this are many, the most important of which is the give-away pitch, in which there is a wealth of presents until the psychological moment. After that—the beginning is the same as in the other game of duplicity, but it is worked more thoroughly. The jam worker starts with a small article, sells it for a dime, and then gives back the dime, allowing the purchaser to keep the article. He works swiftly to a dollar—and gives back the dollar. Then he jumps to three dollars and finally to five. Altogether he gives away about a dollar's worth of goods. But when he reaches the five-dollar mark, and the money has come in, he forgets to give anything back. Instead there comes the signal, and there is a quick get-away, leaving the push with the articles and the pitchman with the money.

The Sheet Writer

But, as has been mentioned before, these are things that are looked upon with disfavor, and for a very good reason. After one of these gentle little games of give and take has been held, an order usually goes forth from police headquarters barring all pitchmen from the particular town for anything from a month to a year. And unless a pitchman can obtain a reader he cannot work. He is harassed by every policeman, driven from corner to corner like a hunted thing, and does the only possible thing—leaves town to escape the inevitable arrest.

However, there is one form of the pitchman's art which is neither straight nor is looked upon with especial disfavor by the rest of the pitch clan—just why cannot be explained. This is the sheet writer. And of all, it would seem, this particular branch would cause more trouble than any.

The sheet writer is the outgrowth of a desire on the part of certain magazines of a distinctly low class to obtain subscriptions without the slightest worry as to the manner in which it is accomplished. The law forbids magazine publishers to carry subscriptions in arrears for more than one year, or to send magazines free. Not until recently did the Government indicate the proportion of the advertised subscription price that the publisher must receive. The result is that magazines of this class, depending upon a certain type of advertisements for their revenue, obtain their subscriptions by the sheet-writer method and the umpchas find themselves paying in the end almost as much for poor magazines as they would by legitimately subscribing for good ones. But to the method:

The subscription agent, or sheet writer as he is called, pockets everything he can get above a certain figure, which he must send the magazine and which is sometimes as low as four or five cents for a year's subscription. He works the main streets of small towns, house-to-house canvasses, and, in fact, any place where he can obtain an interview with the umpcha. Usually it is the fair grounds or the carnival lot, and his work is one of exceedingly clever manipulations of words and actions.

The umpcha is thinking of nothing save prize hogs or perhaps a ride on the dip-the-dips. He is benign, self-satisfied. Then:

"That's for you, brother!"

A fountain pen with a gold band around it, worth all of fifteen cents, is under his nose, and an obliging-appearing person is at the other end. The umpcha gasps, naturally. Then comes the second move.

Bargain-Loving Umpchas

"Just a moment, brother; I'll show you how to work it. See, just unscrew this little cap and she's ready to write. Highest-grade fountain pen on the market, brother, and all yours, free of charge and without cost, as a special premium to the Blank group of magazines."

About this time the umpcha recovers his breath.

"But I'm not taking those magazines."

"Of course not, brother. What did you say your name was?"

It is the old play on the yes guy. The answer comes almost immediately. "Don't think I mentioned it, but it's Jones."

"Ah, Jones, of course. Not Tom Jones, from Meridian?"

"No. Henry Jones, from Breakwater."

"Of course. No street address?"

"No; just Breakwater."

While this is going on the sheet writer has taken out his receipt book, written the man's name and address, and the amount he is to pay, in it, this latter being figured on the spur of the moment, from the appearance of hardness or softness of the individual. Then he digresses and pulls from his pocket three or four magazines.

"Thanks very much." He folds the receipt. "I've put you down for these three magazines for two years. Of course you wouldn't mind paying the postage? Practically nothing, you know. Three magazines for two years each, a total of six years of the best reading in the United States!"

The umpcha doesn't stop to figure. A mere matter of postage seems infinitesimal. Besides, the sheet writer has reached into a pocket and brought forth a handful of small change, planting a similar idea in the mind of the other man. Out comes a dollar. The sheet writer takes it, adding, "Just three-forty more, brother."

In nine cases out of ten the money is forthcoming. It all is done so swiftly that the umpcha has time to think only of the fact that he has received a fountain pen and three magazines for two years absolutely free and that he is paying only the postage. If he makes the mistake of bringing forth a five-dollar bill he receives his change and pockets it without a true realization of how much he has spent.

"There now, brother, there's your receipt, so you'll know that you've got the magazines coming to you and to show to the postman in case he thinks the postage hasn't been paid!"

Whereupon the umpcha wanders blankly on, not even stopping to think that postage is paid at the source, and the sheet writer searches for another victim.

But withal, in the land of the pitchman, it is to his credit that the main revenue seems to come through shrewdness and not chicanery. He talks faster, works quicker and thinks more swiftly than the man to whom he sells—and they say there's a premium on brains. And, incidentally, if in the reading of this you have found that you at some time during your life have played the umpcha, don't let it worry you. Yours is the company of almost every other bargain-loving man in the United States.

A Gift
To Housewives

A book on hospitality—on the entire art of entertaining in the home.

Etiquette, table setting, menus and recipes for every occasion. Just ask for it

Van Camp Products Co.
Indianapolis, Indiana

Summer Dinners

Ever ready—Baked in Van Camp's matchless way

These are the days of all days for Van Camp's Pork and Beans. For luncheons, for picnics, for dinners—ever ready, hot or cold.

It is the national dish—the best loved, hearty food you know. Everybody welcomes it, and few get it often enough.

We bring it to you baked by experts—an incomparable creation. And a dozen cans on the shelf means a dozen dinners ready at your call.

A new-style dish

Not "like mother used to bake"—not like others bake today. Modern culinary art has developed a vastly better way to bake beans.

In old times, beans were not even half-baked, so they were hard to digest.

They were baked in open dishes, so much of the flavor escaped.

They were boiled in hard water, so the skins were tough. Some were crisped, some mushy—all through faulty baking.

Such pork and beans were for sturdy stomachs. It was not a very tempting dish. Few homes served it more than once a week.

An expert creation

In the Van Camp kitchens, many experts have worked for years to perfect this premier dish. Famous chefs, college-trained cooks, domestic science experts—all have given it their best.

The beans are grown on studied soils, rich in nitrogen. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

The water used is freed from minerals, because minerals make skins tough.

The baking is done in steam ovens, without contact with the steam. Thus hours of high heat can be applied without bursting or crisping the beans. The beans come out whole and mealy, and easy to digest.

The sauce is a masterpiece, made by testing and comparing countless blends.

The pork, the sauce and the beans are all baked together. They are baked in sealed containers, so no flavor can escape. The tang, the zest and savor thus permeate every bean.

The dish of millions

This dish has won millions by its new delights. It has brought to people a new baked bean conception. Now a mammoth model kitchen—the finest in the world—has been built to keep homes supplied.

If you don't know Van Camp's, go try it. Compare it with other baked beans. You will be surprised. If you do know Van Camp's, keep plenty on hand to save cooking in hot weather. Carry plenty with you when you tour or camp.

Telephone your grocer now.

Why Van Camp's?

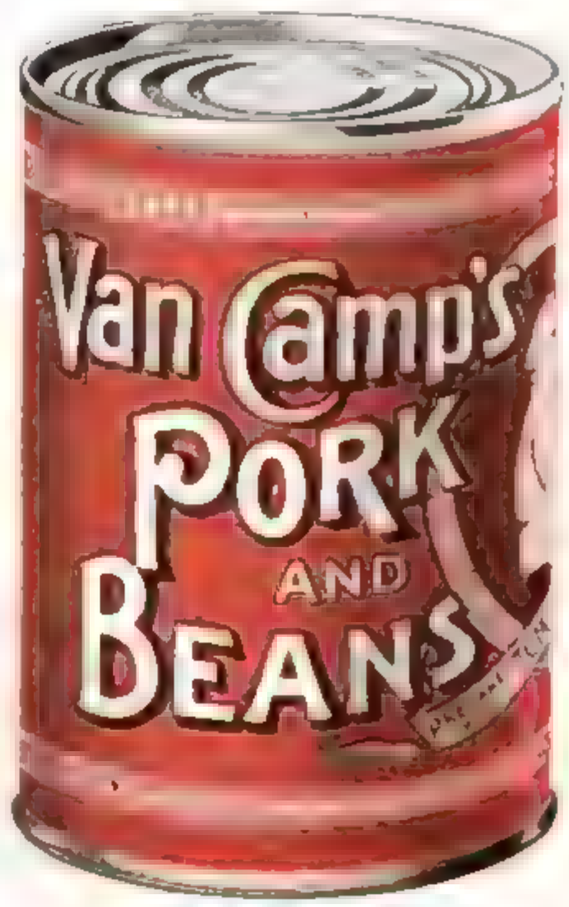
Because the beans are mellow, mealy, whole. Yet long baking at high heat fits them to digest easily.

Because the skins are tender, for all the water that we use is freed from minerals.

Because they are baked in sealed containers, so the flavor is intact.

Because the sauce baked with them has ideal tang and zest.

Because no other kitchen has ever baked beans to compare



Cans to serve 2, 3 and 5

Other Van Camp Products include

Tomato Soup	*Chile Con Carne*
Spaghetti	*Salad Dressing*
Evaporated Milk	*Mustard Dressing*
Peanut Butter	*Catsup, Etc., Etc.*

Van Camp's

"Controlled Heat"

Why don't *you* ask "Williams"?

With intense interest, Mr. Jones watched every move as Williams, the steam fitter, and Jim, his helper, installed the radiators in the new house next door. Mr. Jones was planning a new home of his own.

"What's that, Williams?" he asked pointing.

"This Valve?" said Williams. "Why it's part of this new 'Controlled Heat.' Touch this handle and it regulates the amount of steam in the radiator—gives you just the heat you want in the room."

"Mean to say you can have any temperature you want in any room?"

"Absolutely! Living room 70°. Bed room 65°, any way you want 'em. At a touch of your finger!"

"Hum! That ought to save coal bills!"

"Sure it does! You never have more heat than you want in a room. Not a bit of coal wasted in *this* system; it only generates heat *as needed*. Why! Mr. Jones, if people would take the trouble to investigate, we wouldn't install anything *but* 'Controlled Heat.' Would we, Jim?"

"Nope!" said Jim.

Jim was right and Williams was right! The more thoroughly you investigate the more certain you are to choose "Controlled Heat." To help you in making your decision we have prepared an interesting booklet called "Controlled Heat." *Send for this booklet today!*

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., Inc.
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.

BOSTON
NEW YORK

CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES

HOFFMAN EQUIPMENT
~*for Vapor heat control*

THE GATE OPENS

(Continued from Page 16)

forgot this passage. Kate helped him to forget; nothing in his string ran like the Bronx branch. So, when the war was over, when Mr. Gowdy came back with his wound stripes and his captain's bars to take a place directly under Barrows in the head branch, Kate stayed on—even had her salary raised. The savings now all in Liberty Bonds were mounting into the thousands.

Externally even, Kate was only first cousin to the girl who had stood staring at a white glove on the night Mose Naughton died. She was passing, now, into her middle twenties, and looked older. But this maturity became her. Except for her eyes and her hair, she had not been pretty in her teens. Her nose, fine but a little too long, her mouth with its thin-rimmed triangle of red under a short upper lip, her round forehead—only character could give them beauty. Those years of a hard, self-disciplined life crowned with success had granted them that final touch. New patrons of Barrows' found themselves looking past the milkmaid charms of very young waitresses to this woman, always so busy about the cashier's desk or the counter. Though she could smile pleasantly enough when explaining to a captious customer why the steak was late, she had usually a brisk professional air that choked incipient love words in the very throat of the Bronx Lothario.

A little hard on others, she was hardest of all on herself. When she became manager she found it necessary to live in a better room, to buy a few clothes. She had less time for courses in the Y.W.C.A., but she read much—under guidance of the English teacher. Still was her life as rigid and ruled as a nun's—work, reading, church on Sundays, more work, more reading. Its only golden lights were those evenings twice a week when she sat down to tell everything to Baldy, that afternoon once a fortnight when she took from her box in the branch post office his letter in return. She had committed the extravagance of that box lest the regular arrival of a coarse yellow envelope postmarked from a prison town should betray her at her rooming house or the shop. Luck and the immensities of New York had guarded her secret—so far as she knew. No one had identified her as the siren of that minor murder case which had its little day in the newspapers. The old life, save for the one not disagreeable fact of Baldy, was growing a little dim. She need no longer keep her mind shut to the memory of that evening in a back room. It was effacing itself—with one exception.

Kate was shopping in a department store. Across an aisle two counters away a figure passed in the crowd, for a moment clearly revealed, then blotted out by the shelves. Was it—Dolly? Eyes like slits between the black smudges of their make-up, a big gray squirrel coat below, a hat too feathered for shopping above, a kind of assured air tempering that little girlish swing of movement which had always marked Dolly—Kate registered this before the figure disappeared. Kate dropped her bundles on the counter and wriggled through the crowd; there was no squirrel coat in sight. She told herself that she must have been mistaken; but whenever she thought of this in the fortnight before she forgot, an uneasy conscience raised a regret that she had not taken Dolly's address when last they met.

They were renovating Barrows' now after its wartime neglect—almost a vacation for Kate, who had little to do but sit in the place and read. The guard was off from her eyes when she read; they softened and let the dreams through. They looked now, as she raised them from The Outline of History, like Highland lakes misted with April. Or so it seemed to Angus Knight, foreman of the painting gang. Little had Angus Knight said to her since he reported to her as boss, heard exactly what was wanted. Angus Knight had in his working hours the true taciturnity of the Scot.

But once on the second day he had looked over his shoulder to see her standing above him as he dumped a tin of Prussian blue into a pail of chrome yellow, and "What are you doing?" she had asked.

"Making gr-reen paint," replied Angus. But instead of turning back to his work he continued to look up, as if awaiting her next question.

"Oh—do blue and yellow make green?" she asked. The cropped mustache of Angus quivered for a moment with Scotch scorn for the learning of the inferior peoples. Yet there was only a trace of irony in his burr as he answered, "Usually. If they're mixed r-right." Then he added a little apologetically, "There'll be two blues in this to get the pr-roper shade."

"Oh!" said Kate, and withdrew to her desk and her book.

But her glance now and then traveled to him involuntarily as she rested her eyes from reading. In spite of his heavy working boots he was light and precise of step; his shoulders, for a workingman's, were singularly erect. He seemed about thirty. His face was massive but clean-cut, like the irregularities of a cliff. The jaunty cropped little mustache at first seemed in odd, almost comical contrast. Then you realized that you liked it.

She had to pass him again that afternoon. He was splashing away at a baseboard. He looked up; and as though the conversation had never been broken he said, "And green and yellow can near make black if you understand how. That puzzles you till you study the spectr-rum."

"You don't say so!" replied Kate, not with any intention of sarcasm but because she did not know what else to say.

When he left that night, having seen that the tools were gathered up, having given tomorrow's directions, tersely and emphatically, to his staff of three, he drifted past her on his way to the door. He was in a plain blue suit which set off the breadth and erectness of his figure; under his arm he carried his overalls in a canvas bag. As he approached she noticed for the first time that a scar ran from the roots of his thick, sandy hair obliquely across his neck.

And still as though the conversation had been but momentarily broken off he remarked, "I used all that, camouflagin' in the war."

It was with only formal politeness that she answered, "Oh—you were in the war, then?"

"King's Own Scottish Borderers," replied Angus. "The kilties. From Loos to the Armistice."

"Oh, you're Scotch then?" she ventured.

"Amer-rican now," said Angus Knight, "or soon to be. A mon's his own mon in a r-republic."

The mouth of Angus Knight opened as though he were going to say more and thought better of it. Then abruptly, almost rudely, he turned away. But he gave her a backward glance from under his heavy brows which spoke a desire for further acquaintance, spoke shyness, spoke interest—especially interest. She found herself looking after him and smiling; something about him tenderly stirred up her thin sense of humor.

Next day she was standing by him again as he lined a molding with brown.

"Now," said Angus Knight suddenly, "what would you say was in this color?"

She stood off and regarded it with squinting eyes. "Yellow," she replied; "and isn't there a little bit of blue?"

"Good for a beginner," said Angus. "And those br-ricks out there now—what would you say of them?"

Kate looked with new eyes at the wall which had confronted her from across the street these six years.

"Lavender," she pronounced; and then almost to herself, "I never thought of that before."

"It's the kind of thinking that makes ar-rtists," complimented Angus.

"Do you paint pictures too?" asked Kate.

She was in one of those moments, mileposts of life to the intellectually curious, when a gate opens on vistas of a new world. A picture had always been a picture to her; it was pretty or it wasn't pretty; you just painted it—she had never considered how.

"We all try," said Angus. "I've spoiled much canvas. But I haven't the trick. Only appree-ciation."

Then as suddenly as though the cork had been pulled from his conversation Angus Knight bubbled forth into talk—wonderful talk, Kate thought, though she but half understood. Such talk as she had never heard from a man before. She caught herself realizing that men must talk this

Continued on Page 74

"You Bet I Want that Massage Cream"

Traveling or at home, your face needs thorough cleansing and vigorous exercise to keep it young. Washing cannot completely remove the dust and dirt that works into the pores of your skin. The safest and surest way is to use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly. It will give you the fresh, glowing color of perfect cleanliness.

Clears the Skin: Pompeian Massage Cream thoroughly cleanses all dust and dirt from the pores. It helps clear up blackheads and pimples in the natural, sensible way—by keeping the skin clean and the pores open.

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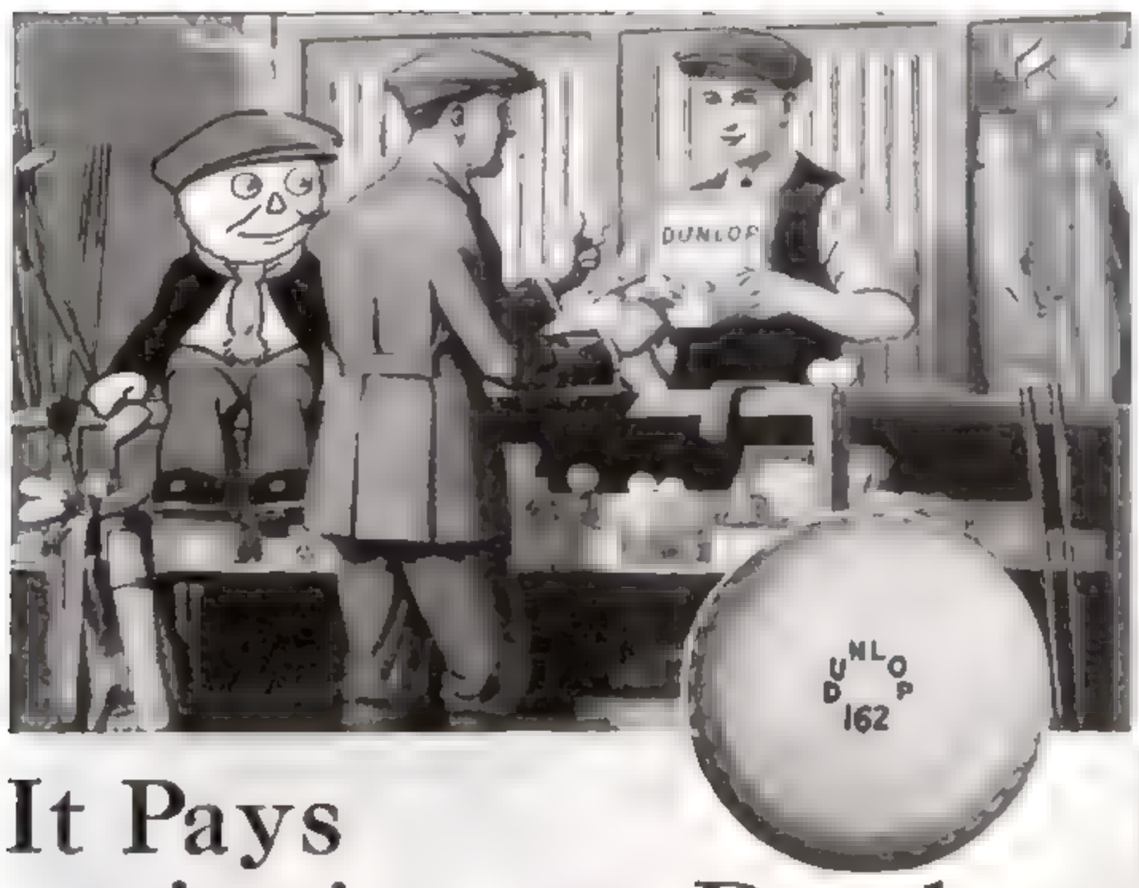

It Pays to insist on Dunlops

The golf ball you use can do a lot to make or mar your season and the pleasure you get from the game.

With many new brands of golf balls on the market this year, the player's game is often hurt by experimentation. There's always hazard in the recommendation—"try out this ball, I've just got in an order of them."

The present perfection of Dunlops is the result of more than fifteen years of careful development. Golfers who play regularly find it pays to insist on Dunlops. From experience they have learned the reasons why.

because Dunlops are durable. They stand up under punishment that cripples ordinary balls. On the eighteenth green you can pick up your Dunlop in good shape and begin another round with confidence.

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DUNLOP

(Continued from Page 72)

way sometimes—instead of business and baseball and the chatter of flirtation. It was full of names of men, a few of which she recognized dimly from her reading—Raphael, Velasquez, Rubens; of foreign places, almost as dimly recognized. He dwelt long and longingly on Florence. He called it the jewel of cities, as people speak in books. He had taken a three-day leave in Tuscany, he said, when they sent him on a camouflage job to the Italian Front. She found herself absorbed for a moment in his picture of the jewel town, so that she lost the thread of his talk.

When she came back he was saying, "You've seen that, maybe, in your Metropolitan Musee-um—you know it, I suppose?"

"No," she replied simply, "I've never been there."

He poised his paintbrush and glanced over his shoulder at her, his cool Scotch eye registering a tender scorn.

"Pity," said he; "'tis a liberal education. Though it's not the National Gallery."

Then his flow of talk suddenly froze as a journeyman painter came up to ask for another brush.

And on the next day she talked to him again; and the next. Not always of painting—though at each conversation he tested her eye for color—but of the war and of Edinburgh and London. Saturday came, and a rush in which Angus Knight drove his gang quietly but masterfully to finish the job before noon. He had his luncheon with the cooks in the kitchen; and while Kate busied herself seeing that the dishes were washed and put away, the kitchen tables scrubbed, the doors and windows locked, Angus Knight took an unconscionably long time to gather up paint, brushes, ladders and overalls. She was putting on her hat at the mirror behind the cashier's desk when he approached, dressed for the street. His voice caught as he began to speak; she should have taken warning by that.

"I thocht," said Angus, his speech grown suddenly broad, staccato, entirely Scotch, "that it's time you were lookin' at that Metropolitan Musee-um—if you've no plans for the afternoon."

Her own breath caught. And then: "I'd like it," said Kate.

In the writing room of the Y. W. C. A., Kate was composing a letter to Baldy. The first page, done without difficulty, reposed, face down, on the desk before her. She had started the second three times, torn up the sheet, put the fragments into her bag, begun again. And this, finally, was what she wrote on the subject nearest to her thoughts:

I've been out once or twice in the past week with Mr. Knight. He's a painter who worked on the restaurant when we renovated. Just to the museum to look at some painting, and to the pictures, etc. It's the first man I've gone anywhere with since you went away, and I won't even see him again if you tell me you mind one tiny bit. I managed to let him know that I didn't go out with men regularly—I guess I hinted enough to make him understand why. My little boy ——

Illogically, it changed now into a real love letter. Having discharged herself of this, having posted the letter, Kate felt free somehow to accept all Angus Knight's invitations, of which there were three. More and more deeply was Angus Knight revealing himself to her. She knew now of his reading, whose breadth stretched far beyond all her intellectual horizons; of his family in Scotland, about whom he was tenderly humorous; of his deeper emotions when he went over the top at Loos; even of his religion. Nor did Angus Knight talk entirely about himself.

"You've felt that yourself perhaps?" or "Like, you've exper-rienced the same," he would say, and pause, his head cocked on one side, for her answer.

These thrusts she parried; and when his delicate tact forbade a longer stop on the subject Angus Knight would perform one of the mental somersaults of a child or a Celt, attack some remote subject, and talk wonderfully. Sometimes, though, Kate lost the thread of what he was saying in contemplation of the twinkle in his eye as he took a humorous turn or of the set of his shoulders or the manner in which his clay-blond hair grew from the nape of his neck like a baby's.

But when on Sunday morning she found him in her own church, when he waited for her at the door, when he walked back to the restaurant with her and proposed a tour of the zoo in her afternoon leisure, she realized that the road was becoming dangerous. Hadn't he understood her hint? She hesitated—and accepted. Baldy's fortnightly letter was overdue. When it came she could decide. In the meantime—when you have pulled so long against a hard current it is pleasant to drift a little in a quiet pool.

The letter came in the middle of the week. Her anxieties about his jealousies of Mr. Knight, Baldy dismissed with a tolerant permission. "Enjoy yourself. I know you'll play square," he said. And then—Kate forgot this toy worry in the shock of the next sentences.

"I shouldn't wonder if I'd see you pretty soon," he wrote. "I guess my bit's about done. The Board of Parole is going to meet, and they tell me I stand a swell chance. I've got a good-conduct record because of saving grace, and the chaplain will put in a word for me, besides the boys. That little business proposition I wrote you about before is stirring. A guy will come to see you pretty soon. If you want to help out do what he says as soon as he shows he's O.K. I may be out any day now, but I don't want to miss this chance."

Baldy was coming out. Baldy was coming out! Kate, leaning against the tier of mail boxes in the branch post office, the letter crumpled in her hands, repeated this to herself blankly, mechanically. In a month perhaps—a week—she would see Baldy. See him! See —— Suddenly, unaccountably, the truth tore that veil of illusion which she had been weaving for six years. As though her mind had developed a photographic plate she had a picture of the Baldy she was going to see. It was not the Baldy of her pitying fancies. That Baldy—white but interesting with prison pallor, refined by his religious conversion—was gone forever. In its place came the old Baldy with his touch of swaggering wickedness which she had once so loved and could never love again, with his good-natured but empty chatter, with his sudden brutalities. In that flash of revealing truth came another conviction which she had held for some time without admitting it to herself. Baldy had never been converted. The Scriptural references in his letters were too regular and mechanical. He was playing a game for parole purposes. He was the same Baldy.

But he was hers—her expiation, her responsibility, her burden. She faced it now. Her burden to bear as long as she should live. Then—Angus Knight with his fresh skin, his clear, muscular figure, his sun wrinkles about the eyes, planted himself on the screen and would not go away.

She glanced up. The crowd in the branch post office was beginning to stare. She crumpled the letter into her bag and hurried away. But in the street she drew it out again, reread it. Through the guarded language of a prisoner she tried to construct what Baldy expected her to do. He was referring, doubtless, to the garage. He had written of that before. When he came out he wanted to go clean in Syracuse, where people knew him as a boy. He had his eye on a garage and transfer business. With her savings and his own he thought he could swing it. That was arranged between them long ago. Why, now, this guarded language? Well, curious things happen in prisons.

That afternoon the picture of Angus Knight, flashing in and out beside the picture of Baldy, became suddenly flesh and blood. He was standing before her desk, with the military set of his shoulders, the tender, humorous light in his eyes.

He was saying, "I thought perhaps you'd like to be goin' to a show tomorrow evening?"

No more of Angus Knight! Yet she could not dismiss him there, with the whole establishment looking on. And she had not played quite fair with him. She had hinted, and, hinting, had fooled even herself. She owed him something more than an abrupt break—she had become as involved as that! All this she thought while she sat looking down at the counter, mechanically arranging a plate of doughnuts.

"No, not a show," she said finally. "I ought to go to bed early tomorrow night. But I'll walk over to the park with you if you'd ——"

Customers, entering, broke in. He merely nodded and withdrew, looking back over

(Continued on Page 77)

Even a Small Business Can Afford Bookkeeping that Pays a Profit

"You see we haven't a very big store, but we wouldn't think of doing business without a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine

"Any business worth running at all ought to make a real profit.

"And the owner ought to have some way of knowing every day whether he's making that profit or not.

"But thousands of merchants *don't* know, because they think it's too troublesome and too costly to find out.

"Perhaps it *is* too troublesome by old fashioned methods, but not with the Burroughs Simplified Accounting Plan. It's the most economical plan I've seen, considering what it gives you, and it is certainly easy to operate.

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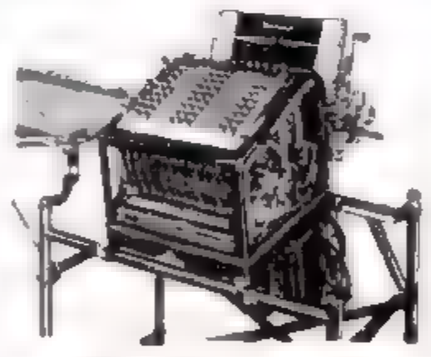

The Machine Soon Pays for Itself

In the time saved handling your bookkeeping and miscellaneous figuring alone the machine soon returns its cost—yet in addition it gives you information which may be worth thousands in increased business. Many owners say it pays for itself and returns a profit the first year. At this rate it pays for itself faster than you pay for it.

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This *New* WINTON SIX, Model 40, has taken its place immediately as an achievement in fine car engineering and fine car performance definitely greater in quality and value than any former standard.

Superbly beautiful in itself, this motor car is an admirable tribute to the authoritative leadership of Winton engineering, matured now through 24 years of continuous development; just as its production at the present price is ample evidence of the new strength and progress of the Winton Company.

This WINTON motor—swift, sure and silent in its application of power—is a most accessible motor. That accessibility bespeaks the simple efficiency of design.

This *New* WINTON is a lighter car, a more spirited car, an easier car to handle than ever before. It is a more beautiful car. The quality of its coachwork is up to the highest standard. The bodies are built entirely in the Winton shops by workmen skilled through long experience with the Winton Company.

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New WINTON SIX

THE WINTON COMPANY · · · CLEVELAND · OHIO

Continued from Page 74

his shoulder, the sun wrinkles making attractive little creases about his perplexed eyes.

As she came up the front steps of her house that night a man stepped from the doorway—a small, neat-stepping man. He spoke to her by name.

"I'm from your friend in Auburn," he said. "Wrote to you about me, didn't he?"

"Come in," she said simply.

She turned up the light in the tiny parlor of the lodging house. They were alone; nevertheless, she closed the door and looked behind the portières before motioning him to a seat, drawing her own chair close. He was dressed nattily in a brown suit with a diamond in his purple tie; his face was pale, his long eyes were narrow-lidded and shrewd. He exhaled a faint odor of alcohol and cigarettes, which recalled Baldy—and recalled him disagreeably. Such were to be her associates the rest of her life—but he was holding out a letter to her. She shut her imagination and set her mind to business.

"I was to show you this," he said. It was prison paper; it was Baldy's hand:

Dear Kate: This will be handed you by John B. Comers of Syracuse my partner in the garage business he's got a fine opening on —— Street but it will take all you got to hold it until I get out which wont be long now. If you want to do this its a grand chance for us girlie

yours with love

BALDWIN H. MARTIN.

She glanced up into the shrewd eye of Mr. Comers.

"The letter's genuine, of course," she said in her crispest accent, "but how do I know you're John B. Comers?" He smiled. She did not like his smile. It was oily. Partner—yes, she must make him an associate too.

"No offense," said Mr. Comers. "Here's my proof."

He drew from his pocket a chauffeur's license, with an inartistically accurate photograph of himself. It bore also his signature. Mr. Comers produced a fountain pen, after a fumbling search for paper borrowed the letter, scratched "John B. Comers" on its back, held up the two signatures side by side. They matched. Kate nodded her satisfaction. Mr. Comers slipped the license and the letter back into his pocket, and as he did so began to talk:

"It's the best proposition in Syracuse, you see. Three blocks from the business center, you see. Sale of gas alone ——" But Kate cut in abruptly: "How much is wanted? All right. Meet me at three tomorrow by the safety-deposit entrance of the Bronx Mutual Bank."

She was on her way upstairs before she reflected that she should have kept Baldy's letter. She would ask Mr. Comers for it tomorrow. Still, it mattered little—in the face of all her perplexities. The fact that by tomorrow night she would have less than a hundred dollars in her bank account figured as the least of these.

When Angus mounted to the rooming house she confronted him suddenly from the steps. The shadows of her eyes were moonlit mists; at what he saw there his cheerful "Good evening" seemed to choke in his throat, and "Is there anything wrong?" he asked.

"No," replied Kate, and then, "Yes," and then, "Let's walk."

"Can you tell me?" he inquired. "Or when you're ready."

"Wait until we can get somewhere alone," she said.

As they stepped along he was turning his head to try to catch a glimpse of the face under her broad hat.

Suddenly she spoke; her tone was low, constrained: "Talk to me. Oh, do please talk!"

With a touch of embarrassment making broader his burr, Angus Knight attacked the first subject that flashed through his mind—an old story of camouflage days on the Western Front. He spoke rapidly for him, nervously, with little breaks here and there, as one talks when he is not certain that he has the attention of his auditor. Only once did she look up at him; and then her absent gaze rested not on his eyes but seemed to sweep his brows. They were in the park now. Angus had turned into a bypath, climbing to a hill of artificial rocks. He stopped talking as suddenly as he had begun, spoke no word until they reached a bench half shaded by an elm.

"Will you seat yourself?" he said.

His voice and hand were both trembling

She sank down and faced him. Even in the dim, uncertain light he could see how something had drawn her face into the lines of misery.

"Angus ——" she began, and stopped.

She had never called him by that name before. And suddenly things seemed to go out of his own control. She was in his embrace; he was kissing her eyes, her cheeks, her lips. She was returning his kisses. She grew first limp and then stiff in his arms, as though she had melted and then frozen. With a tender but steady thrust she put him away. Her hands flew to her face and she burst into a torrent of weeping. He let her cry.

Once he began in Scotch as broad as a moor, as soft as a mist, "Lass, bonnie lass ——" but she stopped that with a shake of her head. The storm died away. Angus crammed a clean handkerchief into her hand.

"You'll be wantin' this," he said.

She dried her eyes; but when she began to speak there came a little after-shower of tears, which overflowed on her cheeks without choking her voice.

"Oh, why did you do that, Angus?" she asked. "I came to tell you the truth, and I guess"—here for a moment the tears did catch her voice—"I guess I've got to tell you the whole truth now. Angus, you must go away from me. I came to tell you that we weren't to go out together any more. I've got to tell you now that I'm never to see you again—never, never!"

His "Why?" came out of him like a groan from the wounded.

"Because I've been wicked, wicked—because I am wicked now!"

"Is that all?" said Angus Knight. "Have I been an angel mysel'?"

"You are not to see me again," she persisted.

"In this life, maybe," replied Angus Knight. "There's another life as broad as the whole wide world beside my little finger. You an' I don't govern that life, lass. When you were made for me an' I for you, it was ordained that somebody or something else might have you in time, but I'd have you in eternity."

"Till death, then," said Kate. Her voice grew matter of fact. "I'm going to tell you all about it, Angus. I never told it all before. When I'm through, you yourself won't want to see me any more."

She was surprised, now, at her own calm. Fluently, steadily, in a tone as even as though she were directing operations in the restaurant, she related the story from the moment when she first met Baldy Martin to the latest news—his approaching parole. Angus listened in silence, though now and then she could hear the hiss of a breath sucked through his teeth. She finished and sat twisting his handkerchief in her fingers. And only then did she say a word of excuse for herself:

"You see, I never had anybody to tell me what was right and what was wrong. I've had to figure it out for myself. I tried to hint to you—but, oh, I should have done more than that! And I didn't see until—until just lately—that I had no right to let you go with me even as a pal—that I'm almost as good as married."

She looked at him now timidly and for the first time. The distant park lights threw deep shadows along the lines drawn suddenly in his face. He spoke in a tone as low and even as hers:

"I understand. I couldn't love you if you took any other course. But it's awfu', awfu'!" He choked here. "And when I looked over my shoulder and saw you standin' there like a wraith, I knew that what I'd waited for all my days ——"

"Don't!" she said. "Don't talk of that!"

Angus was silent for a moment, as though giving the subject a long, Scotch consideration.

"You've got to stick wi' him—or at least as long as it lasts," he announced at length. "I see that plain. I'm not for marryin' without lovin'—but this is a special case. I'll not trouble you more—now, at least." He paused again. "Only once more. I'll be dee-visin' some address where you can always write to me in case you want me—if anything changes or if you need me. If 'tis fifty years and I'm alive—I'll be waitin' to claim you or to serve you. You believe that, don't you, lass?"

"I believe anything you tell me, Angus," she said. "And I promise." Suddenly she was on her feet. "It had better be now."

"Yes," he agreed, and rose too.

She held out her hand. He took it, but made no movement to approach nearer.

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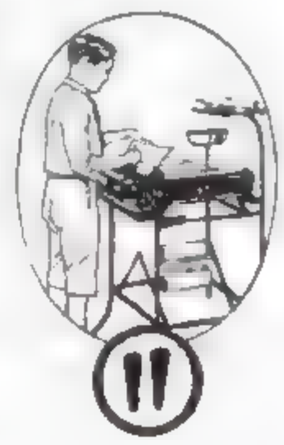

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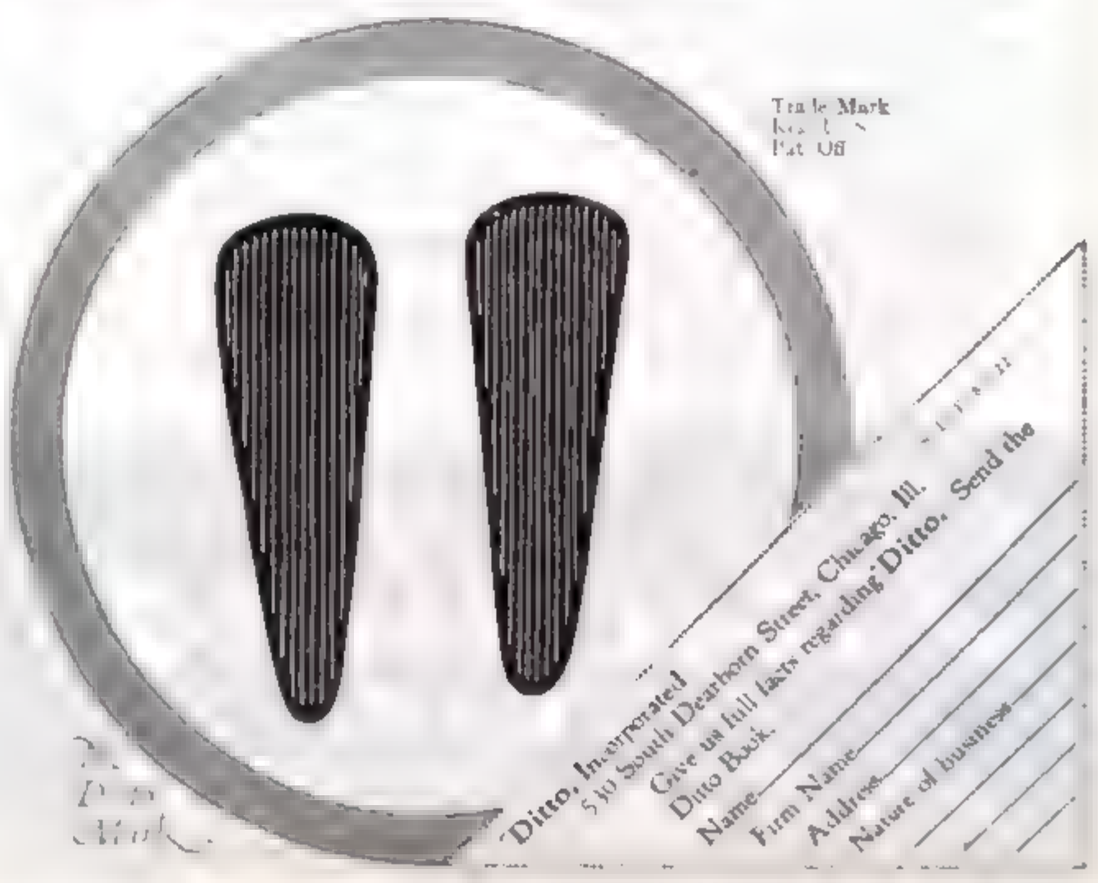

Just Dive Into a Bag of Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts

the big, crisp kind, so good to eat and so chock full of nourishment. Just the thing to fill the long gaps between meals and to satisfy that hungry feeling after exercise.

There is a particular method of roasting "Pennants" in a combination of rich vegetable oils that accounts for their delicious flavor. They're an actual and natural aid to digestion because of their high oil content.

You can buy "Pennants" anywhere in the glassine bags for 5c. Eat them daily for hunger and health.

Planters Nut & Chocolate Co.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Suffolk, Va. Chicago
New York Boston San Francisco

Planters
PENNANT
SALTED PEANUTS

"Your soul will always be mine," said he. "Go wi' God."

"Go with God," she whispered.

She dropped his hand, turned and sped down the path. At its foot she weakened, but only for an instant—just long enough to look back and see that he had sunk down on the park bench, that his face was buried in his hands, that his shoulders were heaving.

She had cut the knot just in time. It was next day when, going languidly, absently about her daily routine, she opened the evening newspaper to find the produce-market reports. Tucked away on a back page was the inconspicuous item, "Parole Board Acts." She skimmed the text. Her eye caught this line:

Baldwin H. Martin, convicted in April, 1915, of the murder of Michael Naughton.

He had not written her the news: she had visited the post office that afternoon. It was as though he did not want her to know. The spurt of hope that followed this thought warned her of the danger that she might weaken yet. That was why she rushed suddenly to the telephone booth, called up Grand Central, engaged a berth on the night train to Auburn.

From the railroad station it is a ten-minute walk to where old Auburn lies in broad gardens behind sweeping elms; but as though to prove how easy are the paths of vice—it is only a step to the great doors, the gray turreted walls, the bars and spikes of Auburn prison. As Kate approached she realized that she might be too late. By the door stood a small, intent crowd—men, mostly, two of them in Salvation Army uniform, but women here and there. The gate clanked, opened; a man stepped out, walked rapidly, jerkily away. One of the Salvation Army uniforms fell in beside him, gesticulating. On the other side, like his bad angel disputing with his good, walked a man in citizen's clothes who plucked at his sleeve. Kate hurried forward. The door clanked again and Baldy stepped into the sunlight. His face was pasty. His shoulders sagged and he was blotted out by a woman's figure which came between them. A woman in a smart brown beaver coat and a smarter hat. She had thrown herself into his arms. They were embracing. They fell apart now, and stood looking at each other, he with his arm about her waist, she patting his cheek. The woman was Dolly—a Dolly older by years, leaner, with much hard experience lined under her rouge. Hand in hand they started to walk away—and confronted Kate, waiting in their path. A moment of panic stabbed through Dolly's eyes; she veiled it in bravado.

"Why, look who's here!" said Dolly.

But Kate was addressing herself to Baldy. His face was sullen; in spite of the prison pallor its lines seemed black.

"You didn't tell me you were paroled," said Kate. "Did you—did you write it to her?"

"Sure. Ain't she my girl?" he asked. "What are you doing up here anyhow?"

"You know what I'm doing up here," she replied simply. Then a little emotion caught her voice. "I wanted you to go straight, Baldy. You won't go straight with her. I've been good for six years. I've saved my money for you—just to make it right—if I could. I killed Mike Naughton as much as you—working you up by flirting with him—I always told you that ——"

"Say," said Baldy, addressing Dolly, "the kid ain't stuck on herself, is she?" He turned on Kate. "I plugged the stiff because he was after Dolly here—see! I was through with you. If you wanted to dream ——"

"And the garage in Syracuse?" put in Kate. "And my money ——"

"What garage in Syracuse?" asked Baldy nonchalantly enough. But into his eyes came that look she knew so well as of old years—the one they assumed when he was lying. "What money? Dreamin' again?"

Kate's glance went for the first time to Dolly. It caught a trifling, significant gesture. Dolly's hand had started toward her throat, had stopped halfway. Just above the opening of her waist glittered a diamond in new platinum.

"I see," said Kate. There was not the slightest sarcasm in her voice. It was almost meditative. "I see! That's why I was never to come up on visitors' day. I might meet you and ——"

A red tide surged up Dolly's throat. She caught Baldy by the arm.

"Aw, shake her and come on!" she said.

Kate waited while they took two steps, and then sprang forward as by reflex action. Her hands clutched at Baldy's shoulders. She loathed the touch of them, but she held on. He was her burden—she must! Angus would agree with that—she must.

"Don't go with her, Baldy!" she pleaded. "You're a crook for life if you do."

That explosive, blind temper of Baldy Martin went off like a blast.

He whirled, he shook her free; there, in the very presence of the law to which he had been making expiation for six years, he struck her on the face so that she staggered and fell.

"C'mon—get out of this!" cried Dolly, drawing him away.

Without looking back they hurried down the path.

Jim the guard, talking that night with Bob the turnkey, told the rest.

"I've seen some funny things out by the gate," he said, "but this had 'em all skinned. Yes, sir, he hit her—good, snappy jolt—and waltzed off with the other skirt. You remember him—a parson's pet that would slip anything over on you behind your back. Well, I ain't supposed to pay any attention to what happens after they go out, but when a man hits a woman—you know. I run up to her to see if she was hurt before I fixed him. She was on her knees with her hands up to her face—like that—and wouldn't pay any attention to me at all. She was saying 'Thank God!' Over and over just like that—'Thank God! Thank God!'"

Lake George, New York

McQUAY-NORRIS
PISTON RINGS
PISTONS
PINS

"I'm glad I didn't trade her in"

That's what the car owner says when the cylinders of his motor have been reground or rebored and fitted with McQuay-Norris Piston Rings, Pistons and Pins.

You don't have to buy a new car just because your motor is worn, any more than you would buy a new house just because the roof leaks. Motor wear can be corrected for but a fraction of the cost of a new car. In all parts of the United States, there are now well-equipped shops where cylinder blocks can be reground or rebored and new piston rings, pistons and pins installed.

Any good repairman can tell, by measuring your cylinders, if they need regrinding or reboring. Car life will be lengthened many, many thousands of miles by this method. In having a motor rebuilt, see that its three vital units—piston rings, pistons and pins—are made by McQuay-Norris. You cannot add new life to your car if poor cylinder equipment is installed.

There are many cases, however, where a car's cylinders are not badly out of round and where regrinding or reboring is not necessary.

Your repairman can tell you what is needed. If new piston rings are all your car needs, he can supply a McQuay-Norris ring—made of Electric Iron—for every purpose and price. If the cylinders also need rebuilding, he can install McQuay-Norris *Wainwright* Pistons and Pins—a complete line especially designed for replacements, in all standard sizes and over-sizes.

McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

Canadian Factory—McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

McQuay-Norris Wainwright Pistons and Pins — gray iron pistons as light in weight as safety permits—specially designed for replacements—available in standard sizes and over-sizes—also in semi-finished form 75 thousandths oversize—pins of special hardened steel, ground to exceptional accuracy

Pistons and Pins of quality

LEAK-Proof—an exclusive two-piece design, preventing loss of gas and compression. Gives equal pressure at all points on cylinder walls. For all piston grooves except top, which should have Superoyl. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.25

In Canada, $1.50

Superoyl—Keeps lubricating oil out of combustion chamber. Collects excess oil on each down stroke of piston and empties on each up stroke, which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

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In Canada, $1.25

JIFFY-GRIP—a one-piece ring. Non-butting joint, which can be fitted closer than ordinary step cut—velvet finish—quick seating. "Seats in a jiffy." To keep them clean and free from rust, each ring is packed in an individual glassine envelope. Price per ring—

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Snap Rings—of the highest grade. Raised above the average by McQuay-Norris manufacturing methods. Their use insures all the satisfaction possible for you to get from a plain snap ring. They are packed twelve rings to the carton and rolled in waxed paper.

And Snap Rings of the highest grade

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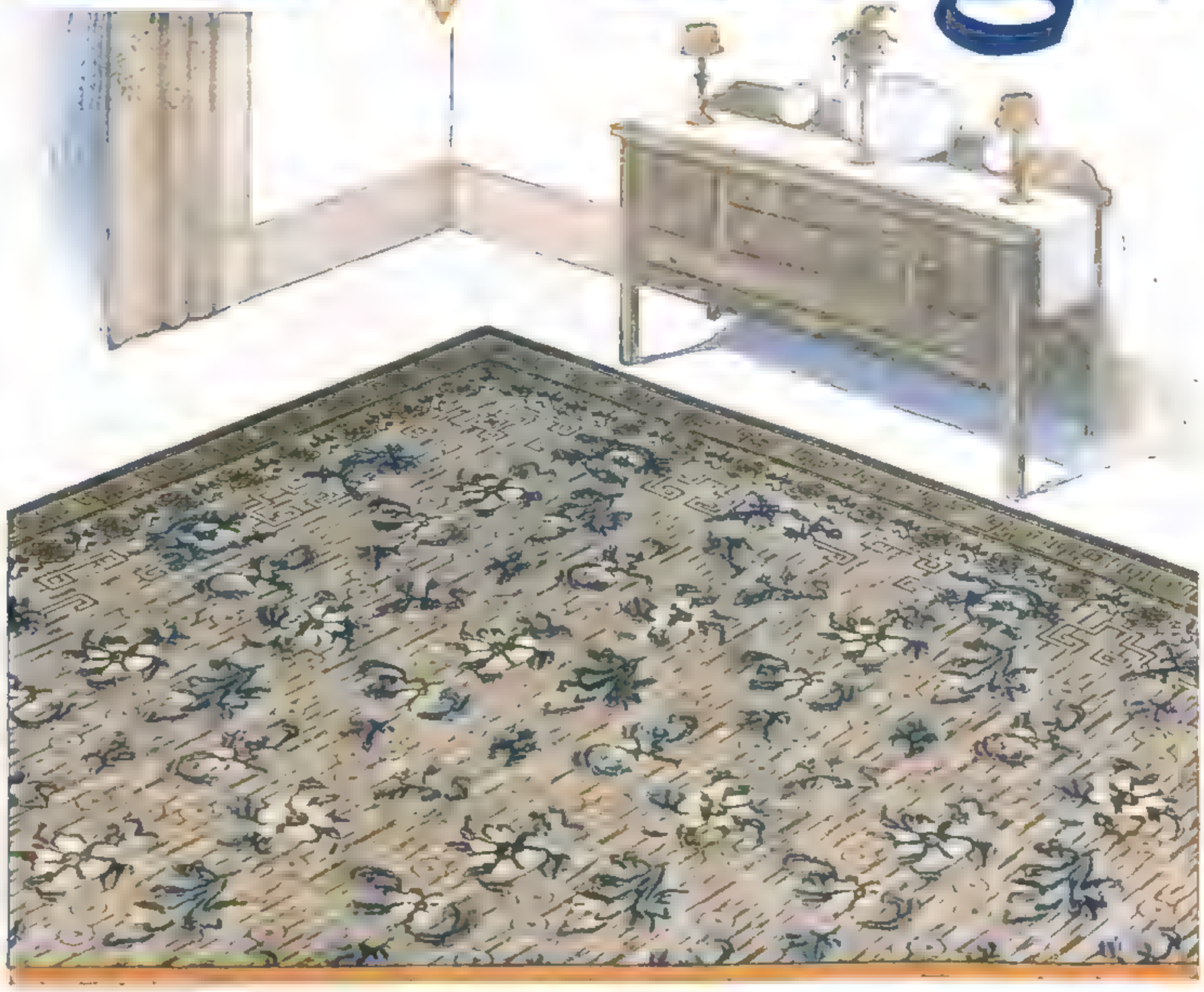
ESTABLISHED BIRD'S NEPONSET IN 1795

Bird's Rugs



When "Mad Anthony" Wayne Quit Fighting Indians

— and in the name of the United States Government made the peace first permitting our colonists east of the Alleghanies to trek safely into the great Northwest — in that year, 1795, the first Bird product was made.

Today, Bird products — each in its particular field — are known as standard merchandise from Halifax to Portland, Oregon, and from Hudson's Bay to the Rio Grande.

Bird's Paroid Roofing (Smooth Surface and Slate Surfaced)
Bird's Art Craft Roofing
Bird's Shingle Design Roofing
Bird's Asphalt Shingles
Bird's NEPONSET Black Building Paper
Bird's NEPONSET Wallboard, Cream White Finish
Bird's Asphalt Felt
Bird's Built-up Roof
Bird's NEPONSET Fiber Shipping Cases and Shoe Cartons
Bird's NEPONSET Felt-Base Printed Rugs and Floor Coverings
Bird's Press Board and Special Papers

BIRD'S NEPONSET PRODUCTS

Look for this mark when buying floor coverings. It is your guarantee of satisfaction or your money back.

Bird's Neponset Rug No. 700, an attractive combination of bright blue and delicate yellow flowers, outlined in black on a soft, two-tone gray background

HOME-KEEPERS today are quickly waking up to the fact that, to equip new rooms or renew old ones, it is no longer necessary to face a heavy expenditure for floor coverings.

And Bird's Neponset Rugs — inexpensive, beautiful, durable — have largely contributed to this awakening.

The sizes in which they come are 6′ x 9′, 7½′ x 9′, 9′ x 10½′ and 9′ x 12′. The prices range from $8.25 to $16.50.

Easily cleaned with a damp mop, 100 per cent waterproof and mothproof.

Be sure to see these Bird's Neponset felt-base printed rugs, floor coverings and rug borders at your dealer's before you spend another dollar on floor coverings. Their suitability for many floors in your home will immediately be apparent to you.

BIRD & SON, Inc. Established 1795 East Walpole, Mass.

NEW YORK: 200 Fifth Avenue CHICAGO: 1429 Lytton Building
Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ontario

THE HEART OF THE LOAF

(Continued from Page 7)

be nice? Happy days ahead." He walked on toward the Mayfield House. "But at that, these little greenbacks sure do feel grateful to the touch."

For an hour he sat around the lobby of the hotel, hoping for a glimpse of some familiar face, but none appeared. When the dining-room doors were thrown open for lunch he went over and glanced inside. One look discouraged him—that, and the weird uncomfortable feeling in his chest. For his health didn't seem just right, his genial spirits of the morning had evaporated, he felt depressed and gloomy. He went upstairs and lay down on the bed.

At three that afternoon he crossed the park and set out up Maple Avenue. His mood had not improved. He was conscious of a silly irritation over nothing, a sudden dissatisfaction with the world which he was accustomed to regard through cheerful, approving eyes. What, he wondered, ailed him anyhow.

Under the tallest elms in town lay Maple Avenue, unchanged. Here were the houses of the town's élite, outmoded piles of brick or stone standing in the midst of beautiful lawns. He came shortly to the Benedict mansion, the finest of all; in the old days it had represented for him wealth and the aristocracy. He smiled to himself as he entered the big gate and strolled up the front walk past a well-remembered cast-iron deer.

Della Benedict was reading a novel on the front porch, and Bob felt a little better at sight of her. Another link with his past, and assuredly a link that had greatly improved since he last saw her. He had always liked Dell, though he remembered her as a nervous, spindling girl who moved in a constant whirlwind of energy that was decidedly wearing. He had never thought her pretty, but time and an Eastern college had changed her mightily. Her slenderness was now a rather alluring item in her favor, she had seemingly gained in repose, and you might almost call her—well, if not pretty, at least charming and alive.

"Hello, Dell," he said.

"Hello, Bob." She gazed at him approvingly.

"Little Bobby's grown up. Not so bad, either—as far as you've gone."

"I'm not going any farther, Dell. Got to like me as I am." He dropped into a chair beside her. "You've changed, Dell. But you're still wearing it, I see."

"Wearing what?"

"Little old freckle on the end of your nose. I was wondering if it would still be there."

"What an eye for trifles," she laughed.

"Trifles," he said solemnly, "make perfection, and perfection is no trifle. Got that straight from Mike Angelo. Studied under him in Italy."

"Oh, yes—you and Angelo. Famous artist now, aren't you?"

"Who says so?"

"I read about you in a newspaper. It said you had a lot of talent."

"Did it say I had a lot of money too? You can't believe all you read in the newspapers, my child. By the way, did that article move you to recommend me for this job?"

"Did I do that?"

"Didn't you?"

"I don't know—I forget. Anyhow it isn't much of a job—not for you."

"My dear girl, it's a life saver, and I'm mighty grateful. Even the most talented of us must eat now and then. I'll give this assignment my best, to justify your recommendation. And I may add that I'm going to enjoy the row."

"Oh," she smiled. "Father told you."

"Yes. Gave me a free ride to the cemetery and everything. The old story of the Montagues and Capulets. By the way, who's playing Romeo? Clarence Ward had a precious son if I'm not mistaken."

"Herb Ward," she answered. "Just graduated from law school—Harvard."

"Oh, yes—little Herb. Pale young shrimp with curls and the air of a crown prince. Used to ride round town in a pony cart. Nearly ran over a dog of mine once, and I pulled him out of the cart and blacked his eye. Them was the happy days."

"You always did have such brutal instincts," she reminded him. "Even now you look more like a boiler maker than an artist. It's hard to believe. Are you sure you're the Bob Dana who paints?"

"Lead me to my new studio and I'll prove it to you. By the way, your father said ——"

"Oh, yes. Come inside." She led him into a big cool hall. "You're the white-haired boy round here—any room in the house you want. That's orders. Anybody who happens to be established there must be dropped from the window."

"Look out or I'll take your room." He followed her up the stairs and they made the rounds of the second floor. His selection fell on a large guest room with a good north light not too impeded by the trees. "Move everything out—rugs and all," he said. "Just a kitchen chair and maybe a little table."

"It shall be done, O rajah," laughed Dell. They returned to the upper hall. The girl snapped on an electric light, illuminating a dark corner. "By the way, you'd better take a look at that," she said.

She pointed to a crayon portrait of a tired, dyspeptic-looking man in middle age. His lips were a thin line on a thin face, his eyes fishy, his entire aspect chill and bleak and seemingly lacking in all human feeling.

"Oh, yes—your grandfather," said Bob Dana, and his heart sank. For a long moment he and Henry Benedict stared at each other.

"I know what you're thinking," Dell said. "You're thinking, 'There's old Eight-per-cent Benedict. I've got to resurrect him, and gosh, how I dread it!'"

"You wrong me," Bob smiled. "I was just wondering—how do we get from him to you? No connection that I can see."

"Thanks for the ad. Well, the least said about poor grandfather the soonest mended. As a tyrant he made the Kaiser look weak. However, do the best you can."

"Your father says he wants a speaking likeness."

"Heaven forbid!" said Dell. She snapped off the light, and Henry Benedict receded into the shadows. "I moved him up here myself. Some battle, but I won. We've got a few other photographs—an old tintype, and one of him on his wedding day. He looked quite human then."

"Oh, I'll make out," Bob told her. "Your father has promised to keep a sharp watch on me and tell me when I'm wrong."

"You poor thing—I'm afraid he will. Pretty tough for you."

"That's all right," he assured her as he followed her downstairs. "I've got a strong constitution and a cheerful disposition. At least I always did have—up to today. Somehow I feel terribly depressed and mean this afternoon."

"Why's that?"

"I can't make out." He held the screen door for her and they returned to the porch. A shaft of sunlight fell across her hair. "Honey!" Bob Dana cried.

"What?" she inquired, surprised.

"Honey," he repeated enthusiastically. "The color of your hair, I mean. I've been trying ever since I saw you again to think what that shade reminded me of. I know now. It's honey—the sort of honey I used to have for breakfast at a little *pension* in Rome. Lots of butter, and this honey, and delicious hot rolls —— Oh, my Lord!"

"What now? Bob, you are absurd."

"No, I'm not. I just remembered what's wrong with me. This depressed, sad feeling. This wave of bitter regret. I ate two of Herman Schall's rolls for breakfast, and the darned things weren't half baked."

"Oh," said Dell, "that's too bad. But you'll get over it. Only keep off Herman Schall's bread, fresh every day. Do you really like my hair?"

"Like it? It's lovely! As a matter of fact—I don't want to spoil you, Dell—but you're quite wonderful. I wish it was your portrait I was going to paint."

"Well, I'm father's favorite child. There are no others, of course, but I'm well in the lead. Maybe after you do grandfather you'll get an order to do me."

"No," he said, sternly shaking his head. "I couldn't consider it. Sorry—something else I just remembered. Artist, you know. Can't support myself, let alone a —— What I mean is, I've got to keep my mind off girls. Not so much as look at one. Dangerous. First thing I knew ——"

"What are you talking about? You don't for a minute think that I — —"

"No, Dell; no. I mean to say, might get to know you, like you, think better of your whole sex. Go right on from bad to worse, meet some little flapper, fall for the wedding idea—another artist gone wrong!"

"You're in no danger here, my lad," said Dell. "Shall I tell father you'll punch the time clock in the morning?"

"Expect me at nine."

"All right. I'm afraid you'll have to put up with me around the house; I live here, you know. But I want to set your mind at rest, so I'll tell you a little secret. Keep it dark. This thing is more like the Capulets and Montagues than you imagined. I'm engaged to Herbert Ward."

"What! Little Herb Ward?"

"Yes. He's not so bad. The curls are gone and he drives a racing car now."

"Well, I'm glad," said Bob grimly.

"Thanks. I knew you would be."

"You don't understand. I mean I'm glad I blacked his eye that time. I only wish it had been permanent."

"You—an artist!" she said derisively. "With all those brutal instincts struggling inside you."

"Ain't any brutal instincts struggling inside me," he told her. "Just the little old indigestion I bought from Herman Schall."

And he went from her down the walk, as solemn as the cast-iron deer.

II

"TOMORROW morning at ten o'clock," said the Evening Tribune some weeks later, "the doors of the First National Bank's new home will be thrown open to the public. The citizens of Mayfield may be pardoned a keen pride in what they will behold. It is doubtful if any city of similar size between New York and Chicago can boast finer banking rooms. Pillars, partitions and walls of marble, mahogany paneled rooms for the directors and the president, in the basement safety vaults of the newest design and construction—all in all a revelation in modern banking quarters. To the strains of sweet music discoursed by the Mayfield Silver Clarinet Band the directors and officers will be happy to meet their friends and show them about. It is understood that the *chef d'œuvre* of the main banking room is to be a portrait of Henry Benedict, the late president of the institution, painted by our talented and up-and-coming young townsman, Robert Dana, son of the late Melville Dana, well and favorably known to all our people. 'Come one, come all' is the invitation extended by the bank."

At about the time Will Varney's words were being read by the citizens of Mayfield Bob Dana sat before his finished job of work in his studio on the second floor of the Benedict house. He looked at the moment neither up nor coming, but rather down and out. The feeling of hopelessness, of doubt concerning his own ability, that all true artists experience at the moment of final achievement was his, and the remarks of the small but select group of spectators gathered at his back did little to dispel it.

"Well, I don't know," Eugene Benedict was saying dubiously. "What do you think, Nellie?"

He appealed to his wife, a haughty beauty in her time, but somewhat faded now. She adjusted her glasses and stared—a famous stare in Mayfield, where she had long been the social arbiter.

"I don't know either," she admitted. "Sometimes I think it looks like father—and sometimes I don't."

"My case exactly," said Eugene. "Around the chin—somehow. Did you make the chin fuller, Bob, as I suggested?"

"I think it's just wonderful," Dell announced.

Bob gave her a grateful look. "I've done my best," he said to Eugene. "I've changed it and changed it and changed it, day after day, as your opinions altered. Sometimes I think—you'll pardon my saying it—that the thing would have been better if I hadn't listened to you quite so much."

"But we knew father better than you did," Mrs. Benedict reminded him.

"Yes." Bob sighed wearily. "Yet you never did agree on the color of his hair. And as for the eyes—one of you said gray, and another green, and another light blue. It's what always happens on this sort of portrait. I've done my best, as I said, and if you don't like it I'll be happy to draw a knife through it now, and pay you back that advance when I can."

What Owning a Marmon Means

DISTINCTION—all admit it. The Marmon's graceful lines and high-bred appearance give it style dominance.

Performance—yes, for years Marmon has been acknowledged a wonderful performer, easier to handle, speedy, comfortable.

Price? Now $3185, a new low price for such a superior car. More money can't buy a finer car.

Maintenance? Lower than ever, due to inbuilt sturdiness and dependability. Maintenance costs now minimized by Standardized Service.

These four considerations are but a few which have created the high position now occupied by Marmon. To own a Marmon means to enjoy the finest form of transportation at the lowest cost per mile.

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The Foremost Fine Car

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Gentlemen: Kindly send me a copy of "Modern Transportation Costs," describing in detail your new system of Standardized Service

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Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH

WECO Product

Cleans INSIDE

Cleans OUTSIDE

1. Brush upper outside down

2. Brush upper inside down

3. Brush lower inside down

4. Brush lower inside up

THERE IS a smaller size Dr. West's Tooth Brush made for children too. Every Mother knows the necessity of teaching them the proper care of the teeth early in life.

Dr. West's Tooth Brush is truly a safeguard to good health. It really *cleans teeth better.* That means that it is designed to clean with ease *inside, outside* and *between* the teeth.

Glance at the illustrations at the right — follow this method carefully, and you'll not only clean the teeth perfectly but actually improve the condition of the gums.

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If your dealer can't supply you, write name and address on margin below, send his name, enclose stamps or cash for size brush you want

THREE SIZES—
Adults, 50c Youths, 35c
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For sale by all good dealers

A brush for every member of the family—lettered A to F

"No, Bob, no!" cried Benedict, alarmed. "It's not so bad as that, my boy. Perhaps we've given you a wrong impression. We were so close to father, of course we'd be overcritical. It's not bad not bad at all I'll be mighty glad to hang it. Besides," he added with the usual tact of the layman discussing an artist's work, "the inscription is to be the important thing, after all."

Bob and Della exchanged a long, understanding look. "Sure," Bob said. "That's the way to look at it. The inscription will take off the curse."

"Now let's get down to dinner," Eugene ordered. "I've got a busy night ahead at the bank. Will you stay, Bob?"

"Not tonight, thank you," Bob answered.

"Well, I'll take the picture down in the car tomorrow morning. Drop in about nine and help me hang it. Now, Nellie, let's get along. Della!"

The two older people left the room. Bob picked up his coat.

"Don't you mind them," smiled Dell. "They don't know anything about art—not even what they like."

"It does resemble the old boy, Dell?"

"Bob—it's uncanny. I'm darn glad it's going to hang in the bank, and not up here. It would make me nervous."

"Then maybe that newspaper was right I mean— perhaps I have a little talent."

"A little? Bob—what ails you?"

"Oh, I always feel like this just after I've finished a thing. Gloomy."

"Then you ought always to have someone around someone who thinks you're—wonderful."

He stood staring into her eyes. He had been staring into them a good deal of late in the intervals of work; at luncheon, which he had been taking daily with the Benedicts; sometimes at dinner, too; and in the evenings. There had been a period when Eugene urged him warmly to look into Dell's eyes, Eugene's feeling being that they somewhat resembled Henry Benedict's. After a thorough investigation Bob denied this.

But now the portrait was finished. Bob Dana held open the door of the guest-room studio.

"You're wanted at dinner," he smiled.

Dell followed him out onto the front porch. "I suppose you'll be going back East soon?" she inquired.

"Yes; in a few days. Got some unexpected business to look after first. Poor father left me a little plot of land on the north side—the only thing he owned after a long, hard struggle. They're thinking of a factory there, and I may sell it for fabulous wealth. All the money in the world—six thousand dollars."

"Good luck," she said. "You must come up often until you go."

"I'll come for my things," he told her. "But"—he shook his head—"that'll be about all, Dell. That had better be about all."

"Della!" her mother called.

"Good-by," said Dell. "And the portrait, Bob—it's wonderful. I'll tell the world."

"Thanks," he smiled. "The same goes for you. You've helped me through; I'd have quit cold long ago if you hadn't been hanging around. You see, I'm sort of silly and temperamental in many ways—even if I do look like a boiler maker. Good-by, Dell."

He endured dinner at the Mayfield House, and passed a solemn evening with a magazine in the apartments of the late Mr. Cornell. Promptly at nine in the morning he appeared at the First National Bank. Entering the big front doors he found himself in a fragrant bower of roses and other blooms.

"Well, things certainly look festive," he remarked when he encountered the perspiring president. He took hold of the tag on a big basket of roses. "Compliments of the Mayfield Lumber Company," he read.

Eugene smiled. "Yes, everybody whose notes we hold has come across," he remarked. "And yet some people say there is no sentiment in business." Bob looked at him in sudden wonder. Had little Eugene a sense of humor, after all? The banker pointed to the spot where the portrait was to hang. "Pretty good light, eh? That brass plate shows up fine. I'm glad I had it in big letters. 'More than any of his contemporaries influenced the life of his times and left his impress on the town.' That ought to hold Clarence Ward for a while. Now, boys, bring the ladder." He picked up the portrait and turned to Bob. "All the fellows have looked this over. They're delighted with it. Say it's father to the life. Congratulations."

Bob saw the portrait hung, and collected a check for eight hundred dollars.

"Like to have you stay and meet our leading citizens," Eugene suggested. "Might interest you to hear their comments on the picture."

Bob was alarmed. "You don't insist on that?"

"Oh, no, of course not."

"Then I think I'd -I'd rather not."

"Funny fellows, these artists," thought Eugene Benedict.

Bob left the bank just as the Mayfield band began to discourse sweet music and the eager citizens were crowding in From others later he heard of that day's happenings. The opening proved a big success, and no small part of the interest shown was accorded Henry Benedict's portrait. But the painting itself, Bob judged, figured only incidentally in the excitement. It was the sentiment on the brass plate underneath that won most comment. Everyone recognized it at once for what it was, a direct challenge to the Ward family. The noncombatants were amused and warmed at once to the fray; arguments arose. The spirit seemed to be: "Is this a private fight, or can anybody get into it?"

Clarence Ward, slim, dignified, gray-haired, with the manner of the law courts, came, all unsuspecting, into the bank about noon. He was standing before the portrait of old Henry Benedict when Eugene emerged from his office on the way to lunch. There, just as the sweet music came to a sudden stop, the two met. The spectators held their breath.

"Hello, Clarence," said Eugene breezily. "What do you think of our new home?"

"Very fine," admitted Mr. Ward coldly. "I have just been reading the inscription under your father's portrait."

"Ah, yes," said Eugene, smiling sweetly.

"You ought to write fiction, Eugene," Mr. Ward advised. "Fiction, I believe, is mostly lies."

Eugene flushed. "I am not aware of any inaccuracy in that inscription," he said.

"A pinch-penny banker!" sneered Mr. Ward. "Eight-per-cent Benedict, I believe they called him, though I don't recall that he was ever satisfied with that modest rate."

"That will do!" Eugene cried.

"You have insulted the memory," Mr. Ward went on, flushing, too, "of one of the finest men who ever lived, an incorruptible judge, an honored member of Congress——"

"A country lawyer with a mind as broad as a knife blade!" Eugene cut in. "A millstone round the neck of progress!"

"Enough!" shouted Mr. Ward.

"You started it," the banker said. "Boasting on your dead father's tombstone. Did you think you could get away with that fairy story? Not likely!"

"I intend," interrupted Mr. Ward, "to withdraw my personal account from this bank. I shall also withdraw all funds of which I am trustee."

"Withdraw, and be damned to you!" roared Eugene.

He turned and walked from the bank. Mr. Ward glared after him. The feud was on.

That evening, the warmest of the summer, to date, Bob Dana walked the streets of his native town. His dominant emotion was joy. Henry Benedict was finished: never again need he stare at that horrible crayon portrait, never again writhe in his chair over the problem of Henry's eyes. He had eight hundred dollars in his pocket, he was twenty-five, life stretched before him gay and wonderful.

At the corner of Park Avenue and Market Street he narrowly escaped being hit by an automobile.

He awoke in time, however, and leaped nimbly to safety. The car ran up to the curb, stopped, and a familiar voice called "Whoo-oo!"

"What's the idea?" asked Dell as he went up to her. "Trying to end it all? You gave me a turn, I'll say."

"Sorry," he apologized. "Just one of those boneheaded pedestrians. You should have run me down. World's better without my sort. Better for motorists, I mean"

"Hop in," she ordered. "I'll give you a spin. It will cool your fevered brow."

"Thanks." He climbed into the seat at her side, and seized his hat just in time as she shot the car off into the night. The cushions were soft, the breeze rushed over

(Continued on Page 85)

Clicquot Club GINGER ALE

Pronounced Klee-Ko

It's a happy drink

There never was such a friendly drink as Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. You can depend upon it always. Day after day, in summer or winter, in Newport or Los Angeles, the taste never varies.

It's a man's drink and a woman's. Little children love it, and it is kind to them. The fussiest people accept it gratefully and are perfectly satisfied. The good-natured, easy-going folk, who usually take anything that comes along, ask for, and often insist upon, Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. *There* is the secret of Clicquot's popularity—*they all like it.*

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There are other Clicquot beverages

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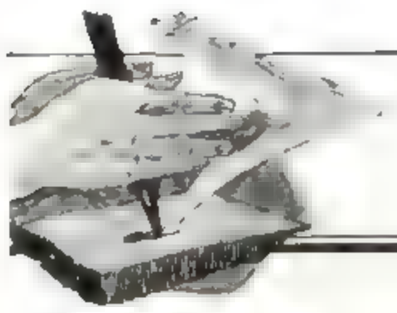
THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

They All Like It

Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla
Root Beer
Birch Beer



FRICTION GENERATES HEAT HEAT DESTROYS RUBBER

Friction, the primitive means of creating flame, is today the big problem in tire making; the source of road burn, of 95 blowouts in 100.

84% *Proofed against friction against road burn*

Make this test

WE offer you a new day conception of tire service, of tire endurance, and invite you to *a test by trial.*

Be convinced by your own experience. Compare by actual use a Brunswick 84% Friction-Proofed tire, with any other tire. We ask only that you pit cord against cord, fabric against fabric.

We will rest our case on the results of this test. And you'll gain a new ideal of tire service, endurance and freedom from worry.

Friction heat the foe of tire life

Friction is the foe of tire life. For friction causes heat, and heat destroys rubber. Yet friction is inevitable in gaining road hold. Every touch of the brake multiplies it. Every impulse of the accelerator doubles it. It lessens tire life by half.

95 blowouts in 100 are due to friction heat. Now we offer you an 84% friction-proofed tire that combats it.

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Note this! the 84% Friction-Proofed Brunswick conforms to the standard list. It is delivered to the consumer at the price of ordinary tires.

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BRUNSWICK
TIRES
84% Friction-Proofed

(Continued from Page 82

him pleasantly. "This is elegant," he said. "And it's an old story to you. Curse the rich!"

"Cut out the cursing," Dell answered. "We had plenty of that at dinner. Father held forth on the subject of Clarence Ward."

"That so? I heard there was quite a little grapple at the bank."

"Sure was! Father's inscription did the work. He asked for a row, and now he's got it. I hope he's satisfied."

"Well, the lad's jazzed things up. Give him credit. Say, I rather like the moon. Take a look at it."

"No, thanks. I was doing just that when I nearly ran over you. Better keep my eyes on the job."

"All right. I'll look at it for you and report. It's a grand old moon, Dell. Same moon I've seen shining on the Arno and on the roses that bloom on the long road up to Fiesole. I've seen it shining on the Colosseum and on the Seine and on lovers in the Luxembourg, and from the Embankment watched it silver the roofs of Parliament and Big Ben in his tower. I've seen it shining on the Atlantic in the wake of a ship when the band was playing an old-fashioned waltz—and now I've seen it shining on your hair."

"Still fond of honey?"

"Oh, Dell! If I could only get up in the morning and have those rolls in Rome—melt in your mouth, they would, and the golden butter, and that honey! Life, Dell, life has possibilities."

"You sound rather happy tonight," she said.

"Why not? Eight hundred hard-earned dollars in my pocket. Going to put over a big real-estate deal in a day or two. Then—there are a few places I haven't caught that old moon shining, and thank God the boats still run."

"I wish I were a man!" Dell said suddenly.

"Well, you're mighty nice as you are," he told her. "But of course—there are advantages. Now, take my own case. So many interesting things I can do. First of all, I ought to find a place to do a bit of work before I wander off again. Know what I'm planning? Little cottage out on the end of Cape Cod, in Provincetown. Exhilarating spot, air like good red licker, sea spray in your face when you go down to watch the fishing boats come in. I can get it for twenty-eight hundred cash. Going to buy it, fill it with my traps, work there when the spirit moves, pull out when the soles itch again. Good idea, eh, Dell?"

"Splendid!" she answered gayly.

"When I'm hard up," he went on, "I can eat fish. They give 'em away. Fish aren't so bad, you know."

"I know," she said softly.

"Little half acre I can call my own. Every man ought to have a place like that. Go there and paint. And when I get blue and lonely, discouraged ——"

"Yes?"

"I can hit the old trail again." They drove along in silence for a time. "Say, Dell," he inquired presently, "have you told your father you're engaged to Herb Ward?"

"No, I haven't," said Dell.

Bob suddenly noticed where they were. She had swung into the Benedict drive and now she brought the car to a stop under an old-fashioned porte-cochère.

Perhaps she had remembered that the front porch was in shadow, that the air was filled with the odor of syringa, and the moon so highly spoken of was tracing fantastic patterns on the close-cropped lawn. Perhaps.

The touch of her strong, slender hand gave him a thrill as he helped her to alight, and as he followed her across the lawn he was saying to himself: "Be careful, you fool. Man in your position can't marry. Silly thing to do, spoils everything, travel all over, nose to the grindstone. Watch your step!"

They went side by side up onto the dark porch. A figure emerged promptly from the shadows to greet them, a rather frail figure in white flannels.

"Why, hello, Herbert," said Della. "What are you doing here?"

"Hello, Dell! Oh, that's you, Bob. Say, Dell, if you don't mind I must see you alone—right away."

"Well, good night," Bob Dana said. "Had a fine ride, Dell."

"Don't go," Dell protested. "Herb just wants to talk about the family feud."

"None of my business," Bob answered briskly. "Must run along. See you before I leave town."

He walked rapidly, like a man seeking to get out from under some overhanging menace. Through the big gate, down Maple Avenue under the tallest elms in town.

"My boy, my boy," he thought, "that was a narrow one! Another minute and I'd have said something rash. She might have taken me too; women are foolish at times. Me married! Dreadful, dreadful! Herb, old boy, you saved my life. You certainly popped up in the nick of time. Often wondered what the lad was good for—now I know." He stopped for a moment under the trees. "Dell's darn sweet," he admitted. "Darn sweet. If only I had a prosperous hardware business or something of that sort. No use wishing, though. But I wonder is this Ward boy good enough for her?"

His way led him past the office of the Mayfield Tribune. Inside, under a green shaded lamp, he saw Will Varney bending over his desk. He went in.

"I want to thank you for what you wrote about me in the paper tonight," he said. "That about the picture, you know. Did you really mean it?"

"With all my heart," Will Varney answered. His pale, kindly face lighted with enthusiasm. "You're a genius, Bob. You'll make little old Mayfield mighty proud some day."

"I hope so, I'm sure," Bob told him. "But I guess it was the inscription under my latest effort that made the big hit this morning. I hear the riot's on."

Will Varney laughed and tapped a little pile of letters at his elbow. "Here they are," he said. "The first fruits of the controversy."

"What do you mean?"

"Who did the most to influence the life of his times and leave his impress on the town? The letter writers are limbering up. This bunch came in the evening mail. It's just a beginning. Some say Ward, some Benedict, and some have other candidates. Here's a letter from poor old Mrs. Hughes. She thinks her husband, Reverend Elan Hughes—you remember, he preached at the First Church for years—should be elected. Sour old Elan—a gloomy view of the hereafter he expounded. And the Masters family wants to edge in. Their vote goes solid to Fred Masters. But these are also-rans. The main race will be between Benedict and Ward."

"Funny thing to get excited about," commented Bob.

"Isn't it?" Will Varney agreed. "Look about you. Why should any man want to see his father get the credit for sleepy old Mayfield? I can't figure it. And, thinking it over—there's my own father. You remember him, Bob. Year after year, in this paper, he chronicled the history of the town and shaped its opinions. I guess if any man can lay claim —— But, Great Scott, I'm afraid I'm as bad as any of them!"

"Looks that way," Bob laughed. He stood up. "I didn't mean to interrupt. Just came in to say thank you. I'm leaving in a day or two."

"No?" Varney's face clouded. "I'll be sorry, Bob. You'll never know how I've enjoyed our talks here. All those things you told me about Europe—it was almost as good as though I'd had the trip myself. And about as near as I'll ever get, I guess." He was silent for a moment, thinking of his frustrated ambitions. "Well, I've got my job here." He turned to the pile of copy paper on his desk. "By the way, how do you spell Stuttgart? You know, that town in Germany. Two 't's' in the middle of it, or one?"

"Two, I believe," Bob told him. "But what are you doing in Stuttgart?"

"Why, that was Herman Schall's birthplace," Varney explained. "I've just been writing his obituary. You know Herman left us this afternoon."

III

"WITH regard to the controversy now disrupting Mayfield," Will Varney wrote two days later, "it must be understood that the position of this newspaper is strictly neutral. We have been accused of favoritism by both sides, which is the best proof of our disinterest. Samuel Ward was a splendid type of the old-school jurist, and Henry Benedict was well known up and down the valley as a conservative banker of the highest integrity. The question as to which exerted the largest influence on

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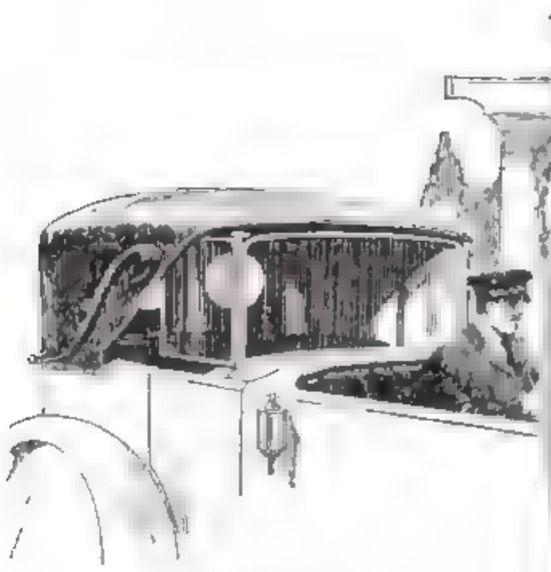

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Nothing Else is Like it

Mayfield seems to us an academic one impossible of solution, but we love excitement and we have furthered the discussion by printing all letters received, save for a few that were anonymous and abusive. Seventeen epistles written by the Ward faction have appeared in print, as have fourteen from the Benedict side. Such is the box score as we go to press. Let the battle rage."

Obligingly the battle did just that. Clarence Ward and Eugene Benedict fought the main engagement in full view of the populace, cutting each other in public, each discovering daily some new means by which to embarrass or belittle the other. Here and there minor skirmishes took place between lesser dependents of the rival houses. Nor did the women hesitate to enter the arena. Few who were present will forget the afternoon meeting of the Ladies' Guild of the First Church, when Mrs. Clarence and Mrs. Eugene encountered each other and demonstrated the possibility of fighting a war with no weapon save the human eye.

Dell Benedict and Herbert Ward alone of the two rival camps remained on friendly terms. Meeting Bob Dana on the street the morning after his abrupt departure when he found Herb Ward among those present on the porch, Dell explained the situation.

"Herb had just dropped over to discuss the great war," she said. "We decided not to let it make any difference between us."

"That's the sensible view to take," Bob approved heartily.

"I knew you'd think so," said Dell with amazing sweetness.

"Oh, absolutely. Silly row anyhow. How can you decide a thing like that? Then you and Herb are still engaged?"

"More so than ever. Herb's been awfully sweet." She held up her hand, displaying a diamond-and-platinum ring. "We told our people all about it. Sort of had to, under the circumstances."

"Must have been good news for your father."

"He nearly passed out. But he knows better than to interfere. Well, that's that. I wanted to tell you—just to make you comfortable in your mind."

"I'm mighty glad you're happy, Dell. That is, of course—if you are happy?"

"Delirious." She smiled up at him. "Come and see me before you leave."

"I sure will."

In the bright light of the morning, with his thoughts traveling the highroad of common sense, on which no moon may shine, this seemed to him excellent news. Good old Herb! The lad was showing a surprisingly level head. But for Herb he might by now be painfully entangled, his career endangered, his wanderings ended. Herb was his insurance, his protection.

"Ought to invite Herb to lunch," he thought. "Show my appreciation somehow."

The following Tuesday night, when he wandered out to the country club to the regular weekly dance, he felt the same way. His business had dragged on longer than he had expected, but it was practically settled now, and he could leave Mayfield very soon. He sat on the club veranda, staring in at the dancers. The orchestra was playing a popular song that referred in sentimental strain to the moment "when it's moonlight in Kalua."

Kalua. Sounded like Hawaii. That was the direction in which he would travel next. The South Seas, on Gauguin's trail, and Stevenson's. He promised himself many a languorous afternoon on some white bathing beach, many a calm, breathless night with the Southern Cross flaming overhead.

Through the open window he caught sight of Dell Benedict dancing in Herb Ward's arms. Dependable old Herb! He watched them approvingly. Dell was lovely, and no mistake. Sometimes, when he was lonely and discouraged, he would think sadly of what might have been. That would, in the last analysis, be much more satisfactory than if what might have been had been. "He travels fastest who travels alone." True talk.

He was still musing gently in this strain when, ten minutes later, Dell appeared, somewhat breathless, before him.

"Bob—I want you to take me home," she said.

He jumped to his feet. "Sure. But I thought—you came with Herb Ward."

"Herb and I have just had the most frightful row," she explained. Bob saw that her eyes were flashing, her cheeks flushed. "He said you'd done a speaking likeness of grandfather, and that several people had heard it say distinctly: 'Pay up tomorrow or I'll put you on the street.'"

"Pretty snappy for Herb."

"And I told him that his old fossil of a grandfather —— Oh, I don't know what I said! I was furious! I may have my own opinion of my family, but no one else can knock it and live." She drew her cloak about her white shoulders. "Come on, Bob."

Bob started nervously. "The ring's gone!" he cried.

"You bet it's gone! Forever!"

"Well, now, Dell—you ought not to get drawn into this foolish argument. It's beneath you. If you'll take my advice ——"

"All right. I can go home alone." She walked briskly away.

"Hold on! Wait a minute! Wait till I get my hat." He dashed into the club. When he reappeared Dell was far down the drive, going strong despite high-heeled dancing pumps. He caught up with her. "I'm mighty sorry, Dell—I have no car. I came by trolley."

"That's the way I'm going home."

"May I —er—come along?"

Dell hadn't a penny with her, and his company was rather essential. But all she said was "If you think you can choke off your fatherly advice."

Conversation sort of languished in the moonlight. He helped her onto the trolley and climbed up beside her. "Not so soft as the seat of Herb's car," he suggested.

"If you can't talk about anything but Herb, don't talk."

He subsided, hurt. Oh, well, women were like this, of course. All sorts of moods and whims and fancies. Sunshine and shadow. Keep a lad stirred up all the time. Better hang on to that precious freedom of his. "When it's moonlight in Kalua"—couldn't get the insidious thing out of his head. "Because you are—not there." Just as well too.

He glanced sideways at Dell's haughty countenance. In spite of himself he could not smother his approval. "Your profile's pure Greek," he said admiringly.

"Grandfather didn't start with a fruit-stand, if that's what you mean," said Dell.

Well, if she wanted to be cross, let her be cross. He'd keep his future thoughts to himself

In silence they alighted from the street car and crossed the park; still with no word spoken they passed on up the avenue and through the big gate. The porch lay calm in shadow, syringa bloomed on the lawn. Dell held out her hand.

"Thanks for bringing me home. Good-by—if I don't see you again."

"But, Dell—look here—of course you'll see me. I'll come round."

"Oh—don't trouble."

She was gone inside the door—hadn't even asked him to stop a minute. Treated him like a rather tiresome stranger. Women, inexplicable women!

He strolled along down the avenue. Certainly did act haughty, that girl. He pictured her now in her room, head held high, eyes flashing.

Which was all he knew about it. In her room Dell had flung herself across the bed and was weeping bitterly. For Herb, and all the lost glories of romance? Herb, of course.

Will Varney's light was burning. Looking through the window, Bob saw the little editor bending above his pile of exchanges. He went inside.

"See here, Mr. Varney—something's got to be done."

"What do you mean, Bob?"

"This silly feud between the Montagues and Capulets. It's gone far enough. Hearts are being broken, young lovers wrenched apart."

"I suppose so. Such is life in the feud country."

"You know," Bob told him, "before I leave town I'd like to settle this foolish argument once for all. Just naturally kill it."

"Easier said than done. Unless you have an idea."

"Well—something flashed through my mind the other day. I don't know—it seems reasonable. I'll sit down if you don't mind."

"Sure, Bob; sure. Push those papers off the chair—that's right."

Bob Dana sat and crossed his long legs. "You know, when I'm away from Mayfield

(Continued on Page 88)

"I'll be ready in a minute. This is Palmolive Shaving Cream"

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The Quickest Shave

The smoothest, easiest shave men ever knew

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S.
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GENTLEMEN: We know your views on shaving cream. You are using one you like well, and have no wish to change.

We would never trouble you—never offer you this 10-shave test—did we not know that we had something better.

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Some years ago we asked 1,000 men to tell us what they wanted in a shaving cream. They all agreed on four things, and we've met those ideals as was never done before.

Then we added one other from our own knowledge—something no layman knew. And we have made a shaving cream which far surpasses anything you know.

Multiplies itself in lather 250 times

Tried 130 formulas

We know soap chemistry. One of our soaps—Palmolive—has become the leading toilet soap of the world.

We have devoted our lifetime—all of us here—to making better soaps.

But we have tried 130 formulas before we got a shaving cream to suit. It took 18 months to, step by step, perfect the soap you want.

Acts in one minute

What we attained

At the end we attained these things:

A cream that multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit—just one-half gram—suffices for a shave.

A cream that acts quickly. Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water, and that's enough. No finger-rubbing, no hot towels are required.

A lather that maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

The Five Qualities
you most desire

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times, so one half gram suffices for a shave.
2—Causes the beard to, in one minute, absorb 15% of water. No finger-rubbing.
3—Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face. No replacing.
4—Supports the hairs for easy cutting, for the bubbles are substantial.
5—Leaves the face smooth and soft, free from irritation, because it applies palm and olive, the great cosmetic oils.

A soap with strong bubbles to support the hairs. That's a quality you overlooked. Light bubbles break, so the hairs lie down. That's why you miss so many—why you go over and over a surface.

A cream that is also a lotion—based on palm and olive oils. It soothes and softens, cleans the pores, and leaves the face in an ideal condition.

Delightful after effects

Give us 10 shaves

What we ask is this: Permit us to send you a 10-shave tube. Use, watch and compare it—criticise or praise it, as you will.

Remember our claims and see if this soap fulfills them.

Then do as results suggest. Get more, use it always, or tell us that we have not met your wants.

Do this in fairness to yourself and us. Millions of men are adopting our cream. Tens of thousands of letters tell us how we have pleased them. Now, please, let us have your vote.

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Step up to the show case, men, and ask to see the new Wilson Bro's Padless Garter. It does away with the hot, old, clumsy pad that's always wrinkling and buckling-up. This garter holds up a man's hose and keeps them up, yet it never reminds you of its presence. Cool, comfortable and efficient, what more can you ask of any garter? All colors, wide or narrow bands; two grades, 50 and 75 cents; at all Wilson Bro's dealers. Step up to the show case, men, and be first to wear the first comfortable, padless garter.

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WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 86)

and think about the town I always remember the amazing amount of sickness here. My mother was never very well, and I used to go to the doctor for her—in the evenings mostly. And I can still picture Doc Cunningham's office, every chair taken, people standing along the walls—dreary, discouraged-looking people."

"Yes." Will Varney nodded. "Always been a surprising lot of doctoring here. Doctoring for this and that. You've noticed Cunningham's big house on Maple Avenue. Doctoring built that."

"Precisely. Now, Mr. Varney, tell me—what sort of men were the leading citizens here—the ones who ran the town?"

Will Varney smiled.

"You mean Ward and Benedict and that crowd? Take a look at Mayfield for your answer. Twenty years behind the times, this town is; you've heard me say so before. Lying here sound asleep through the biggest boom this valley has ever known. Benedict and Ward and their gang did that—conservative, suspicious of everything new, shouting their selfish slogan 'Keep the strangers out.'"

"I thought so," Bob Dana said. "Sour old parties, as I remember them. Looked at life through jaundiced eyes. Depressed and irritable and grouchy."

"You've said it," Varney agreed. "And their dispositions molded this town. I could give you a thousand examples, and Benedict would figure in a lot of them. We might have been on the main line of the railroad, but Benedict got a stubborn spell over some land he owned that was necessary to the scheme. Oh, he was a lovely old chap. I can still see him sitting in that little office of his, looking at prospective borrowers through those cold, fishy eyes. Heaven help the man who had to go to Benedict for a loan! It didn't take long for the word to spread that the banking interests here were unfriendly, so new business gave this town a wide berth." The little editor leaned back in his chair; it creaked faintly beneath him. "And Ward! The Turner steel mills might have located here, but Judge Ward blocked the move. Said it would bring in a lot of dirty foreigners. I think of him as he sat on the bench—never dishonest, I don't mean that—but severe. Too blamed severe. Mercy wasn't in his vocabulary. He wrecked a good many lives that a little sympathy and understanding would have carried along to happiness. I tell you, Bob, this town owes a lot to Ward and Benedict and their gang," Will Varney finished. "A lot they're not boasting about now, wherever they may be."

"Rather mean old men," Bob Dana said. "That's how I picture them. Mean and dissatisfied and bitter." He leaned forward suddenly. "I'll bet both Ward and Benedict suffered tortures from dyspepsia," he added.

"Most people do—most middle-aged people," Varney replied. "In Mayfield, at any rate. For years we've had a lot of trouble with hired girls here—eating has been a rather catch-as-catch-can affair. Now you mention it, Ward and Benedict did have dyspepsia. Yes, both of 'em had it mighty bad."

Bob Dana laughed, and stood up. "That's all I want to know," he said.

Will Varney gave him a long look. "By Gad," he cried, "I begin to get you!" He leaped enthusiastically to his feet. "And you're right, boy, you're dead right!"

"I'm going to hop on a train and run up to Cleveland in the morning," Bob told him. "I can get what I need up there. A modest supply of modeling clay."

"Modeling clay," Varney chuckled. "Yes, that's what you want."

"You'll help me with this?" Bob asked.

"Will I?" The little editor's eyes twinkled. "You bet your life I will!"

For three days Bob Dana was not much in evidence on the streets of Mayfield. The hotel help reported that he seemed to be extremely busy in his room.

On Saturday morning Eugene Benedict drove down to the bank about 8:30, as was his custom. The sun lay blazing hot on the brick pavement of Maple Avenue, and Eugene sped over it savagely, for he was feeling hot himself.

He had just seen Clarence and Herbert Ward strolling down to their law office, and the sight of them nowadays tended to infuriate him.

As Eugene approached the corner of the park at Main and Market streets he was surprised to see a crowd gathered on the lawn in open violation of the notice, posted everywhere: "Keep Off the Grass!" He slowed down his car. An old friend caught sight of him and waved.

"Come here, 'Gene," he shouted. "This will interest you."

His curiosity suddenly aroused, Eugene parked his car at the curb and pushed his way through the crowd. It parted to give him gangway, a favor he accepted as due to the president of the First National Bank. In another moment he came upon the center of Mayfield's interest.

On a cheap oak pedestal that suggested the Mayfield Furniture Store he beheld a figure about three feet high. It was modeled in clay and took the form of a short, heavy man in middle age. The face was flat and on a pudgy little nose spectacles rested. The generous stomach was covered by what appeared to be an apron; a cap rested on the head. It was a tribute to Bob Dana's skill that Eugene, like all the other spectators, recognized the figure at first glance. As the banker stood there staring he could almost hear the querulous, cracked voice: "Louie—Louie—turn down dot gas!"

Hanging about the feet of the figure was a placard that might have been printed in the job department of the Mayfield Daily Tribune. Eugene read:

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF
HERMAN SCHALL THE BAKER

WHO GAVE ALL HIS CONTEMPORARIES INDIGESTION AND THUS MORE THAN ANY OTHER MAN INFLUENCED THE LIFE OF HIS TIMES AND LEFT HIS IMPRESS ON THE TOWN

WE ASKED FOR BREAD AND HE GAVE US A STONE

While the citizens of Mayfield grinned and nudged one another Eugene Benedict read the placard a second time.

IV

AT SIX o'clock that evening Bob Dana sat in old man Cornell's easy-chair with the last edition of the Tribune before him. In his leading editorial, entitled Herman Schall, Will Varney ably seconded Bob's efforts of the morning. He began with the Herman of fifty years before, a young man newly arrived from Germany, who came to Mayfield and started the town's first bakeshop. He carried him along until the time, years later, when Herman's delivery wagon stood before the houses of both high and low, and Herman's bread was the daily diet of all Mayfield.

"Such bread!" Will Varney wrote. "Herman had the habit of thrift. To the outward view his product was O.K., but the heart of the loaf was only partially baked, still fermenting, indigestible. Those who ate it experienced very shortly a deep and dark depression, their outlook on life turned gloomy.

"Herman never figured as a leading citizen of Mayfield. Other men were in the limelight, directing the destinies of the town. But back of these men were a number of vital influences, and not the least of these, moving on tiptoe through his dim kitchen, doling out the coal or turning down the gas, was Herman Schall the baker. It is not at all improbable that to Herman's bread may be traced a thousand heartaches and tragedies—divorces, business failures, meannesses and wrongs.

"The editor of this newspaper has thought things over, and he has no hesitation in announcing that, in so far as his columns are concerned, the controversy that has been raging hereabouts for some days is settled for all time.

"Settled by the election of Herman Schall to the post of honor that stood as the ultimate prize."

Bob dropped the paper and sat staring out across the park. His telephone rang.

"Hello," he said. "Hello, Dell. What's the good word?"

"Seems to be Schall," she answered. "Started a lot of excitement, didn't you?"

"Think so? How is your father feeling?"

"Oh, he'll recover. As a matter of fact the old dear seems to have a sense of humor, after all. His dignity was outraged for a while, but he's come round. He's just talked with Clarence Ward over the telephone."

"No! An armistice?"

"Permanent peace, I fancy. They agreed that maybe you're right. Father is going to take down that inscription and replace it with a simple plate—just grandfather's name and the dates. Clarence Ward is wondering how you edit a tombstone.

You see, that famous sentiment won't sound anything but ridiculous round here for a long time to come."

"Well, Dell, I'm certainly glad to hear all this. It's what I was trying to do, you know. Put an end to the feud."

"I gathered that."

Silence over the wire.

"Er—have you called up Herb Ward and waved the white flag?"

"Me? Say, Bob, you certainly know all about girls. An open book to you."

"Well, has he called you up?"

"I don't know. I've been out. Mighty kind of you to take such an interest "

"Not at all. Want the young people to be happy."

"Old Grandpa Fixit. Leaving soon?"

"Been packing all afternoon. Pull out tomorrow."

"Well, good-by—if I don't see you again."

"Dell—where do you get that stuff? I'll be up this evening to say good-by."

"Sweet of you to trouble. I'll try and have Herb on hand."

"Oh, never mind Herb."

"I'll have him here. Want you to be happy, too, old lad. See you later."

Bob ate one final dinner at the Mayfield House. His pockets bulged with money, life was beckoning, rumor had it that the boats still ran. But somehow he wasn't feeling so elated after all.

At eight o'clock he came abreast of the cast-iron deer on the Benedict lawn, and three seconds later Dell gave him her hand at the top of the steps. An amazingly lovely Dell, starry-eyed in the dusk, gentle and calm and restful.

Bob looked anxiously about. "I don't see young Herb."

"No," said Dell. "Herb hasn't called up. Pity, isn't it?"

"Oh, don't worry. He'll come round. Herb's no fool."

"I'm not worrying. Have you time to sit down?"

"Sure." Bob dropped into a chair. Life was certainly mighty peaceful, there in the shadow on the porch. He leaned back and heaved a sigh of deep content. The syringa was still in blossom, lilies nodded in the distance, roses climbed a trellis. Roses with the moon on them, recalling the fragrant walls on the long road up to Fiesole.

"Are you really leaving tomorrow?" Dell asked. "I'd begun to think you were never going."

"That's true hospitality. But don't fret—I'm off this time."

"Provincetown, I believe you said."

"Yes - Provincetown," he answered. "I've wired a friend to get me an option on that cottage. Going to be just the place for me."

"Sounds like it, I'm sure." Her tone was brisk and cheerful.

"I love the roar of the surf. Some people find it disturbing. Restful, I call it."

"That's good. You'll get a lot of work done, I hope."

"I'll certainly have a try at it. And afterwards—well, look to the East for me. The South Seas. China. Pick up all in a minute some bright morning. Just lock the door and go."

"It must be wonderful," Dell said. "I mean—to have no ties. Nothing to hold you. Just yourself." Somewhere in the house a telephone rang.

"Yes—pretty good feeling," Bob assured her.

A maid appeared at the door. "It's that Mr. Ward again, miss."

"I'll go," said Dell. "If you'll excuse me, Bob "

She was away some time. When she reappeared, Bob Dana was anxious.

"Young Herb, eh? Fix everything up?"

"Count on me," Dell said. "It's all fixed. Nothing to worry about "

"Sensible thing to do, of course," said Bob.

"Of course," Dell agreed.

He tipped back his chair, leaned his head against the cool bricks of the house. After a long silence he spoke: "That cottage only has three rooms."

"Three ought to be plenty for you," said Dell.

"For me—yes. But I've been thinking—times when I've just finished a picture sort of depressed -need somebody round who thinks I'm wonderful "

"How about a dog?"

"Dog, nothing."

"Some people prefer cats," Dell said.

Another silence. "Dell," he said. "I don't know what ails me "

"Something ail you?" she inquired politely.

"Seems to. My head's all wrong. Mind's affected. Keep thinking to myself how almighty sweet you are."

"Better stop it," Dell advised. "Spoil all your fun, a girl would."

"Oh, I don't know. Depend a lot on the girl. If she happened to be a good scout ready to pick up and go at a minute's notice ——"

"Ain't no such animal," said Dell.

"How'd you like fish, Dell? As a steady diet, I mean?"

"I'd hate 'em."

He pondered. "Sorry to hear that There's one room in that cottage—you'd love it. Looks right over at Spain "

"Spain—where the boats run. You'll travel faster alone. For your own sake, Bob—try and be sensible."

Again the telephone rang. The two on the porch waited in silence. In a moment the maid reappeared, and Dell rose. Bob stood beside her

"It was only Mr. Ward, miss. I hung up the receiver—just the way you did."

The girl vanished into the dim hall. Bob turned slowly toward Dell. He seized her hand.

"Look here, Dell you never intended to take him!"

"Who says so?"

"I do. Well, this settles it." He held her close. "And maybe it won't be so bad. You didn't really mean that—about hating fish?"

"I—I guess not, Bob."

"Dell! And that bright morning—just before we lock the door. It won't take you long to pack?"

"Five minutes. Only an overnight bag."

"That's the talk!"

He kissed her. He was a little breathless. "Hard luck for you, Dell. I mean—marrying me."

"Oh, I don't know," Dell whispered. "I believe I'm going to like it."

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Out on a Limb—Yellowstone National Park

This is the
"Neglected Inch"
—the inch between the furniture and the floor

Two ways to eliminate the "Neglected Inch" from your home

THERE are two ways to curb the damage done by the "Neglected Inch". Stop moving your furniture, or equip it with Bassick Casters. The first is impossible—you must move a chair; you can't very well sweep behind a Davenport without pushing it to one side. Yet if you move your furniture on faulty casters, casters which stick and drag broadside across the floor, you are bound to have torn rugs, marred floors, rickety furniture.

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Bassick Casters are made the proper size to sustain the weight of your furniture. They roll easily with as little friction as possible. When a chair or table is turned, the casters swivel immediately. The Diamond Velvet Socket takes care of that.

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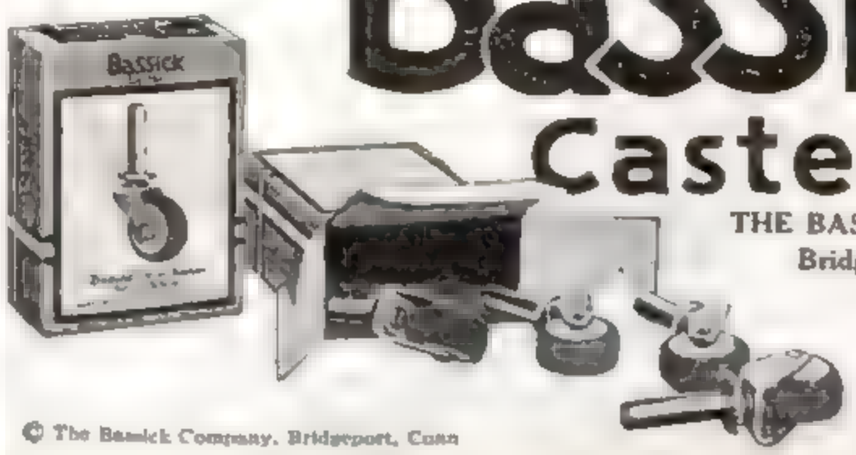
For every piece of furniture in your home, no matter what weight or on what kind of floors or floor covering it is used, there is the proper set of Bassick Casters. Your dealer has them in stock. Pick out from his display the type of Bassick Casters which you need.



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MEN who pride themselves on the neatness and the correctness of their dress are wearing the VAN HEUSEN Collar these days because of its ease and comfort. To a VAN HEUSEN, neatness and ease are one and inseparable, correctness and comfort go together and are indivisible. Those who wear it say that it still would be their favorite collar even if it didn't outwear half a dozen ordinary collars. But, of course, they know that it *does*.

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A. STEIN & COMPANY
MAKERS
Children's HICKORY Garters
CHICAGO NEW YORK

THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 23)

was figured, in the days of sane proportions, that the ratio of rent to income should not by any means keep pace with the increase of income. A man hesitated to pay over thirty dollars a month for a house on an income of $200 a month. Incomes above that were the exception, and still are. In the smaller communities there is still a large measure of expense sanity; in New York, almost none.

Here in this typical New York apartment house is this group of average New Yorkers contributing 70-odd per cent of their earnings for living quarters, pathetically inadequate at that!

To broaden the survey I investigated rents by personal visits to other apartment houses, district by district. Then searching the city directory for names lying within these districts, I classified 1000 persons of the salaried group. By comparisons and tabulations of occupations and living districts, it was easy to estimate the proportion of their probable income to the indicated rent. And the total income of the 1000 persons was something more than half the total rentals.

How can these people pay such rents? Take, for example, the case of John X, who is one of the forty-three tenants of the apartment house I cited. At forty his salary as clerk in a downtown office is $2200 a year, and he has a wife and two young children. Twenty years ago John X came to New York from a small New England town to take a position found for him in an office. Since then he has held six clerical jobs, with intervals of unemployment. Once he was out of work nearly a year. The memory of that year has seared his soul.

How do John X and his family live on $760 remaining after paying rent? He says they skimp by. Surely their sacrifices are heroic. Sometimes contributions of second-hand clothing come from relatives elsewhere, and sometimes they have a boarder. But they are eternally on the ragged edge of the abyss.

John Y, another of the forty-three tenants, is an accountant on forty dollars a week, or $2080 a year. He has one of the apartments at $150 a month, or 86.5 per cent of his salary. But he has two sons at work, and their meager joint income is wholly consumed in the struggle. Having known no other plane of living they regard New York as standard. These boys never went to high school; they stand no chance of special training. They are job hunters.

Making Ends Meet

Then there is John Z, a salesman in a shoe store. His wife works in a department store, and his daughter in a small shop. Their rent is 50-odd per cent of their combined income.

In New York the normal proportions of various items of living costs are indeed altered. The one overwhelming, enormously pyramided item is housing cost. Rents were 300 per cent above normal nation-wide proportions even before the war, and since then they have gone up 50 per cent—often 100 per cent.

Before the United States can restore its sociological equilibrium this factor of proportion must be restored to something near its correct figure. But in New York a normal ratio has not existed for generations, and of course cannot be expected. As long as New York is New York, people cannot live there and enjoy the right proportions of rent and living costs.

And don't forget that the fundamental basis of family prosperity is and always will be the ability to save—the margin between earning capacity and expenses. On this factor—lacking in New York for the vast majority—rests the fate of the family, which means the fate of the nation. So the bigger our cities grow the more families will descend to penury.

You cannot get away from the fundamentals of human nature. Within a few generations something is going to happen. If it comes suddenly it will be social revolution and war. The spark of independence still remaining will ignite. Let us hope the revulsion will come gradually from a change of sentiment and the scattering of people to where they can restore the normal proportions of life.

This article is not meant to be destructive, but to point the way so far as possible. But first we must face conditions as they are.

Consider the habit of mind into which John X has drifted during his two decades in New York. He still retains some of the instincts of the independence he knew in New England, and he'd like to escape from New York if he could find a way out; but like several million other New Yorkers, he has utterly lost his power to reach out for his independence.

The dominating trait in John X's character has come to be fear. The shadow of possible job hunting continually darkens his daily grind. Next to old age and dependence, unemployment is the thing he fears most.

John X fears poverty, fears the landlord, fears his employer and those who execute his employer's orders. Every morning his chief concern is fear of being late at the office, which will militate against his job. All day he is beset by a host of fears over trifling details of his work. He fears to assume the slightest authority.

The Tyrant in the Basement

At home he fears the janitor next to the rent man, for this functionary in his petty way holds extraordinary powers. If John X fails to come across with satisfactory tribute the family may find itself on a hot day or in illness without milk or ice. Other deliveries may be mysteriously missing or delayed.

Likewise, friendly relations must be maintained with the elevator boy and the telephone girl. There are sure methods of revenge. Even in many high-grade apartment houses the janitor dictates who shall or shall not deliver goods in the building and this includes milk and in some measure other edibles. If maids are advertised for applicants may be sidetracked in some unaccountable way.

But John X scarcely resents this sort of thing. He bows under the yoke meekly; clammy acceptance is part of the New York mind. He even accepts the landlord's idea of a heated flat. In winter he takes it as a matter of course that his apartment will be cold between ten at night and seven in the morning; he fears continually the danger and discomfort of the cold during night sickness.

The habit of fear has undermined John X's individuality. Every movement and thought is tyrannically dictated by others; he is incapacitated for directing his own fortune, and hopelessly overshadowed by vast institutions.

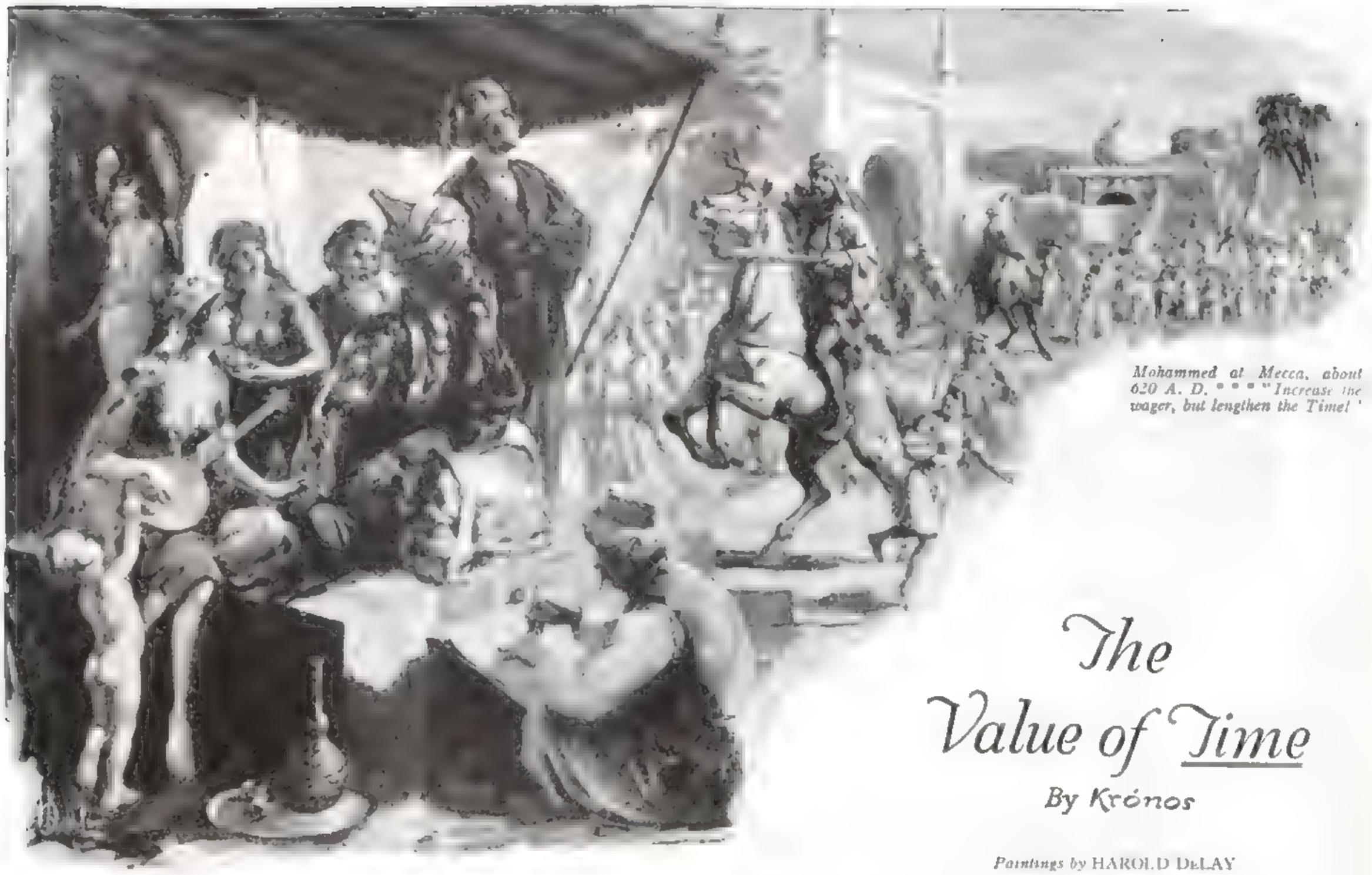
In the New York mind you find little of the pioneering spirit—the red-blooded eagerness for adventure and rebellion against adverse conditions. There is no longer the resolve to be master of one's own destiny. Once inoculated with the virus of the New York mind, the atrophy of will, courage and vision quickly begins. Exceptions are relatively few. New York's tonic is furnished in constant doses from outside. The big concerns send to the smaller communities for new blood.

A few generations ago the iron men of the open were at least masters of themselves and of their work and homes. With grim but unhesitating valor they packed their belongings into covered wagons and took their families, with rifle and dog, out into the unknown. And if their ultimate destiny was not scintillating fame it was at least their own; and the strong men and big things of this nation have come from these pioneers.

Not so today with the millions of people herded into the confines of the metropolis. Here hundreds of thousands of men, young and old alike, meekly submit. Their blood no longer boils at the normal man's boiling point. The right to their own souls is no more an inalienable prerogative. In the vast crush of humanity they go with the crowd; there is no escape unless they get out of the current, and they have forgotten how to navigate rapids.

The New York classified directory lists 4600 apartment houses on Manhattan Island and in the Bronx district. There are numberless thousands of other apartments

(Continued on Page 93)



Mohammed at Mecca, about 620 A. D. • • • "Increase the wager, but lengthen the Time!"

The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by HAROLD DeLAY

Below, at right, three types of Elgin Presentation Watches . . . "Verona" Base, $325 • The Presentation Series embodies the new 19-Jewel C. H. Hulburd Movement, 12-size bridge model, extremely thin.

All watches of this new series have the Invar-Steel Balance which minimizes temperature variation and makes for remarkably accurate timekeeping.

Each Presentation Watch is an individual creation. Cased in a pleasing variety of exclusive designs, in White, Green and Yellow Gold—$325 to $500 • • The Elgin Presentation Series is considered the last word in the Gift Idea as applied to modern business and social requirements.

TO MOHAMMED, life was a waiting game. Time lifted him from poverty to power. Like Caesar, he sensed Time's value to the full, but for the Roman's whirlwind dispatch he substituted the patience of the Orient. "Now!" was Caesar's watchword. "*Wait!*" was Mohammed's.

An Arab rival ridiculed Mohammed's prophecy of the end of Persian domination. "Master," cried Abu, the Prophet's zealous bodyguard, spurring hotly through the gates of Mecca, "I have wagered him ten camels that it will come true within three years!"

"Increase the wager," came the Prophet's crafty whisper, "but *lengthen the Time!*" Abu promptly trebled the Time and staked *one hundred* camels —and won!

The flight of thirteen centuries—which has increased Mohammed's following to three hundred million souls—has brought to the world a steadily deepening sense of *the Value of Time*, and of the responsibility which rests on those matchless guardians of the priceless minutes of our day—

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At *El Castillo de Chapultepec*, standing high above the Capital City of Mexico, a Wayne Pump has been chosen to supply gasoline to the official automobile of Mexico's chief executive—the political, if not the lineal, descendant of Montezuma of the ancient empire.

And naturally so. Wayne equipment will be found wherever the desire exists for year-in and year-out dependability, continuous accuracy, and rapidity and cleanliness of operation—those essential qualities sought by expert buyers of gasoline pumps, oil storage systems, water softening systems, and air compressors, the world over.

And, too, what is more natural than that the distinction of serving leaders of governments should fall upon the leader of its industry? Wayne's position as a manufacturer of gasoline pumps, and oil storage systems has been gained by sheer superiority of product.

Wayne Tank & Pump Company, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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HONEST MEASURE PUMPS

SMC

(Continued from Page 90)

in smaller buildings. In one typical four-story brownstone row I found two-room furnished suites renting from fifteen to nineteen dollars a week. The latter rental would aggregate $988 a year. In the Bronx, with 750,000 people, only 8 per cent own their homes. These the apartment houses are displacing

On upper Broadway are numerous great apartment buildings where the rentals range from $400 to $1000 a room per year.

On Broadway between Seventieth and Eightieth streets is a twelve-story building where you can get three unfurnished rooms for $3300; or the same rooms furnished for $3600; or two unfurnished rooms for $1900.

On Broadway in the seventies you may find a seven-room unfurnished apartment with three baths for $3500, and a little farther north, nine rooms, unfurnished, for $5000.

On Broadway in the eighties are some seven-room apartments, including two rooms with a bath between for maids, for $3500. In this building are more than 160 apartments.

On Broadway near Ninetieth Street is a great building, with five, six and seven room unfurnished suites that rent from $2200 to $3500. Near by you may find some very nice five-room suites for $3000, but if you want one with a maid's room you will pay $600 additional. With wages from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week, and food, a maid costs from $1500 to $2500 a year.

On Riverside Drive, bordering the Hudson for nine miles, some of the older buildings have apartments of nine or ten rooms, at $4000 and up. Suites in new buildings, four to six rooms, run from $2000 to $3500.

Where do such tenants come from? Of course many are business men, and others to whom even $10,000 a year is reasonable rent. There are apartments on Park and Fifth avenues that rent from $25,000 to $30,000, whole floors of fifteen to twenty rooms. A building on Fifth Avenue has apartments where the lowest rental is $6000 and the highest $12,500. Hundreds of rich men drift into New York every year from all over the country, to make their homes. Thousands of near-rich families come there to spend a year or two, much as they would go to Europe. Many families bring their children for educational purposes. These groups continually supply a market for expensive apartments. Yet the great bulk of renters must come from the families who live permanently in New York and subsist on salaries.

New York Salaries

Even in New York $10,000 salaries are not plentiful. Here are average figures I obtained through personal inquiry from a large number of concerns: Sales managers range from $6000 to $15,000; assistants, $3500 to $8000; topnotch salesmen, $5000 to $15,000; branch managers, $5000 to $15,000; merchandise managers, $4000 to $8000; high mercantile executives in general, $6000 to $18,000; traffic managers, $3000 to $6000; engineers of reputation, $5000 to $10,000; purchasing agents, up to $10,000; advertising men, $6000 to $15,000. The higher extremes mentioned are infrequent.

In surveying this type of renters, too, I made a city-directory investigation of several hundred names, occupations and home locations, and it showed the proportion of rent just as high as that paid by the middle class.

Inquiry among the agents of such buildings brings to light many curious stories. A theater executive drawing $5000 a year paid $2900 for his apartment; a department-store man on $6500 paid $3100; two young bachelors earning not far from $3000 apiece pay $3600 for a suite of two bedrooms and living room. An instance is given of a corporation executive whose rent of $6500 actually exceeded his salary by $500, but was paid for a couple of years on borrowed money to further the social ambitions of his wife. A high executive on a salary of $30,000 cut a swell in a $15,000 apartment, and kept five servants, but had to economize by moving into a $10,000 apartment. A lawyer who paid $10,500 for a nine-room suite ran behind many months and was evicted.

What is the mind of these people that they will pay—and continue to pay year after year—a killing percentage of their income for a place to live? What are the mental phenomena taking place in the family lives of this higher group? Are their minds materially different from those of the middle group?

Ask the average head of such a family why he pays $2500 to $3000 a year for a small apartment in New York, when for $1000 he could get a fairly large and attractive apartment or house in the suburbs, and he will answer something like this: "I don't want any of that commuting business; besides, my family will not listen to leaving the city. Inconvenient to the theaters, you know—and so far from the heart of things!"

But for the average New Yorker the theater and the dress suit are not really important considerations. Theaters feed largely on outsiders; few New Yorkers go more than once a month during the winter. They must and do economize somewhere. Being in the heart of things simply means crowds, glaring lights, noise, towering buildings. Even granting the lure of these things, the fact remains that it overcomes the better judgment and wipes out the sense of proportion which is always the foundation of financial independence. The intoxicating but subtly poisonous aura of New York holds its people in bondage and kills bold and independent thinking.

Housing in the Suburbs

For the higher-salaried New Yorkers the suburbs certainly offer enormous reductions in rents. But for the middle-class salaried people suburban life is full of obstacles; at least, obstacles to the New York mind. To the independent and daring mind of former decades this would not be so. There are hundreds of thousands of suitable building sites available within twenty miles of New York for a few hundred dollars, and owners, largely with their own hands, could build temporary homes of two or three rooms. Groups of neighbors could unite in this procedure. A man of this mind could acquire for very little money a place to live, pending the accumulation of means to build a permanent home. Indeed, all around New York you will find such temporary homes by the hundreds—built by men who have escaped from the New York mind.

But things which the pioneer accepted as commonplace the New Yorker considers impossible. He thinks only in terms of six or twelve story buildings; of janitors, steam heat, rent collectors. Live in a shanty? No, not even temporarily to lay the foundation of later independence.

John Doe is employed in a New York office at $2400 a year. Twelve miles out in New Jersey he pays $70 a month for an apartment. His monthly commutation ticket costs about $100 a year. This takes him only to the Hudson River; then he goes by tunnel train to uptown New York, paying ten cents. This brings his personal transportation up to $160.

Others of his family together average two trips to New York a week, totaling $135 without additional car fare in New York. He lives a mile from the railroad station and stores in his home town, and local transportation amounts to $75 a year; with an occasional taxicab, $100. This brings the total around $400. Seventeen per cent of his income for transportation is enormously out of proportion. Doe pays for rent and transportation $100 a month—out of an income of $200.

Every morning tens of thousands of girls and women teem into New York from suburban communities. Today the average wage for a stenographer is twenty or twenty-two dollars a week—less than the average in smaller cities. Yet these women have a transportation expense of forty to sixty cents a day. This and modest lunches cost around 23 per cent of earnings. Then a girl spends an hour and a half to two hours a day getting to and from her work, and often must stand the whole distance.

Above One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street on Manhattan Island one finds more apartments bordering on the tenement class, at rents from fifteen to twenty dollars a room per month. The tenants include a large percentage of people of fair education and associations, who are out of their element in these bare and often dirty walk-up buildings. Typical three-room apartments can be rented for fifty to sixty-five dollars a month. I was in a fifty-five-dollar apartment on the fifth floor opening only on an inside court. It was occupied by the

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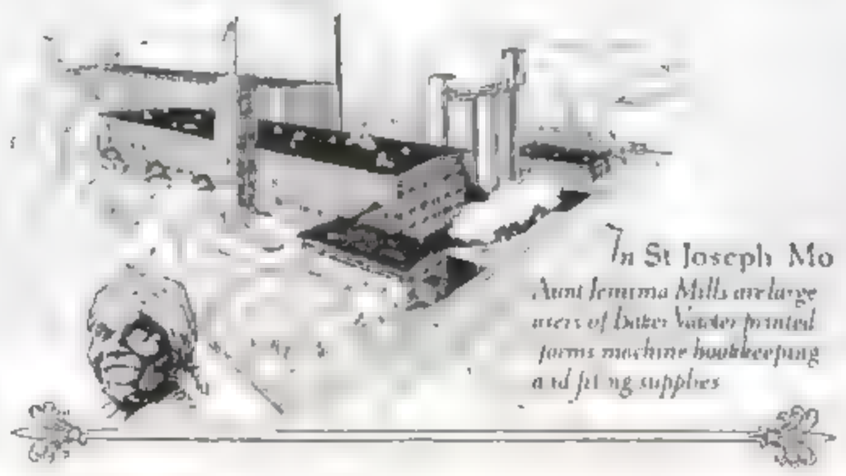
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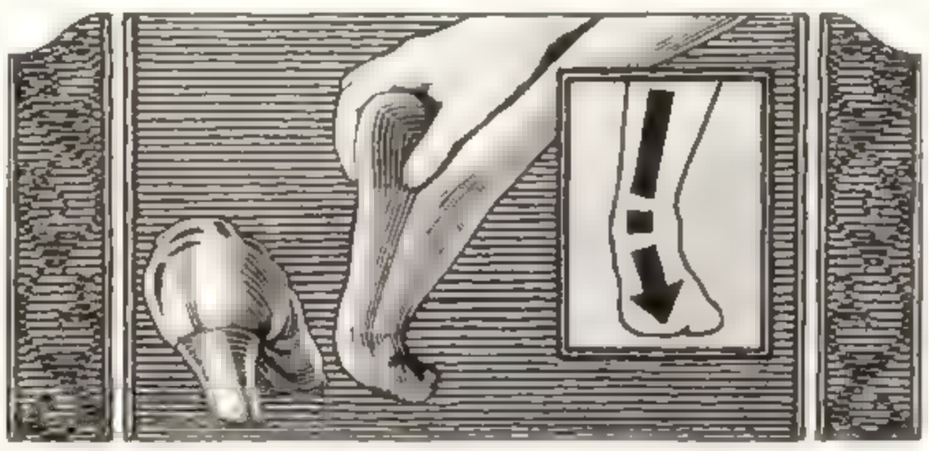

Feet hurt? Look to your heels

SHABBY, run-over heels give outward evidence of heel distortion—a serious condition. Weakened heel bones giving under the weight of the body, are forced out of alignment. Other bones in the delicate foot structure are carried with them and the unnatural pressure results in pain in the arch, leg and even the thigh bones. Heel distortion is *dangerous* and should be corrected before serious disability sets in.

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Wizard LIGHTFOOT System OF FOOT CORRECTION

family of a salesman who works on commission and earns less than $100 a month. Many of these apartments are occupied by young married couples who cannot finance more suitable quarters. In New York are multitudes of such men working for twenty-five or thirty dollars a week. You may see girl-mothers dragging baby carriages up four or five flights of stairs. These vehicles do double duty as beds.

Across the Harlem River in the Bronx and northward as far as the transportation lines run are vast mazes of apartment buildings, mostly walk-ups, where the flats range from fifteen to twenty dollars a room per month. Many of the new buildings have light and fairly attractive five-room suites at $100. In older buildings are five-room apartments at eighty dollars—often on the fifth or sixth floor. Neighbors call on friends in adjacent buildings via the roof. In metropolitan Brooklyn the scale of rents is slightly lower.

From many of these buildings I secured large groups of names, which I again tabulated by occupations. The result was the same. Superintendents and janitors likewise gave numerous instances showing that tenants' rentals were 50 per cent or more of their incomes. In one typical case a young couple with two small children were paying ninety-five dollars a month for five rooms, on an income of $150. The husband lost his position without notice and had scarcely a dollar of reserve. Friends took in the family temporarily.

The difficulties that hem in these young married men are not altogether of their own making. Such a man is in veritable bondage—though landlords are not responsible for the high rents. The fault lies with the New York mind. Probably the average landlord is not earning excessive profits. Nothing short of outside assistance will ever remedy the dire evil wrought by two or three generations of the New York mind.

A Typical Struggle

Most of those who do get ahead in New York are foreigners, who beat the abnormal expense proportions by crowding. Thus they are able to acquire a little capital. The story of the tenement districts is not a part of this article. Nor is it the most distressing feature of New York. These people could escape far easier than the types we have been considering. Their conventions would permit them to go elsewhere as laborers and live under conditions hopeless for the other types. But most of them are just as truly slaves to New York and a growing menace to that fundamental, family life.

Business expense in New York, like living expense, is grotesquely out of proportion as compared with business expense in the more normal communities. A man of forty-five engaged in a small way as manufacturers' agent gave me the following information: He came to New York twenty years ago from a small town, and after desperate search for employment secured work in a wholesale house, where he remained ten years. Then he went into business as representative for two or three manufacturing concerns. Today he is paying $2400 a year for two small rooms in a downtown office building. He employs two girls who together cost him about $2000 a year, and his other business expense, including some traveling in the adjacent territory, brings the total close to $10,000. His volume is not large enough to warrant a salesman, and he does his selling himself.

For his living apartment of five rooms he pays $125 a month, although he really needs seven rooms to house his family of six. He says it is difficult to keep his other living expenses within $3500 and make the necessary front his business associations require. So he must earn in commissions at least $15,000 a year before he can begin to lay aside any money. For three years he has run behind.

A year ago he began to look for some way out, and always the one big item that loomed up was rent—for both business and home. He figured that if he could cut his office rent to seventy-five dollars a month and his home rent to fifty he would be able to put in the bank as a personal surplus $2400 a year. Assuming that he could do this for ten years, and invest his money in high-grade bonds, he would have a neat little fortune of $35,000. But in New York this was manifestly impossible.

He then began to investigate to determine whether he could do it in some other locality. Finally he arranged with his companies to represent them in a Western city of 100,000, to which he will soon transfer his home and business. He is confident he can do at least as much business as he does in New York, with less strain, and with the reduction in rent to the figures indicated above. He has made a trip to this Western town and rented both office and home. For fifty dollars he gets a detached eight-room house, with yard and trees thrown in. The business is there if he goes after it, and if he gets his $35,000 surplus in ten years the bulk of it will come from a reduction in his rents.

Decentralization Needful

Unless a man has some special advantage in the way of markets, commissions or competition, it is virtually impossible to make any net profit in business in New York. The barrier which he cannot climb is rent. Other expenses may be ill proportioned also, but the one thing he cannot beat is the cost of office space and living quarters.

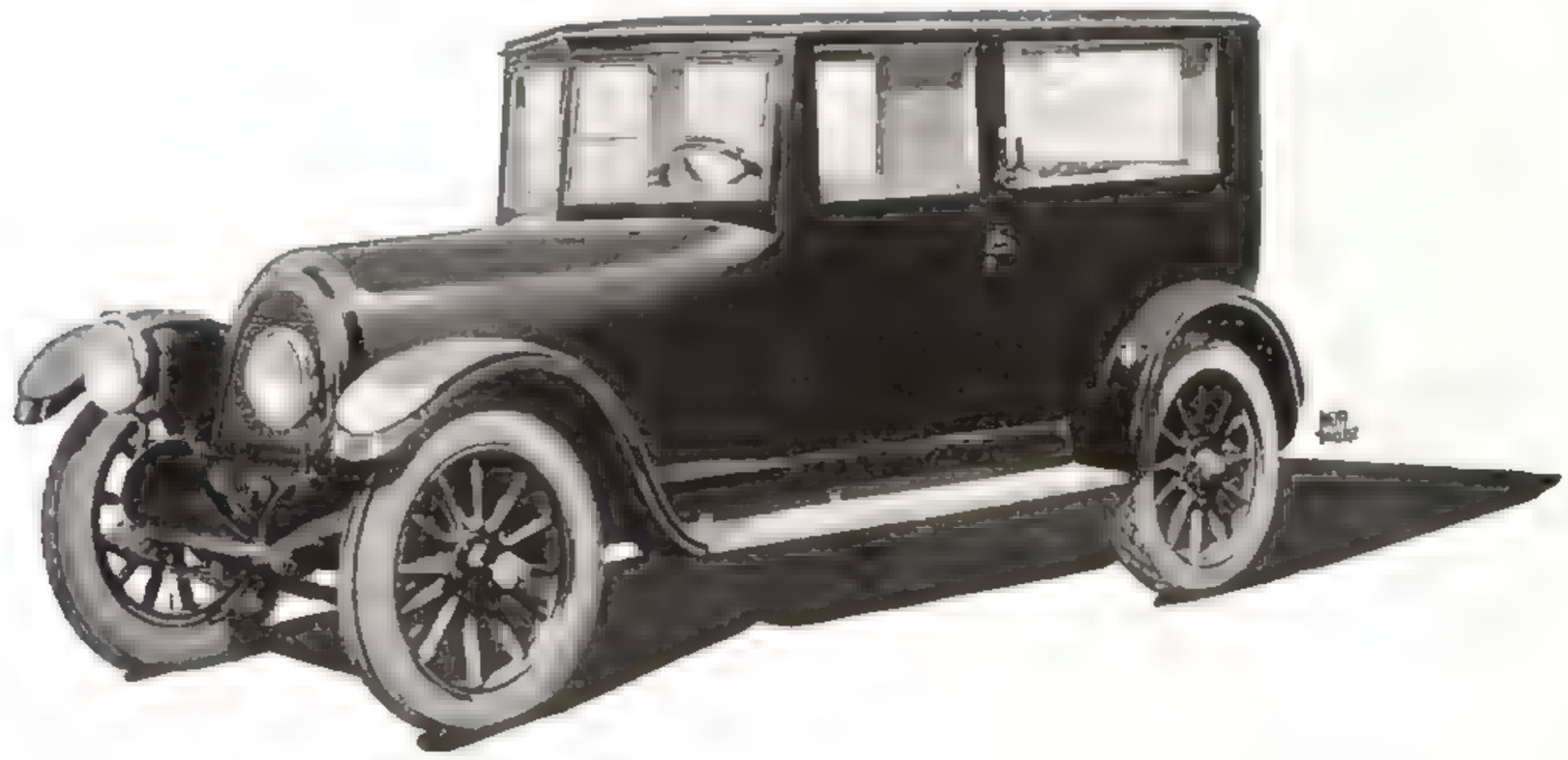
In 1920 there were in New York 121,671 retail dealers, or one to forty-six customers. Altogether beyond the question of rent, is it strange that the great majority of retailers who appeared in the directory a few years ago are no longer there? Competition in New York is superdifficult; unless a man is capitalized and specially equipped with knowledge of business finance and other important factors he cannot last. And what is true of retailers is more or less true in every line. Men are swallowed up in this maelstrom and disappear almost inevitably. There are large agencies in New York engaged in disposing of unprofitable retail businesses, with some salvage to the owner but large commissions to the agent.

In the decade preceding 1920 there was an increase of 54 per cent in bookkeepers, cashiers, office clerks and sales persons in New York City. The total increase in New York's population was 17 per cent. Independence, both of the individual and the family, is waning much faster than the cities grow.

The solution must lie in the spread of information showing the small chance the man or family will find in the large city for individuality, comfort and ultimate competence. Decentralization must be accomplished. This could be done in large measure by smaller-community organization and systematic dissemination of knowledge. Country and small-city newspapers, as well as chambers of commerce and other organizations, could enlighten the people and influence a vast multitude toward the building up of these smaller places. Perhaps, more than all, the public schools, through special studies and research in local opportunities and fundamental economics, could impress on the rising generation the lunacy and hopelessness of the great cities.

TOURING CAR $1950 . DEMI-SEDAN $2250 . RUNABOUT $1900 . COUPÉ $2750 . DEMI-COUPÉ $2100 . BROUGHAM $2750 . TOURING-LIMOUSINE $3150

All prices f. o. b. Syracuse



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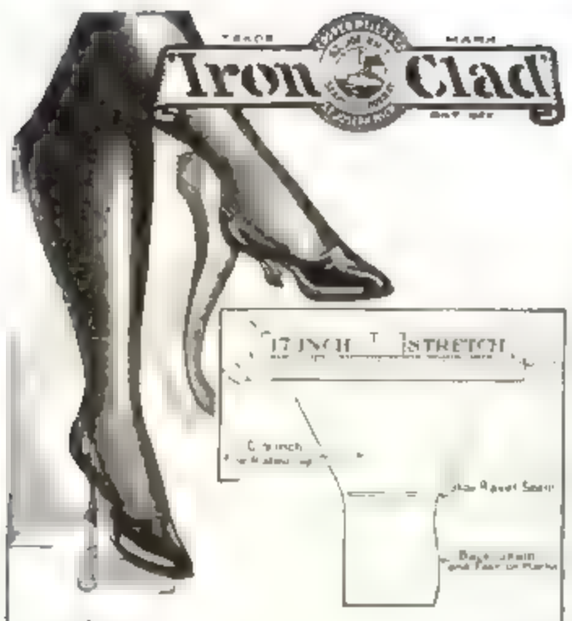

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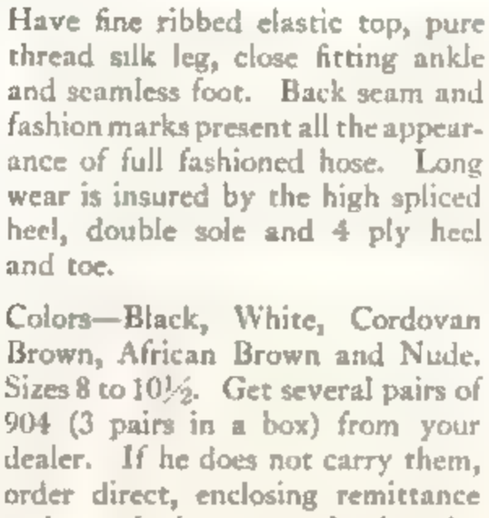

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CONCERNING JOE AND JEMIMA

(Continued from Page 11)

With one stride Joe was towering over him, his black eyes flashing and his fists clenched.

"What's that you said?" he demanded in his most belligerent tone. "Say that again."

The blond young man flushed, but controlled himself, I thought, remarkably well.

"I was not speaking to you, sir," he answered with quiet dignity.

"I know that," said Joe. "You'd have to speak to me in a language that human beings use—real men, get me? You're one of these dirty, yellow, baby-killing Deutsch swine, aren't you?"

"I'm an American, if you wish to know, but I'm not ashamed of my parentage," the young man answered indignantly.

"What is it? What's your name?" Joe snapped.

I put my hand on his arm and tried to draw him away, but he shook me off roughly. People were leaving their seats and crowding around.

"My name is Wasserman—Herman Wasserman—and I'm ——"

"I'll show you what I think of an American named Herman Wasserman," said Joe.

With that he hauled off and biffed Herman on the nose and sent him reeling back against another table. As wanton and unprovoked an attack as could be imagined. He had no sooner accomplished this feat than Herman's companion bounced a heavy coffee cup on the aggressor's head, and chaos came again. There are quite a few Germans in Chicago, and a number of them were among those present and taking part. For a minute or two the air about us was guttural with Teutonic oaths and obscured by brandished fists and flying tableware. Then the police came.

At the central station after first aid had been rendered we did some telephoning that brought us bail, and the next morning Joe was lucky enough to get off with a twenty-five-dollar fine and settlement for the damages. He wanted to pay my fine, too, contending that it was on his account that I had mixed in. It wasn't, though. I had simply acted in self-defense. I wouldn't have lifted a finger to have saved Mr. Joe from the worst kind of a beating, under the circumstances, and I told him so. I was sore.

"You ought to have got thirty days," I told him; "and I'll bet that Wasserman is as good an American as you are, and maybe better."

"You're a liar," he returned promptly and offensively.

I turned my back on him and was walking away, but he overtook me and apologized.

"All right," I said. "Then you'll listen to me, you plug-ugly."

"I can't take much of that, you know, Bill," he interrupted. "You aren't one of these German lovers, are you?"

"I can sympathize with a man who is handicapped by a German name and German parents, anyway," I replied. "I can sympathize with a German, too, if he's a decent German. There are lots of 'em going to need sympathy, too, if we go into this."

"You bet your life," he grinned.

"I mean American Germans," I said. "As for me, I'm neutral. That's what we're supposed to be."

He looked at his knuckles. "That's the kind of a neutral guy I am," he muttered.

I'm getting pretty far off the track perhaps, but it may show you what kind of a guy Joe was. We met frequently after that and had some mighty good times together. Then Mr. Wilson either got to the end of his string or cut it off, and I met Joe and he told me that he had enlisted and was leaving the next day for the training camp.

"Good leather!" I said. "I won't be long after you. It's up to us to stop this barbarism. I love my life, but oh, you civilization!"

"Civilization nothing!" he replied. "We're getting altogether too darned civilized as it is. What I've joined up for is to get some good scrapping."

I proposed that he should come home with me. I wanted him to see my girl before he left. "And you can call on your old sweetheart, Jemima Hogan," I added.

"You're on," said he.

We had talked of Jemima before or, rather, I had and Joe had listened. I had plenty to tell him: How she was reckoned the prettiest girl in the suburb—or in any other suburb for that matter; how she had all the boys daffy about her; how the rest of the girls loved her for it, but nevertheless sought her company and put up with her impertinences for the sake of the boy overflow; how the matrons roasted her for her willfulness, her lightness, her immodesty and extravagance in the matter of dress and her selfish, heartless conduct toward her foolish parents; how gayly and saucily Jemima triumphed over all her critics, did what she pleased and got away with it; how it was predicted that she would come to no good, and heaven pity the man who married her!

"Sure," Joe had agreed with a grin. "I've heard 'em." He looked thoughtful. "Did you ever tell her you'd met me?"

"I did. She didn't remember you at first. Then she said, 'Oh, yes, that little tough. I think I know who you mean. The one who never washed his face.'"

"She's a little liar," said Joe, laughing. "I washed my face right along after she spoke to me about it. I guess that's how I got the habit."

"Shined your shoes too," I reminded him.

"Sure. I was thinking of changing my name to Ronald or Howard or Harold or sumpin' to please her. But I'll tell you what that girl needs, Bill. She needs a guy that will take and straighten her out; a fellow that won't stand for any foolishness and that will show her that he's the boss—make her understand that he is—get me? Somebody that will come right back at her and give her just a little better than she sends."

"Cave-man stuff," I suggested.

"That's the idea," said Joe. "I don't say beat her up or drag her around by the hair; but somebody that will tell her where she gets off and see that she doesn't pass her corner; not cater to her. I believe I'll take an afternoon off sometime and call on her."

But he either forgot it or thought better of it until the time I speak of—after he had enlisted.

We called first on Adeline—my girl—and Adeline took to Joe right off. I could see that she liked him. Not in any way that would make me uneasy, but they just seemed to hit it off. After a while I proposed walking over to the Hogans'.

"You two boys go over if you want to," said Adeline. "I don't feel like walking."

"I'll order the limousine around," said Joe humorously; but he could see and I could see by Adeline's altered manner that something was wrong.

"Not even in a limousine," she laughed. "You'd have to get an ambulance or a patrol wagon to get me over to Jemima's now."

"Then we won't go," declared Joe. "I didn't want to, anyway, but Bill said it was his only chance—to take me along. He would go alone if he thought you would stand for it, and you bet that would suit me."

"Just for that you're both going right now," Adeline declared, and she gave us our hats and hustled us out; but I left Joe at the gate and ran back to ask what the trouble was.

"Oh, no trouble," said Adeline. "Only I'm through with Jemima. I've put up with her temper and her selfish whims and her vanity just as long as I'm going to, and that's all there is about it. Now you run on, Bill dear, and you can come back after supper if you want to. Oh, of course I know you want to; I'm not afraid of Jemima vamping you. Scat!"

I overtook Joe, who grinned and asked me if he had put me in bad. I reassured him.

"It's just some little spat she's had with Jemima," I explained. "What do you want to walk so fast for?"

He slowed down at once, and the result of that was that we almost missed seeing Jemima. She was just in the act of stepping into a classy roadster that I recognized as the property of Archie Groves. The identification was completed by Archie himself, who was sitting at the wheel. Archie was Jemima's latest offense in the eyes of her girl friends. He was the one and only son of Judge Alexander Groves, and was understood to be a promising young architect—just squaring off, as it

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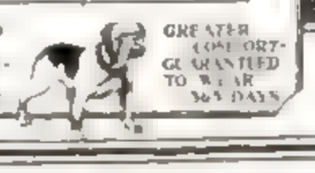

were, to fulfill his promise; principally, it appeared, by an intensive study of the better sort of houses and clubs. He was almost too good-looking, and had traveled and even lived abroad, thereby acquiring the sophisticated air of a man of the world. His people had a big house at Holme Knolls, not so far from Deepdene, and Archie had made his début in Deepdene society through our own Fred Parsons, who had made his acquaintance at a boxing match. Foolish of Fred, because he had been getting along pretty well with Jemima before he introduced his aristocratic friend.

But there it was. For nearly a month Archie had been rushing Jemima as hard as she would allow herself to be rushed, and Fred had dropped to the rear. As we, Joe and I, came up, Fred was standing by the side of the car with Russell Spencer and Ben Williamson, and all three were loudly protesting against Jemima's desertion of them. Ella Spencer and Maud Delaney were standing a little apart and laughing at the boys. Jemima was laughing at them too.

"Good-by," she called gayly, and Archie started the engine.

Ben ran around and placed himself in front of the car, folding his arms defiantly. Archie honked loudly and slowly let in the clutch.

All this fooling gave us time to come up, and as soon as Jemima saw us she leaned forward and switched off the spark. She always had an eye for a new man.

"Wait a moment," she said to Archie. "Here's Bill. Hello, Bill!"

"It's hello and good-by, Bill," said Archie. "Hail and farewell. See you later."

But Jemima, to everybody's surprise, calmly opened the door and jumped out.

"Here's an old friend of yours, Jemima," I said, pushing Joe forward. "Joe Bingham. Remember him?"

"Indeed, yes!" cried Jemima.

And—could I be mistaken? Could we all have been mistaken? Certainly as her eyes met Joe's and he took her hand she blushed. Actually blushed! It was a beautiful thing to see, but so absolutely strange that we could hardly believe it. You might have taken her for some modest little daisy of the dell who had never met a strange man in the whole course of her innocent secluded life. That is, if it had not been for her dress, which, if not actually prismatic, had that effect, and suited her down to—well, as far down as it went. I thought I had never seen her so lovely as she was at that moment, with that blush and the weirdly shy look in her eyes.

That Joe thought so, too, was easily surmised. I should say that he considered her at least equal to the advance notices, judging by his face. I will say for him, however, that Archie himself with all his social experience could not have comported himself more gracefully or with more apparent ease.

He made a good appearance too; not too dolled up, but quite enough so.

"It's good to see you again, Jemima," he said, and of course nobody but myself could have detected anything unusual in his voice. A sort of rich organ note that was as significant to me as the summer lightning flash from black eyes to blue eyes and from blue to black again, at the first encounter of their glances.

"It's lovely to see you once more," said Jemima, laughing, but in a fluttered, embarrassed sort of way. "Let's go and sit on the porch."

"Here, I say, you know," called Archie. "How about this, Miss Jemmy?"

Instantly Jemima recovered her cool self-possession.

"You may come, too, if you like," she called back carelessly. "But Mr. Bingham and I are going to reminisce a lot, so I don't think you'll enjoy it."

With which she turned her back and led the way to the porch. Archie laughed good-naturedly and drove off, the girls looking wistfully after him. It did seem as though he might have taken one of them. Ben, Russell and Fred, after a moment's whispered consultation, tagged along to the porch, and the girls tagged them. I wasn't altogether sorry, a little later, as it gave me somebody to talk to during the three-quarters of an hour or hour that we outsiders stuck.

Maud was the first to speak as we all walked down the street together.

"Well, I must say!" she exclaimed.

"I'll tell the world!" said Russell.

"They didn't know we were on earth," Ella chimed in.

"I don't believe they've noticed that we've gone," said Fred Parsons. "It looks to me like a sure-enough case of love at first sight. First time I ever saw a fellow put the Injun sign on Jemmy. Even Archie never made anything like the hit with her that this guy has, and I'll say a guy has got to go some to get ahead of Archie."

"Don't you worry," said Ben gloomily. "More than once she's been mighty sweet to me, and then turned right around and given me a jolt that loosened my teeth."

The chorus continued. Maud did like a girl to be a lady and wouldn't be rude to her company for the most fascinating kind of a man, which she didn't consider that Mr. Bingham was. Ella considered that for rudeness they were a pair, and she expressed sympathy with Mrs. Hogan, who had brought us lemonade, a little thing Jemima might have attended to.

"But that's the way she always is," Ella concluded. "Pig selfish."

"Gosh!" said Fred. "How you girls do knock!"

I left them at the corner and went back to Adeline and reported that Joe was hard and fast in Jemima's clutches and then gave her the particulars. The dear girl was quite distressed, and blamed me for having left him. She thought Joe was really a nice gentlemanly fellow with a sweet and rather sensitive nature.

I had to whoop. "Gentleman Joe! Sweet and sensitive! Whee-ee! And I to protect him from the wiles of the siren, Jemima! Cheer up, darling," I said. "It's poor, sweet-natured, loving, trusting little Jemima that I am anxious about. If you'd only seen her hanging breathless on Joe's words, her color coming and going, and her whole, tender, loving soul shining in her azure eyes!"

"Yes," said Adeline dryly, "if I had only seen that! If I had I might believe it."

Well, Joe did show up for supper, but he was mighty absent-minded during the meal and after it; and whenever anyone referred to our afternoon call he hastened to change the subject. He left early and I walked with him to the station. On the way Archie's roadster passed us, heading for Hogan's, with Archie at the wheel. Joe stopped to look back after him and made a few remarks about Bandoline Berties and the incongruity of five-thousand-dollar cars and five-cent drivers. I judged that Archie had not made a good impression on him.

Just before the train came in I asked him, flat-footed, what he thought of Jemima.

"It isn't going to do me any good to think anything about her," he answered shortly.

"She needs a guy that will take and straighten her out, as you said," I observed.

"What you need is a little sense," said he.

"Well, if you're starting off tomorrow morning you won't be able to teach me any for quite a while," I retorted, and he exploded a vigorous "Damn!"

"Eh, what's that?" I asked.

"I was a fool to have been in such a rush to enlist," said he. "I might just as well have waited for a while. Well, it's done now and I suppose I can't back out."

Then the train rolled in and I shook his hand and wished him luck as he got aboard. On the whole, for his sake I was glad that it was too late for him to back out.

A week or two later the people along Ardmore Avenue, where the Hogans resided, noticed that Jemima was getting up early in the morning and taking open-air exercise—so early that she was able to intercept the mail carrier three or four blocks down the avenue—the extent of her rambles—and get the family mail. Soon after that she began doing her bit and making the young men of her acquaintance unhappy by her patriotic desire that they should immolate themselves on the sacred altar of their country at a good deal sooner than the earliest possible date. For the very first time in her life the attendance of her swains dropped off until Fred Parsons and Archie Groves were about the only regulars left. She didn't seem to care much about the defection; she was really too busy with her war work: bazaars and things, and drives various and sundry, to say nothing of her knitting. You never saw Jemima without her knitting then, and Pa Hogan, proud of her as he could be,

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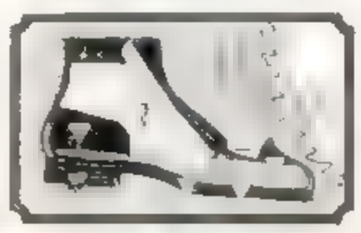

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bought bales of wool without a whimper. He also put the entire rainy-day fund into Liberty Bonds at her instance. She was on more committees than you could shake a stick at, and when it came to raising money, Adeline said, and I believed her, that every man Jemima tackled gave until it hurt. I was at the Great Lakes then. It had always been a sailor's life, a sailor's life for me, yo-ho, my boys, from the days when I first piloted Tony Laird's staunch twelve-footer from the Lincoln Park lagoon into the lake or rowed Adeline in a skiff on the heaving bosom of the Kalamazoo; so I naturally chose the Navy. Adeline and her mother occasionally came out to see me at the camp, and it was there I learned that Jemima was corresponding with Joe, that Archie had got his commission and was designing huts and had, perhaps, the glossiest boots in the Army; that he managed to get a good deal of leave and drove Jemima around in his car on official business.

The next thing I had a letter from Joe in camp at Rockford. Read between the lines it was reeking with insubordination and disrespect for constituted authority who, out of pure cussedness, denied deserving men the little matter of a furlough unless they were lucky enough to have dying parents or something of that sort.

"All that I can hope for now," he wrote, "is that they will get it through their ivory domes that we are in as good shape to scrap now as we ever will be, and ship us over and turn us loose. If we can't clean up and start back home in a couple of weeks after we land I'll eat my hat and blankets. How are all the Deepdene people? How is Adeline? Do you ever see Bandoline Bertie? I heard he had got some desk job. I'll bet his mother doesn't have to die to get him a furlough."

The next news was that Jemima and two other girls, accompanied by Mrs. Spencer as chaperon, had been out to Rockford to see the Deepdene boys. On Jemima's return she had confided to Adeline that she found Joe rather interesting.

"As interesting as Archie Groves?" Adeline had asked.

Jemima wasn't sure. Archie was lovely and knew just exactly how to talk to a girl, and always did the right things. Of course he had had lots of experience and no doubt it was that which made him so tactful and understanding.

"He understands me perfectly—too darned perfectly," said Jemima. "He's really not a bit afraid of me."

"Why should he be?" Adeline had asked.

"Well, I can flare up and be pretty fierce once in a while," Jemima confessed. "You know that, I guess. Archie never laughs at me or tries to joke it off, but I feel sure that he isn't at all terrified. Joe—Mr. Bingham—is. He's afraid of me. He was when we were at school together."

Adeline asked her if she had flared up at Joe when she was at the camp or the afternoon that he called. Jemima said that she certainly had not.

"I'd be afraid to," she added.

Joe got his wish before very long. One fine day they put him on a train and took him to a port somewhere in America and landed him somewhere in France. The Navy Department considered that I was too valuable to risk losing at sea, so they sent me to the navy yard at Philadelphia, where, if I do say it myself, I did them yeoman's service. Of course what I wanted was the stormy blast and the reeling deck with the cannon's roar and the hail of steel and maybe a glorious death in the moment of victory; but we of the Navy had to obey orders at any personal sacrifice, and Adeline consoled me a great deal by coming down to Philadelphia and marrying me. So from that time until Joe and his comrades had finished their cleaning-up job we heard little of Jemima, except an occasional reference to her in Deepdene letters. She was still carrying on, it seemed, but in the old-fashioned, provincial American sense of the phrase. The old people were drudging along as usual.

Well, we didn't care much. No especial reason why we should. We had plenty to do and our own affairs to think of. After the armistice I got my discharge and the offer of a pretty good job from an old friend of my father's in Chicago, so we went back to Deepdene and bought a little house there. Of course we saw Jemima then and got many an earful of talk regarding her. She was as beautiful as ever, but to Adeline and me she seemed to have grown more fragile, less blooming, and though at times she was as vivacious and full of the Old Nick as ever, at other times—she simply and distinctly wasn't. She would be talking and laughing sixteen to the dozen, and all at once she would become silent and you would realize that for the moment she had forgotten where she was, who was talking to her and what they were talking about. Oblivious and dreamy. She looked well in those trances too. Now that the war work had petered out, she was attending classes in design at the institute, although Deepdene considered her designing enough already, heaven knew. But the classes took her away from Deepdene a good deal, and her new Chicago friends—society people who had taken her up—made more demands on her time, so we saw little of her. What we saw and heard convinced us that her swains still swarmed and that she was as useless as ever.

It got out that Archie had finally proposed and been rejected. Fred Parsons, after several rejections, had got a consolation prize in Becky Adams. Of the old boy bunch, George Rumney and Everett Blaine were the only ones that had straggled back to Deepdene after their discharge from the Army, and it was known that Everett went up to the Hogans' within a couple of hours after he got home and, returning within another hour, never went there again. After he had gone to Arizona his mother said that he had been writing to Jemima and that she had been writing to him all the time that he was at the front; but I don't think that there was anything in Jemima's letters to make the old lady feel so bitter. In fact Jemima told Adeline that she had not written a word that any friend might not have written.

"I wrote to George Rumney, too, for that matter," she said, "and George knew perfectly well that it was just out of friendliness. He owned that he did."

"And you wrote to Joe Bingham, didn't you?" asked Adeline; and at that, to her amazement, Jemima burst into tears.

"I haven't heard a word from him for nearly six months," she sobbed, "and his regiment got back three weeks ago."

"Well, what do you know about that!" I exclaimed when Adeline told me this. "Do you suppose she's been in love with Joe all this time?"

"I don't," replied Adeline. "She may have had a fancy for him, but she was never in love with anyone but herself. Her vanity's hurt, and she's nervous and run-down, too, with the life she's leading. I noticed today how thin she's getting. She'd better marry that Leslie Gammett there's so much talk about, and settle down as far as she's capable of it. He's got more money now than all the Groves outfit put together, and he made it himself and isn't so old that he won't make more. No, it's just nerves and pique."

I was inclined to think that Adeline was right. She generally is. Gammett was the latest of Jemima's conquests, according to rumor. He was rich before the war, and richer after; in his middle forties and a widower, but looking younger than his age. He was supposed to be watching Jemima's finger with eager eyes and bated breath. If she chose to lift it —— Of course you can't tell, but there was no doubt that, as old John H. boasted to me one day, Jemima could pick and choose.

"Why the devil doesn't she?" I wanted to ask him.

As to Joe, I felt rather conscience-stricken because I had never definitely tried to get track of him. But what with shaking down into my new job and into our new house—you know how it is. But I had thought of him often. So he was back! Probably brought some little French girl with him, and that was why he had stopped writing to Jemima.

But I was wrong, and Adeline was wrong. In less than a week after the conversation before recorded Adeline and I were going by the Hogans' house, when we saw Jemima and her father sitting together on the front porch. I asked Adeline if we shouldn't stop a minute and see them.

"I don't care," said Adeline, smiling and waving to Jemima. "We won't stop long though. You notice her and tell me if you don't think she's getting thin and falling off in her looks."

We didn't stop long. Not so long as we had intended, even, for we were hardly seated and fairly started talking when a

(Continued on Page 100)

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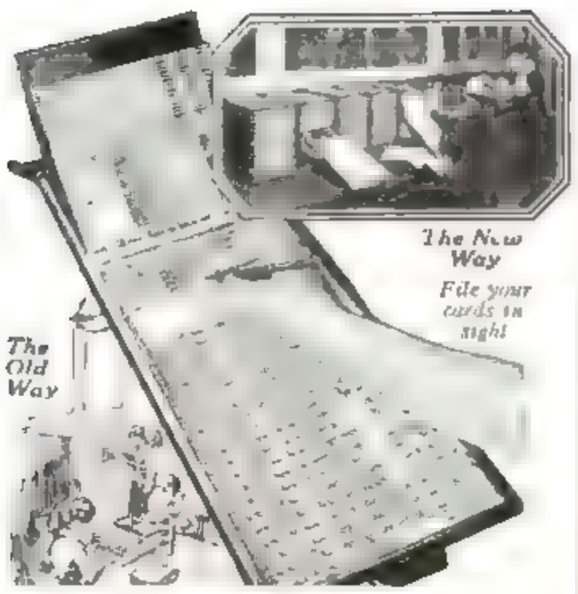

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(Continued from Page 98)

man in the uniform of a private soldier of the United States Army came limping along with a stick, his hatbrim tilted down over his eyes.

"Who's that, I wonder?" I said, and we all looked

Whoever he was, he seemed to be going by without any sign of recognition, when Jemima cried "Joe!" in a voice that thrilled us, and in the same instant she took flight.

It is the only way I can describe it. She did not seem to run so much as to wing her way like a bird from the porch along the graveled path and through the gate. For a moment I held my breath as one might seeing a motor car head-on for a collision. The fateful crash was imminent, unavoidable; Joe—if it was Joe—had turned and stopped. There was no time for him to dodge the impact, and his stick had fallen from his hand. Only that Jemima checked for an instant, he must have been bowled over. We saw him open his arms and in the wink of an eye, or quicker, Jemima was folded closely within them. Openly, shamelessly, in the face of all Ardmore Avenue, they stood there thus embraced.

And so they were married. Not so very soon, for the unmentionably filthy, indecent, degraded vermin who owed their prosperity, their very existence, to Joe—as Joe told them, in words to that effect, only more so—these sordid animals who had promised Joe that he would find his job waiting for him when he came back had regretfully informed him that the best they could offer him at present was a commission proposition on the outside. He had called on them before coming to Deepdene, and that, I suppose, was one reason why he seemed to want to sneak by when he saw us all on the porch. He admitted, in fact, that he had felt himself a failure. Nothing to show for his service but three wound stripes and a measly croix de guerre. He had been promoted twice, but the promotions didn't stick, not being high enough to allow him to do and say what he darned pleased without unpleasant consequences. A first-class fighting man, but overstocked with initiative and frankness of speech, so I gathered. And here he was, crippled up still, and out of work.

But he soon recovered his old aggressive self-confidence, if he ever had really lost it, and his bodily strength and vigor returned quickly. Within a week or two he had another job and threw himself into it heart and soul, and although it was no big thing he eventually made it produce enough to cover house rent and living expenses for two.

Quite a comedown for Jemima, so Deepdene opined. And you couldn't make Deepdene believe that she didn't realize it, for all the magnificent bluff that she made; and, said Deepdene, the old folks must feel pretty cheap, too, if the truth were known—and would feel cheaper yet, you mark my words, when Jemima went back to them. Just wait and see! Wait until this young man found out what he had got—when all this really quite sickeningly spoony lovy-doving wore off a little. Wait until she gets into one of her tantrums and see what he'll think of little angel wife!

I don't say that Adeline and I didn't feel much the same way about it. We did think that the beautiful devotion and perfect happiness of Joe and Jemima could not, in the nature of things, last long. It was lovely to witness—not sickening at all, in our opinion—but Adeline knew Jemima and I knew Joe. It was a wonder that their engagement went so smoothly to its fulfillment, but that the intimacy of married life would not result in rather more than less frequent spats was too much to expect. Yet month after month passed without a cloud on the sky so far as anybody could see.

"Perhaps they are going to hit it off," I said to Adeline.

Adeline had been telling me about her latest call on Jemima and the talk they had had together.

"I will say that her kitchen was as neat as a pin," said Adeline. "The whole house was, and she's as proud of it! She's really taking a tremendous interest in cooking, but I must say she isn't very successful and if it wasn't for her mother always running in with some little thing I don't believe that poor Joe would get much that was fit to eat. She said, though, that he ate everything and pretended it was delicious, but she knew that it wasn't. Still, some of these days Joe was going to be able to brag about her without lying, she said. It was Joe, Joe, Joe! She just seems to think there's nobody on earth like him."

"She's right; there isn't," I said. "That's going to be the trouble."

"Don't let her hear you say that," Adeline warned me. "Bill, dear, I really was quite touched by the way she spoke about him and about herself. It didn't seem like Jemima at all. The tears just stood in her eyes when she told me how happy she was and how little she deserved it. Would you believe that she has been in love with him ever since they were at school together? I don't myself; but she declares that she was always thinking of him and wondering about him ever since she was a child, and that he—well, I certainly don't believe that he was, or he would have hunted her up."

"I don't know," I disagreed. "A fellow sometimes likes to dream about something and doesn't want to have reality spoil it—if you know what I mean."

Adeline let that go by. "Anyway, when they did meet, the time you brought him down, they came together just like that. And since. I think that she really did suffer when he was away; and when he was wounded the last time and she didn't hear from him on account of his letters miscarrying—well, it must have been awful for her. She says she just tried to forget him and to bring herself to accept Leslie Gammett. She thinks she is the luckiest girl in the world. She really does."

It was then I said that perhaps they might hit it off; but I was doubtful in my own mind, for I knew Joe. I decided that Jemima would know more about him before very long.

But the months went off and still no sign of trouble. In those months other things happened too. Joe's Uncle Joseph died and left him quite a little piece of money; but instead of moving into a larger house, buying all kinds of new clothes and a car and hiring a servant or two, the Joe Binghams simply let the legacy lie in its safe investment to await the big opportunity that Joe saw ahead of him. I thought that was a pretty sensible thing for Joe to do, but I felt a little sympathy for Jemima. Joe certainly got her a few labor-saving electrical devices, but that was the extent of the holdout. I thought I saw in that the beginning of the end—Joe putting his foot down.

Still, when there were any sort of festive doings in Deepdene, and we of the younger married set saw to it that they were fairly frequent, Joe and Jemima were the gayest and happiest of the crowd, and Jemima, even in well-known frocks, was as much the belle as ever. Joe didn't seem to mind in the least the admiring attention that the men paid her or her charming responsiveness to it. He himself was quite popular, and with the women as well as the men, which didn't seem to disturb Jemima a bit. Nevertheless I fancied that there might be elements of trouble in this. Then, watching, I would see Mr. and Mrs. Bingham exchange a look and a smile that put me wrong again.

But shucks! it couldn't be! No such an animal! I knew it and Adeline knew it; all the world knew it; the Dunmow archives attested it with their six-century record of but ten couples who had lived in perfect accord for a year and a day—and of these ten, who shall say that five didn't perjure themselves, tempted by the bacon? Married people will bluff, of course. Any of them. Even Adeline and I—but that doesn't matter. The point is that even when wives and husbands are well suited to each other in all respects, naturally amiable, tactful, forbearing, and slow to anger, still little differences will arise; little clashes of opinion resulting in rows. Were we to believe that Joe, tactless, touchy and opinionated, and Jemima with her fiery disposition, her sensitive refinement, petted and humored as she had always been—that these two didn't spat? Certainly not! They just managed to put up an extra good front, that was all, and it was only a question of time before Joe would raise his voice loud enough for the neighbors to hear. We all waited for something like that to happen, and still the months went by, leaving our predictions unverified. A year went by, and a day, and several days after that.

Dinner was over. I was in my armchair with my pipe drawing smoothly and a book that Adeline and I were reading together in my lap. I was waiting until Adeline had

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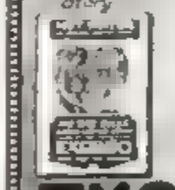

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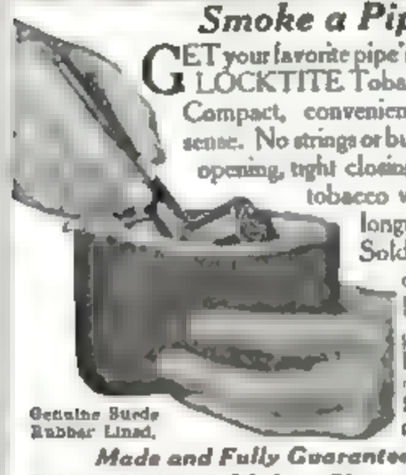

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adjusted the table lamp and settled herself to listen, and she had just got the light right and was opening a box of candy that I had brought from town, when the doorbell rang. It rang sharply, half a dozen times in quick succession and then with one loud continuous ring. At the same time we heard Joe Bingham's voice.

"Bill! Oh, Bill! Hurry up and open this door! Bill! Adeline! Get a wiggle on!"

The bell stopped and the door quivered to a loud peremptory kicking. I dropped my book and ran out and opened to a gasping lunatic.

"What the dickens ——" I began.

"Don't stop to talk!" said Joe impatiently, and I saw that his broad chest was heaving and that his forehead was wet with perspiration. "Pants—I want your pants, quick! Run up and get 'em. Your dress pants."

"My dress pants?" I said wonderingly.

"Great guns! Don't you understand? Yes, your soup-and-fish trousers—pants. Hello, Adeline! Listen, I want Bill's pants his dress pants. Want to borrow 'em. In a rush."

I don't know what Adeline said because I mounted the stairs three at a time, jerked the trousers of my dress suit off the hanger and hurried down with them. Joe snatched them from my hand, gave them a quick glance, rolled them up and stuffed them under his coat.

"Thanks," he said, turning to the door. "Explain later. G'night."

He pushed me aside to get out and then whirled around to face us. "Forgot to tell you. Don't mention this to Jemima. Get that? Don't want her to know I've been here. Don't tell a soul. Not on any account. G'-by!"

He made a leap down the outside steps, and, standing there, we saw him scudding down the avenue like a bounding gazelle or a dog with a can tied to his tail. Before we could say a word he had turned the corner of our street and was out of sight.

"Is he crazy?" Adeline exclaimed.

"Looks like it," I replied. "He's got his own dress suit, but even so, why the spectacular rush, and why doesn't he want Jemima to know? And kicking our door down! Paint must be cheap where he last came from."

Well, we discussed it up and down so that we got little of our book read that night; but all we could decide on was that there must have been something mighty queer happening, and it looked pretty fishy.

The explanation was given to me when by appointment I lunched with Joe the next day. It was, on the whole, the most explanatory explanation that I ever listened to.

To begin with, I was about three minutes late getting to the restaurant where we had arranged to meet, and Joe called my attention to the fact not very politely. Then the place was pretty well crowded and the delay irked my friend extremely. He did some of his table rapping and called for a little service in a tone of voice that was certainly sufficiently loud and peremptory to get either service or a chuck-out. As it happened, it brought a waiter on the jump, and Joe, somewhat appeased, gave a large and substantial order.

"And see that that steak is cooked the way I tell you or it goes back kiting and you miss out on your tip," he included, with a glare at the man.

Now I'm as big as Joe and I think I could look as fierce as he did, yet I know I couldn't have got that sort of thing across. But the waiter only said meekly that he would see to it; and what is more, he did see to it.

"I get hungry at this time of day," Joe said, attacking the bread tray when the waiter had gone. "I make lunch my principal meal."

"Not like home cooking though," I insinuated.

"No, not like home cooking," he replied firmly. "I tell you, Jemmy is some little cook. Still, I hate to see her scorching her face and blistering her poor fingers the way she does just for chow. She will do it though. Well, it won't be long before we'll have a good cook hired to attend to that department. I wanted to get one when we got that money from Uncle Joseph's estate, but Jemmy wouldn't listen to it. 'The time's coming when you'll need a little capital to start a business,' she told me. Made me salt it down. I wanted to blow her to two or three little dewdads that I thought she wanted; but no! I couldn't spend a cent on her. She said she'd wait for all that. Well, in a way maybe she was right. Anyway, I've got a chance now to get a block of stock in our concern that will give me a place on the directorate, besides being a gilt-edge investment. If my name isn't on the office stationery before another year I miss my guess. Here's the steak."

He ate like a wolf, and between bites talked about the stock investment and bragged of Jemima's foresight, her careful economy—which, however, he deprecated—her artistic knack evidenced in those wonderful lampshades and things, and her angelic temper.

I interrupted him here. "Huh?"

"Whadya mean 'Huh'?" he demanded belligerently. "You heard what I said."

"How about your temper, I mean?"

"Oh!" He chuckled. "Listen, Bill. I know I've got a rotten disposition, but listen. What kind of a plain, unvarnished fool would I be to let it out when I'm with her? I ask you. Here I am, a big roughneck with no particular brains or education or money—nothing that most women like, and yet I get a girl like my wife, and she—she kind of thinks I'm all right, at that. I'd have lots of sense to show my appreciation by acting ugly to her and making her think I was all wrong—what? It wouldn't be hard. She's got plenty of spirit—heaps of it—and all I'd have to do would be to start something and she'd be in at the finish all right, all right. I know that. Well, I tell you there's nothing doing in that line. When I get ice cream I don't empty the pepper shaker on it—get me? I'm mighty fond of ice cream the way it is and I'll save the pepper for something that I think it will improve. You can't improve on Jemima."

"Then the gloss hasn't rubbed off yet?" I said.

He grinned and laid down his knife and fork for a minute.

"I'm foolish about it, I suppose," he said, "but I guess you are too. Nothing like it, Bill, is there? Every night when I come home I look at the little house, kidding myself I've never seen it before. 'Darned nice little house!' says I to myself. 'Those window boxes with the geraniums look mighty pretty, and I'll say there's real class to that lawn, even if it isn't a big one. Wonder what lucky guy lives there! Guess I'll make some excuse to knock at the door.'

"Well, I don't have to, because the door opens before I get anywhere near it, and I find out from the lady that Mr. Joseph Bingham lives there and that she's Mrs. Joseph Bingham. Then I realize that this

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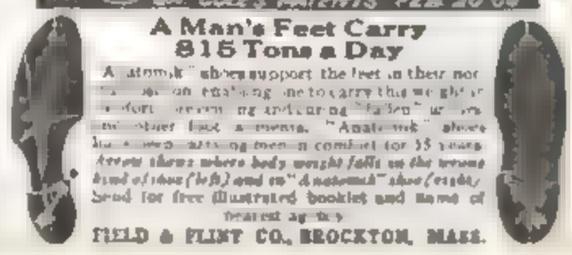

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guy, Joseph Bingham, is me. Me, Joe! Gosh!"

He finished the last of his steak and looked around for the waiter.

"Of course that makes me want to scrap with her," he observed in a moment or two, and then waited until the waiter cleared the table and brought him an enormous slab of mince pie.

"And then to go upstairs," he resumed. "To open a closet door and see her dresses hanging there, silky and cobwebby stuff in most all the colors of the rainbow, and lacy, frilly things; and her little shoes all in a row! And to think that you don't have to excuse yourself and back off and shut the door, because all these are what belong to your own wife! Your own wife! You can stretch out your hand and touch 'em if you like—just to make sure they're real and that the whole thing's real. Oh, I know when I'm well off."

"But you don't confide in Jemima," I suggested. "You have secrets from her."

He stared at me for half a second in that mad-bull way of his, and then his face cleared and he laughed.

"Yes, that's right," he admitted. "I called Adeline up this morning and made her swear by all that was holy that she wouldn't breathe a word to Jemmy now or hereafter. And I know you won't. Why, it was like this: You know we had to go to town to that affair at the Walmeslys'. We told you about it. Well, Jemmy was ready, all but changing her dress, before I got home last night, but I had to bathe, shave and change from the skin out, so as soon as we had got through dinner I skipped upstairs to begin the struggle. Everything was ready; studs in my shirt, collar and tie all laid out, coat all brushed and on the back of a chair, and pants —— Say, what do you know! That girl had gone to work that afternoon and pressed 'em. She hollered upstairs that she had. There's where I've always drawn the line. But here, just to save fifty cents or maybe because she's always trying to do something for me, bless her dear little heart, she'd stood up a day like it was yesterday, pushing a hot iron that weighed about a ton, back and forth over a steamy cloth!

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His face beamed with pride.

"Then what ——" I began.

"The only trouble was she had pressed them the wrong way—got the creases at the sides—see? How would the poor girl know? Well, it was up to me to do something sudden, and just then I thought of you, and ran downstairs and told her that I was going to step over to the corner drug store for a stick of shaving soap. Then I beat it over to your place. I guess I did that ten blocks in about one thirty, flat. Nearly a mile, isn't it?"

Even then it took me a moment to grasp it all. "You mean that you didn't tell Jemima where you were really going, and what for?"

"After she had gone to all that trouble for me?" He snorted with contempt. "Well, I wouldn't have told her for a million dollars. No, I sneaked your pants upstairs and put 'em on, and she never knew the difference. She was as pleased and proud of herself! But I made her promise not to do it again. I'll swap back with you tonight, Bill."

That settled it! For me, a top dressing of ashes and sackcloth underwear. Wanted, a vigorous and speedy man, good punter on football team preferred, to kick unresisting person around block.

Joe, misjudged and calumniated by thy boyhood friend! Jemima, pattern and example to all loving young wives! Forgive us pinheaded pessimists and doubters of Deepdene, and let us learn from you both that in married life the fear of fussing is the beginning of wisdom!

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They say it makes the world go round.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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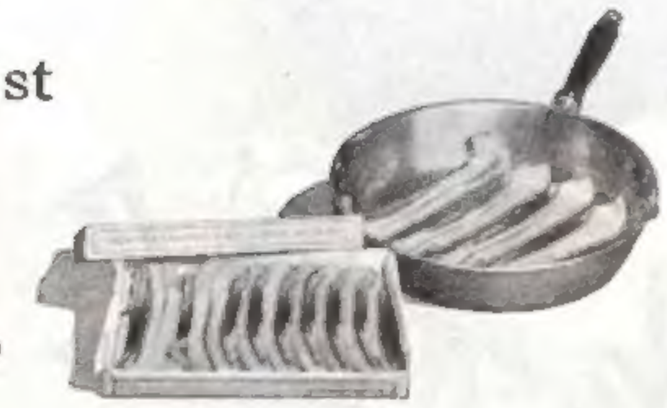

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